Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025 with funding from
Boston Public Library

https://archive.org/details/sagamore1895unse

25814

THE SAGAMORE

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

VOLUME I JANUARY-JULY

BROOKLINE MASSACHUSETTS
PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT THE HIGH SCHOOL
M DCCC XCV

428

[illegible]
Ref.
p143 mutilated

BOARD OF EDITORS

ARTHUR W. SPENCER, '95, Editor-in-Chief
MISS EDITH R. MAY, '95 MISS HELEN L. PARKER, '96
WILLIAM P. WINCH, '95

CLASS EDITORS

H. PERCY MACOMBER, '95 GARDNER H. CARPENTER, '97
H. SPAULDING COFFIN, '96 ALBERT C. MORSE, '98

FREDERICK B. TAYLOR, '95, Business Manager

SAMUEL W. LEWIS, '96, Assistant Business Manager

COPYRIGHT, 1895
by Brookline High School Editorial Board

CONTENTS

A Cup of Tea, ... *Edith R. May* 99
A Drawing, ... *Frank L. Clark* 207
A Girl or a Boy, ... *Bertha M. Boody* 5
A Lecture on Posters, ... *Edith R. May* 67
A Modern Instance, ... *Edith R. May* 136
A Modern Sentinel, ... *John T. Floyd* 64
A Sketch, ... *Ralph W. Delano* 63
Among the Stars, ... *J. Ambrose Hall* 69
An American Boy's Impression of a Foreign School, *Edward North* 9
An Old Diary, . . . *Edited by Miss Ellen Chase* 21, 53, 87, 123, 157, 191
Announcements, ... 92, 128, 162, 196, 219
Athletics, ... 16, 44, 75, 109, 143, 186, 205
Ballade de Love, ... *Arthur W. Spencer* 25
Base-Ball, ... 143, 186
Bethany, ... *Maude B. Dutton* 10
Calisthenics in the Brookline High School, ... 102
Comments on Mr. Hoar's History, *Dr. Augustine Shurtleff* 86
Concerning Fads, ... *H. Percy Macomber* 33
"Du bist wie eine Blume," a Translation, . *Edith R. May* 34
Editorial Department, . . 14, 42, 76, 112, 144, 184, 214
Fanny, ... *May S. Whitcomb* 32
From my Window, ... *M. Eunice Wead* 135
Gretchen and the Wicked Spirit, from Goethe's *Faust*, *Arthur W. Spencer* 208
High School Athletics, . . . *Benjamin Hurd, Jr.* 205
High School Reminiscences, . . *Prof. Burt G. Wilder* 45, 78, 116, 152
Humor, ... 25, 57, 91, 127, 161, 195, 218

In the Desert, ... *H. W. Bonney* 179
Intellectual Butterflies, . . . *Nathan R. Wood* 171
Mr. Cummings' Paper on Homer, . *Bertha M. Boody* 105
News Notes, ... 11, 38, 70, 107, 141, 180, 211
Notes on Athletics, ... *Arthur W. Spencer* 75
Notes on Base-Ball, ... *Samuel W. Lewis* 143
Notes on the History of the High School, *J. Emory Hoar*
18, 46, 80, 118, 153, 187, 216
Old Brookline, ... *Edward Atkinson* 147
Our Ninth Annual Spring Meeting, ... 186
Our Sixth Annual Indoor Meeting, . *William P. Winch* 109
Over the Divide on the Cowcatcher, . *M. W. Strickland* 140
"Sic Itur ad Astra," 104
Skating on "Big Ward's," . . *Dr. Augustine Shurtleff* 114
The Boston Bag, ... *Ethel L. Jackson* 103
The Debating Club, ... *Dwight Farnum*
13, 41, 74, 111, 146, 183
The Exhibition of the Boston Art Club, . *Edith R. May* 35
The Football Season, ... *William P. Winch* 16
The Graduating Exercises of the Class of '95, . . . 210
The History of the High School, Notes on, *J. Emory Hoar*
18, 46, 80, 118, 153, 187, 216
The Indoor Team, ... *R. Chauncey Seaver* 44
The Lincoln Prize Essay of 1894, . *Nathan R. Wood* 171
The Lincoln Prize Essay of 1895, . *H. Percy Macomber* 203
The Old Year and the New, . . *Arthur W. Spencer* 3
The Song of the Football, . . *H. Percy Macomber* 31
The Value of Fads, ... *H. Percy Macomber* 203
The Visit of Mr. Booker T. Washington to the Brookline
High School, ... *Edith R. May* 7
The Visit of Mr. Virchand R. Gandhi to the Brookline
High School, ... *Hope Beatrice Hayes* 65
The Zephyr, ... *Arthur W. Spencer* 34
Translation of "Du bist wie eine Blume," . *Edith R. May* 34
Yankee as She is Yanked, . . *Arthur W. Spencer* 127

VOLUME I NUMBER 1

JANUARY

THE SAGAMORE

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

CONTENTS

The Old Year and the New 3
A Girl or a Boy 5
The Visit of Mr. Booker T. Washington to the Brookline High School 7
An American Boy's Impressions of a Foreign School 9
Bethany 10
News Notes 11
The Debating Club 13
Editorial Department 14
Athletics—The Football Season 16
Historical Department
Notes on the History of the High School . . . . . *J. Emory Hoar* 18
An Old Diary . . . . . Edited by *Miss Ellen Chase* 21
Humor 25

Single Copy 10 Cents Subscription 60 Cents

BROOKLINE MASSACHUSETTS
PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT THE HIGH SCHOOL
M DCCC XCV

Copyright, 1895, by Editorial Board of Brookline High School

p. 143 mutilated

VILLA GROCERY CO.,

DEALERS IN

Staple and Fancy Groceries

AT BOSTON PRICES.

No. 7 Harvard Street,

Telephone 358. **BROOKLINE, MASS.**

TRY THE

CRYSTAL LAUNDRY.

W. W. AECHTLER, Agent.

☞Excellent work guaranteed. Domestic finish a specialty.

Laundry Collected and Delivered.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY.

A. J. HAYMAN, Ph. G.,

DEALER IN

Pure Drugs and Medicines Only.

TELEPHONE 153.

1363 Beacon Street, Coolidge Corner.

HENRY GUILD & SON,

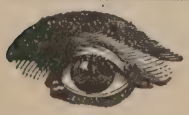
Established Fifty Years

. . . AS . . .

Manufacturing Jewellers.

Original designs furnished for Society and Club pins. Masonic and and Odd Fellows' jewels made to order. We carry a stock in DIAMONDS and other precious stones; also fine jewelery.

433 Washington Street, corner Winter, Boston.



G. H. PIKE,

JEWELLER AND OPTICIAN,

43 Harvard Street, BROOKLINE.

THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME I JANUARY, 1895 NUMBER 1

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

FAR, far away, in a land no mortal eye has ever looked upon, where the sun never rises above the horizon, there is a broad and desolate plain, whose only light is a dim reflection of the heavens. Through the middle of it runs a solitary road; one end disappears in the gray of the distance, while the other seems to lead into a vast, darkly outlined forest.

The path was not smooth; on the other hand it appeared a hard one to travel to the old man of stooping form,—the only living thing in the waste,—as he plodded wearily along with the help of a staff. This figure wore faded, threadbare clothing, which looked as if it had been through all sorts of weather; but there are other storms than those of wind or rain, and it was these, perhaps, that had so withered his face, and whitened his hair before its time. Now and then, as he picked his way with great labor toward the fir-trees, he would look up from the ground with an expression of relief, if not of actual joy, and his tired eyes would moisten; then he would continue again as before, with a look in his face that seemed to reflect all the desolation of the surroundings.

"My work will soon be at an end," he thought, "when I have only reached the evergreens yonder. Then it will be finished, and I shall forget the sorrows of life, just as I have already forgotten its joys. There was a time when my blood was warm with the hope and zeal of youth. I formed noble resolutions that were frustrated by their own eagerness; I had honorable purposes that my poor, weak will put to shame. I fancied that nothing was worth worshipping but ambition, pleasure, and fame, and in my selfish devotion to these — if it can be called devotion — I lost sight of every higher aim. But now, ah, how different! My youthful hopes have all been disappointed; must those of my old age share the same fate, or

will they be spared? Death is indeed a dark gateway, but may it not lead to brightness and light? At all events, I shall soon know."

He looked up from his revery; and when he had seen that he was a good deal nearer the trees than before, he thought he could make out an indistinct figure afar off, issuing from the wood and moving rapidly toward him. His surprise became all the greater when he saw that it was a youth with a red plume in his cap, who came tripping nimbly along over the rough ground.

The boy's clothes were not worn, but new,— he could not have had them a long time. Although he had just come from under the fir-trees — where, doubtless, he had been born — he carefully avoided looking back at them, and seemed to be trying to escape from their sombre presence. His sharp, eager eyes fixed themselves on the road before him, and the gleam of his countenance vexed the old man, who fancied himself an object of derision.

"Who can this young upstart be?" he wondered. "Is he going to attempt the same dreary journey I have made? If so, I must warn him, for the time will come for him, as it already has for me, when he will bitterly repent of his folly."

The boy's eyes opened wide when he saw who was coming to meet him. "What an odd little old man! He walks as if he were on ice, and afraid his feet would slip out from under him. How bent his shoulders are,— what if he should break in two in the middle!" And he laughed aloud. "But perhaps he can tell me about the country over yonder, where he has been, so I will speak to him."

"I am the New Year," he cried, intently regarding the other, for they were now quite near together. Then a sudden light shone in his face, and he exclaimed, "You must be the Old Year!"

"Alas!" sighed the old man, "it may be, but I do not know. All I remember is that once I started out as young and as merry as you, and that all my hopes were blasted."

The boy did not heed him. "I am going to the country over yonder," he said, "and I want to know how best to reach it. Come, you have been there, tell me."

A reproving look came over the Old Year's face. "It is a hard journey to the land in the dim distance, and few there be that reach it; in fact, most are forced to return before they have even seen its fields. For the road is long and dreary, and for food one has to find what one can by the wayside. If, however, you should perform the journey, and find victory

and success awaiting you, out there beyond the horizon"—he raised a wan hand and pointed—"beware of hidden dangers, for you cannot tell what snares may have been laid for you in secret places. But turn back, while there is yet time, or you will rue it."

"Rue it!" laughed the boy. "I cannot stay here in the shade of this dreary forest; I must go! I am strong, and my heart is light. I will make my way into this strange land, which you, poor, feeble creature, seem not to have been able to enter; and when I return, perhaps I shall have known disappointments, but I shall regret nothing!" With this flourish he darted off.

The old man shook his head with bitterness; then, with slower, gentler steps, he silently withdrew into the shadow of the evergreens, and disappeared in the darkness of those lofty trees, which seem ever to guard their own mystery. But out in the grayness of the plain, a little spot of red gradually faded, and that was the New Year speeding on its way.

A. W. S.

A GIRL OR A BOY

I WAS heartily tired of being a boy. Boys never had the soft snaps that girls so often fell heir to. To be sure I was in an unpleasant frame of mind that afternoon, which may have accounted for my pessimistic views of life. I had had a bad day at school. At each successive recitation the teacher had sat on me. I didn't know why. It wasn't such a terrible thing if a fellow didn't happen to know his lessons for just one day. The worst of all came in English. I was suggestively told that I was five compositions behind, and that my mark for the quarter would hardly be able to survive if those compositions did not appear within three days.

I was sad. That meant that I must stay at home and grind, while all the other fellows went to a football game.

I worked hard. The unusual strain was so overpowering, that by half-past four I felt that I must have some lark, or else there wouldn't be any I to receive that English mark I had earned. Three compositions were finished. The last one was on the question whether you would rather be a girl or a boy.

In my frame of mind, I had written that I wanted to be a girl. Teachers didn't sit on them ; they didn't have to take off their hats every half-second when their hands were full of bundles ; they didn't have to—to—write five compositions all in a lump. Yes, I was sure I should like to be a girl.

I wandered up stairs and into my sister's room. An idea came into my head. I would be a girl for a little while. I rummaged around, and in about half an hour I emerged, a most polished young lady. I wore a long fur cape of my mother's ; and my veil covered up all defects and concealed me from prying eyes.

As I sailed out the door, I glanced at my gloved hands. They didn't look girl-like at all. That was easily fixed ; I took a muff.

I determined to ride into Boston, wait over one car, and then come right out again ; thus getting home in time for tea. When my car came along, the waiting crowd moved forward in a phalanx. I heard the conductor say, "Please let the lady get on first ; don't crowd ;" so I politely moved back, and waited for the lady. But she didn't come, and on looking around I suddenly realized that I was the lady. I hurried in and sat down.

When the conductor came for the fares I grabbed as usual for my change pocket ;—but I was a lady,—I had no pocket. Half way into Boston the car stopped and a lady whom I knew entered. I jumped up and touched my hat,—"Won't you please take this seat?" Her surprised look brought me to my senses, and I hastily exclaimed, "I get out very soon, so please take it." Then I put my hand cautiously up to the hat I had so gruffly grabbed. I had dislocated my veil, that was all. I now have great respect for a woman who can manage a veil. As for me I had rather wear a nose-protector all my life.

I didn't get out at the next stop as I had told that lady I would ; but it wasn't my fault. I could not upset all my arrangements for a little accident like that.

As I was waiting for the next car, my heart suddenly gave a double shuffle. There was my sister, bearing straight down on me. I made myself as small as possible ; but as she passed I heard her friend say, "Why, Mary, that suit is just like yours." I knew they would be back in a moment to take a car. My life depended on my catching one first, and getting safely home again.

When the car came I rushed into it. My skirt tripped me and down I went. I shall never smile when I see a lady do that again ; I shall feel too solemn, for I shall know now pleasant it is.

I got to my street, I reached the door before the car stopped. I
ot wait. Time was precious, so I easily stepped from the slowly
car. As I went off in the darkness I heard the conductor say,
now, if that is a woman, she is the first one I ever saw get off a car
ide round."

en my sister came in I was a boy again. I heard her say something
the mud on her black dress, but I did not say anything.

at night I rewrote my composition. It was eloquent and determined.
subject was, "Why I had rather be a Boy." B. M. B.

THE VISIT OF MR. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON TO THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

THE High School was lately visited by Mr. Booker T. Washington, principal of the Tuskegee Institute in Alabama, who had some interesting things to say about his school.

Tuskegee is situated in what is morally and intellectually the darkest belt of the South. Its inhabitants are principally negroes of the lowest type, and it is the work of this institution to teach them to live the lives of intelligent, self-respecting American citizens.

Mr. Washington related a few incidents of his early life, and told how he happened to go to Hampton. He was born a year after the close of the war, upon a plantation in what is known as "old" Virginia. His mother was formerly a slave. When a young man of seventeen he heard of Hampton and the work of General Armstrong. He immediately resolved to go there; and to earn money for the journey he worked for three years in a coal mine. At last he reached Richmond, going a great part of the way on foot, with a surplus of fifty cents in his pocket; but he was not discouraged. The first night he slept under a sidewalk. The next morning he found work on board a schooner in the harbor, and here he remained until he had earned enough to continue his journey.

After many hardships he at last reached Hampton and General Armstrong without a cent in his pocket. The General looked him over and

said, "Anyway, you shall have a chance, and if you are good for a
you will soon prove it." He did prove it, and so well that in four y
was sent to carry on at Tuskegee the work of Hampton.

At the time of starting, five years ago, there were thirty pupils.
there are nearly eight hundred, and they come from all over the South.
boy walked from his home in the mountains of Alabama—over thirty m
to come to the school. Mr. Washington noticed that he carried a b
under his arm that he was rather bashful about showing. Its con
proved to be a pair of chickens—all that his poor mother could give
son to help him in getting his education. Some have come without
the chickens; and in nearly every case the students have turned out v

Manual training is an important part of the education at Tuskeg
There are thirty buildings belonging to the school, all but one of wh
were built entirely by the students themselves.

"It is touching," the speaker said, "to see the devotion of these poor cc
ored students to their people and their school. They have been taught t
receive in order to give again,—that 'To whom much is given, of them i
much required.' They are taught to look outside of themselves,—to give
their lives to lift some one else up; and this precept they have followe
the letter. From Tuskegee they might go into any city and earn a c
fortable living by the trade they have learned there; but in hardly a sin
instance has this been done." These people prefer—Mr. Washington sa
—to teach in log school-houses for fifteen dollars a month, and to try anc
do for their people as they themselves have been done by. When a boy or
girl is sent to Hampton, it is not that student alone who is being educated.
It is but the beginning of a good work whose far-reaching results can not
be estimated. Every cent given for the Hampton Scholarship is a
practical expression of patriotism. Mr. Washington is a speaker of rare
earnestness and eloquence. His stirring appeals can not be in vain.

After the applause for Mr. Washington's speech had died away, the
Tuskegee quartet arose to sing. The school was fairly electrified by the
great volume of sound that rolled from the lips of their dusky visitors,—so
full in its richness and softness, and seemingly inexhaustible.

These songs are all echoes of the far South in its years of slavery. They
are not bewailings of that cruel bondage, but patience that to us seems
incredible, and a childlike trust that all will be made up to them in the
hereafter. These people lived in the future, and in the thought of it lay
all the happiness that they had.

Some parts of the songs are inexpressibly funny—especially the unexpected beginnings which join of themselves so naturally to the endings. You might almost call it a blending of the religious, the truly pathetic, and the ridiculous; and, for a wonder, there is no jar in the combination. A voice chimes above the rolling chorus, "I say, brudder, who you say build dat ark?" and the chorus replies, "Norah—Norah—Norah build de ark!" Here are some of the first lines caught in passing:

"I know I had anudder building
Not made by hands."
"Wish dat Heaven would be my home."
"When I git to Heaven—gwine to stay there."
"Ride on Jesus."
"Hark! doan you hear dem Heaven bells ring?"
"Tall angel at the bar."
"I know—deed I do know, chillun,
Dese bones shall rise again."
"If religion were a thing dat money could buy,
De rich would live and de poor would die."

They sang for half an hour and after each selection were greeted with an applause that made the windows rattle. We were sorry when it was over, and Tuskegee can always be sure of a rousing welcome, whenever her students choose to visit us again. E. R. M., '95.

AN AMERICAN BOY'S IMPRESSIONS OF A FOREIGN SCHOOL

THE private school I attended in Paris was quite large, numbering about five hundred scholars; and I found out there that a foreign school differs from ours in several ways.

It soon became certain that French boys are made to study much longer hours than American boys. School begins at eight o'clock and does not let out until six, Saturdays included. Scholars are also expected to study two or three hours a day out of school; but, in spite of this, I am con-

vinced that French boys are not so far advanced in their studies, in proportion to their age, as our own.

An American boy would think these school hours pretty hard, and so did I at first. I found out later, however, that most of the boys did not do much studying, if those in my class were fair examples; the aim of most of them seemed to be to get through a recitation with the least study possible, and they resorted to all manner of tricks and subterfuges in order to do this.

They have regular instructions in gymnastics, but they do not care much for athletics. When I went out on the playground for the first time, I expected they would play football, or some such game; but instead of that everyone began spinning tops, even the older boys, and I never saw them do anything else at recess as long as I was in the school.

Every Thursday we had a half-holiday, and the scholars were driven in 'busses to the Bois de Boulogne, where they walked, or rather, marched around, in regular order, under the eye of a teacher, as they do in a great many foreign schools. Sometimes, too, they played football — or what they called football — and also lawn-tennis, but this is the extent of their athletics.

E. N.

BETHANY

Bethany's a chapel brown,
Quiet, and without renown,
Where on Sunday afternoons
You can hear the church psalm tunes,
But on week-day mornings fair
You may hear, should you be there,
Mathematics, sound and strong,
Problems proved — if not too long.
"Omnis Gallia" is read,
Which I fear some scholars dread;
Metaphors and similes,
Allegories, if you please,
Compositions, sad and gay,
Mingled with the "Minstrel's Lay."
Français parleyed up first rate,
Else a government debate,
Or, if down-stairs you should pass,
You would hear the science class.
Also on gymnastic day
You would see, in nun's array,
All the girls of "ninety-eight,"
While the boys, so tall and straight,
With buttons gilt, and jackets blue,
Blossom proudly out in view.
Often times at half-past one,
When all lessons have been done,
The class a meeting large begins,
To decide upon class pins.
So the days pass quickly by,—
Almost do they seem to fly.
When within the new High School
We obey the teacher's rule,
We shall ever sing the praise
Of our Bethany school days!

M. B. D., '98.

NEWS NOTES

The Senior Class and the teachers of the High School were very pleasantly entertained on the evening of Nov. 27, 1894, by Mr. Sanford and his sister, at their house on Allerton street.

The heavy fall of snow proved no obstacle to the expedition of the Senior Class to Concord and Lexington on the third of December. The Class made themselves familiar with everything that did not lie beneath the snow —at least they tried to. One place after another was visited: the Concord Library, the old tavern where Pitcairn had his quarters, and the rooms of the Concord Antiquarian Society, where the party partook of hospitality and hot coffee. A "pung" was then engaged to take the party over the hills to Lexington, and the ride of six miles was much enjoyed. The Class then went to the Cary Library; but before they looked at the antiquities it was decided that Mr. Henry Sandham's admirable picture of the "Dawn of American Liberty" must be seen, so that a good deal of time was spent in eagerly studying the figures of the haughty Pitcairn and the few brave men who first dared to oppose British power. It was a very enjoyable day, and was made doubly so by the abundant information gathered on going over almost every inch of the historic ground.

Mr. R. C. Seaver, '96, and Mr. D. Walter Hirshberg, '95, have been chosen captain and sub-captain, respectively, of the in-door athletic team. Mr. Fred H. Cook, '96, has been elected captain of the football eleven.

The '98 class pin, which has recently appeared, was designed by Miss Marjorie Bouvé, a member of the class. The pin is in the form of a shield made up in the colors blue and gold, with gold lettering, and is much admired.

Miss Anna M. Johnson has lately returned from Europe, leaving London by the Cunarder "Umbria" on the 8th of December and reaching New York a week later. Some of her time was spent in Germany and the rest in England, where she made use of the Bodleian library at Oxford. She has gained a good deal of new material with which to conduct her High School Extension lectures on "The Drama," which will begin on the evening of Feb. 5, 1895. At present she is at her home in Whitesboro, N. Y. On the first of February she will return to Brookline to resume her duties at the High School.

Mr. Samuel W. Cole has given much study to methods of musical instruction in France and Germany during his recent visit to those countries, and comes back better equipped than ever for his work at the High School. He will start in immediately.

The Fourth Class have for their instructor in book-keeping Mr. William H. Lincoln. It is fortunate for the School that an active, prominent business man can be found who will so readily give his services to the cause of education.

Miss Chapman, teacher of English in the Fourth Class, resigned just before the holidays. Miss Frye will take charge of her classes for the month of January, and will be relieved of some of her work with the Third Class by Mr. W. Nicholson, of the historical department at Harvard.

Wanted, someone to endow the Art Department in the new building.

The officers of the four respective classes in the School are as follows: '95,—President, Marshall Stearns; Vice-President, May S. Whitcomb; Secretary and Treasurer, William P. Winch. '96,—President, Sam. W. Lewis; Vice-President, Parmelia Adams; Secretary and Treasurer, Harry J. North. '97,—President, Gardner H. Carpenter; Vice-President, May B. Lewis; Secretary and Treasurer, Olive M. Belches. '98,—President, Olin D. Talbot; Vice-President, Maude B. Dutton; Secretary and Treasurer, Edith Plummer.

The date set by the B. A. A. for the annual in-door interscholastic meeting is March 23, 1895.

The School will be transferred to the new building early in the month of ?, 189?,—or is it 190?. Select your desk!

Miss Goodwin accompanied the beginning Greek class to the Art Museum on Wednesday, January 2, 1895.

The Senior Class has been invited to inspect the engine at the Boston Reservoir pumping station, and the members will avail themselves of this opportunity at an early date.

Who will present a pipe organ to the School for the new assembly hall? Sealed proposals will be received at the Business Manager's office, the contract to be awarded to the *highest* bidder.

THE DEBATING CLUB

ITS WORK DURING THE PRESENT TERM

THE Brookline High School Debating Club held its first meeting of the term on the evening of October 3, 1894, in the lower Town Hall. President Herbert I. Foster called the meeting to order. The first prize for excellence in debate throughout the preceding year was awarded to Mr. Fred H. Christensen; the second to Mr. Dwight Farnum. The following officers were then installed: President, Marshall Stearns; Vice-President, H. Percy Macomber; Secretary, D. Walter Hirshberg; Treasurer, Frederic B. Taylor; Directors, R. Chauncey Seaver, Fred H. Christensen and James B. Niver, Jr. The subject for debate was, "*Resolved*, That the time has now come when Brookline should adopt a city form of government."

On the evening of October 17, 1894, the sixty-first regular meeting was held at the High School building. The debate was on the subject, "*Resolved*, That the subway would be better for crowded parts of Boston than the overhead system." Mr. D. S. Sanford and Mr. W. T. R. Marvin addressed the Club; and a collation was afterwards served.

The meeting that was to have been held on Oct. 31, was postponed to Nov. 14, and it was voted by the executive committee that there should be no rallies.

The sixty-second regular meeting of the Debating Club was held on the fourteenth of November. Mr. J. C. Packard was, unfortunately, unable to lecture to the Club, on Napoleon; a general debate therefore took place. Various subjects were successively discussed; and so interesting did three of these topics become, that it was voted that, as there was to be no music lesson on the following morning, the time should be taken up with discussing before the school the proposed High School paper, the tennis courts, and the Hampton scholarship.

On Dec. 12th Mr. Packard was again unable to address the Club and the meeting was therefore postponed one week.

The sixty-third regular meeting was held in the High School building on the evening of Dec. 19, 1894. There was a general debate upon the subject of restricting intercollegiate football. Mr. G. Loring Briggs spoke to the Club, upon the aims and methods of the Immigration Restriction League. Graduates render the Club a valuable service in discussing thus informally topics of current interest.

The next meeting will occur in the school building on the evening of January 9, 1895. The question will be, "*Resolved*, That immigration should be restricted."

THE SAGAMORE

Published monthly throughout the school year, at the High School Building, Brookline, Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

BOARD OF EDITORS

ARTHUR W. SPENCER, '95, Editor-in-Chief
MISS EDITH R. MAY, '95 — MISS HELEN L. PARKER, '96
WILLIAM P. WINCH, '95

CLASS EDITORS

H. PERCY MACOMBER, '95 — GARDNER H. CARPENTER, '97
H. SPAULDING COFFIN, '96 — ALBERT C. MORSE, '98

FREDERICK B. TAYLOR, '95, Business Manager
SAMUEL W. LEWIS, '96, Assistant Business Manager

COMMUNICATIONS may be left in the hands of the editors at school, or mailed to Arthur W. Spencer, 75 Prospect Street, Brookline. Contributors will please write legibly on one side of the paper only and sign their names, which need not appear in print. All MSS. must be received by the 20th of the month; rejected MSS. will be returned if accompanied with the necessary postage.

ADVERTISING RATES may be obtained by addressing Frederick B. Taylor, 294 Walnut Street, Brookline.

IT would be strange if it had not already occurred to many long before this, that the Brookline High School ought to be represented in literature in some way or other, as, for example, by a school paper. This subject has, in fact, been under consideration for some time, but was never formally discussed until a month ago. It was then brought before the Debating Club, and the plan met with such favor that it was decided to submit the matter to the students themselves in an open meeting. It was unanimously voted by the School that a paper be at once established; and the result is the magazine that the reader now holds in his hand. There is no need to describe its aims; it will itself, we hope, speak explicitly enough on that score. It is plain, however, that events which happen within the School are of interest to a larger public than the pupils; and a paper devoted to the welfare of one of our most useful institutions should not restrict itself by appealing only to a narrow class. On the other hand, its duty is to make itself worthy of the attention and approval of everyone,— not students and graduates alone, but the general public; while at the same time it stands as a living example of the best that the School is. We greet the students of the High School, — and every one else,— A happy new year!

THE very general interest in local history and local institutions felt in our School is more than a passing fad. It has been a steady growth, fostered no more by direct instruction in history and government, than by the practice of discussing local matters before the School and the Debating Club. Recently the Senior Class spent a day in visiting Lexington and Concord, and every year the Class is encouraged to make a careful study of some phase of local history. It is this pronounced retrospective bias which makes that department of The Sagamore devoted to Brookline's past an appropriate, if not a necessary feature of a paper that is to recognize all the interests of the School. We believe that the study which is of first importance for Americans is America, for sons of Massachusetts is Massachusetts, for Brooklinians is Brookline. We are proud of our country, our state, our town, and our school. We are fortunate in having a past that is full of inspiration, a present rich in opportunities for right training if not for immediate usefulness, and a future full of promise.

THE High School, by establishing a scholarship at Hampton Institute, has not only done a patriotic act in the true, earnest spirit of benevolence; but it has also paved the way for other acts of the same kind. The "Negro question" has long been agitated by sociological thinkers, but it is practical work that is needed, and by nothing else is the problem really solved. We have taken the initiative, and we hope our example will be repeated next year; other schools will carry on the good work. Thus it will be demonstrated that there is one good way of uplifting the negro, which is not to tell your country to instruct him, but to help him to educate himself. In this way you will have taken upon yourself the burden of one of her most urgent duties.

PROFESSOR BURT G. WILDER of Cornell University, a graduate of the Brookline High School, has written for the *Ithaca Daily Journal* a careful, serious discussion of the problem of intercollegiate football. He says his "school teacher" wrote that he "was particularly fond of and excelled in active physical exercises and manly sports." In spite of this, however, he strongly objects to contests between colleges, and says that a radical reform must be made. The train of reasoning by which he comes to this conclusion, deciding that all the evils of college life are due to the excess to which intercollegiate athletics are carried, is very interesting.

ATHLETICS

THE FOOTBALL SEASON

THE football team began practice the first week of school, under the coaching of Mr. George Wilson, Harvard, '94. Captain R. C. Morse was not very successful in obtaining a large number of candidates; but as eight of last year's players remained in school, there were only three vacancies to be filled on the regular team. Nevertheless, there ought to be enough candidates to have formed a second eleven, of which the team stood in great need. It is to be hoped that next year enough interest will be shown for three elevens to be formed.

For the first two or three weeks, practice in dropping on the ball, tackling, and kicking by the backs was carried on. After half an hour's work of that sort, the team would line up and go through the signals; and would then finish up the afternoon with a half-mile run around the track.

The eleven in most games lined up as follows:

A. Morse, *r. e.*	North, *l. e.*
Gillespie, *r. t.*	Stearns, *q. b.*
Winch, *r. g.*	Cook, *r. h. b.*
Hutchins, *c.*	Macomber, *l. h. b*
R. Morse, Captain, *l g.*	Aechtler, Boyce, *f. b.*
Aechtler, Seaver, *l. t.*	

The first victory was over the East Boston High School, on the 28th of September. The score was 28 to 0.

The second game was with the West Roxbury Athletic Association, which was defeated 20 to 0. At first it looked as if the game was going to be a hard tussle; but our team soon got down to work and went through the opposing line at will.

Upon the 11th of October we were to play the English High School. The team itself was confident; but there was little hope of victory among the fellows in general. Nevertheless our team outclassed its opponents, beating them 16 to 0.

Our first game played outside of Brookline was with the Malden High School. The grounds were very poor, being boggy and cut up with great ruts. The result of this game was 24 to 6 in our favor, Malden scoring by a long run around the end.

We next beat the Boston Latin School, 18–0. This team had scored on Andover by a drop-kick, but no drop-kick was forthcoming in our game.

The last game before the Junior Interscholastic Series was with Newton. Brookline was badly handicapped by the inability of Captain Morse and

Macomber to play. The team, realizing how hard it had to work, put up one of the best games of the year, thus beating Newton 6 to 0.

Both Hale's and the Somerville High School cancelled their games, and owing to the early fall of snow, one arranged with the Dedham High was postponed. So the first Junior Interscholastic game was with Roxbury Latin. Roxbury was easily outplayed ; Brookline won by a score of 28 to 0

Upon the 25th of November the team visited Dorchester, and after one of the hardest contests of the year, succeeded in defeating them 12 to 0.

The next game was on the home grounds, with the Roxbury High School, who were beaten 16 to 0.

On the 26th of November the postponed game with Dedham took place on the playground. Shortly before the end of the first half, the Dedham team was obliged to leave the field on account of injuries of its players. The score at this point was 12 to 0 in Brookline's favor. Our team thus won the championship of the Junior Interscholastic League, and, as a trophy, a handsome shield that will shortly be finished.

It is almost needless to say that the success of the team is largely due to the efforts of Mr. Wilson and Captain R. C. Morse. Mr. Wilson was on the playground nearly every afternoon, and showed the fellows football as it should be played. He constructed a good interference and greatly strengthened the line.

Captain Morse has been the best captain we have ever had ; he worked the fellows, to say nothing of himself, for all they were worth, and the result was a good eleven,—the reward that his energy and enthusiasm deserved.

Below are the scores of the games :

Brookline High School	28	East Boston High School	0
" " "	20	West Roxbury Athletic Association	0
" " "	16	English High School	0
" " "	24	Malden High School	6
" " "	18	Boston Latin School	0
" " "	6	Newton High School	0
" " "	26	Roxbury Latin School	0
" " "	12	Dorchester High School	0
" " "	16	Roxbury High School	0
" " "	12	Dedham High School	0

Total points won by Brookline 178
Total points lost by Brookline 6

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF THE HIGH SCHOOL

INSTRUCTION was first given in the Brookline High School on May 2d, 1843. The School Committee appointed by the town for that year were Rev. Dr. John Pierce, Rev. Dr. William H. Shailer, and Samuel Philbrick, Esq. Their Secretary, Dr. Shailer, was requested to prepare a report of the Committee to the town, embodying their views in regard to a High School. In accordance with that report and the accompanying recommendations, the town, on March 6th, 1843, voted to establish a High School as near the centre of the town as was convenient. Thereupon the old stone Town-House, erected in 1824, near the First Parish Church, was prepared for the use of the school.

Mr. Benjamin H. Rhodes was elected the first Principal, at a salary of six hundred dollars a year. The only requisition of applicants for admission as pupils into the school was that they should be at least ten years old; this standard of requirement was afterward raised to twelve years, as the pupils increased in number, and as the accommodations were limited. At the close of the first year there were present sixty-three pupils. The population of Brookline at that time was only 1265. In process of time a too crowded school was anticipated by requiring of the applicants certain literary qualifications for admission. Later still each applicant was examined by one or more of the School Committee and admitted, perhaps, on probation for one month.

Within the first ten years of the school's existence there were, besides Mr. Rhodes, five other Principals, succeeding each other in the following order, viz.: Hezekiah Shailer, George Moore, William P. Atkinson, Rev. John N. Bellows, and Isaac Coffin.

Though the success of the school was not uniform, it grew, nevertheless, in importance, did some excellent work, and showed conclusively the value and need of a good High School in the town. There are still living in Brookline citizens who were pupils in the school one or more of its first ten years; and they speak in grateful language of the privileges they there enjoyed. That the town then expected of all its schools work and not holiday enjoyment may be inferred from the fact that among the school regulations was the following: "that our vacations in all the schools be as follows, viz.: two weeks preceding the first Monday in May, three weeks preceding the first Monday in September, and the week embracing our

annual Thanksgiving; also, Fourth of July and Christmas." It was also required "that all excuses for absence from the High School be signed by at least two of the Committee."

In those days they were rigid and exacting economists in school expenditure; for illustration, it was "voted that Dr. Shailer be a committee to employ Miss Emily Read as an assistant in Miss Stearns' school, and that he be authorized to give her, as compensation, three dollars and fifty cents a week, and that our female teachers be permitted to reckon in their bills fifty-two weeks per year."

It is to be regretted that no records of the first decade of the school were preserved or kept, except what may be contained in the very meagre annual reports of the School Committee. No lists of members of the school for any term or year can be found, and hence there is no school history of individual pupils. We hope, however, to gather facts enough from other sources to enable us in a future issue of our paper to present partial lists, and to give sketches of some of these pupils. A large majority of them have gone to their final rest.

The first Principal, Mr. Benjamin H. Rhodes, held that position three years; he was a graduate of Brown University in the class of 1833. His parents lived in Brookline, for a time on the place afterward bought and occupied by the late John L. Gardner, on Warren street. His mother became a widow and married Deacon Kendall; they then lived in a house on Boylston street, on ground now occupied by a part of the William H. Lincoln School. Members of the family are still living, but not in Brookline. On leaving the High School Mr. Rhodes went to Newport, R. I., and became Librarian of the Redwood Library.

Mr. Hezekiah Shailer was Principal of the school six years, from May 4, 1846, to April 26, 1852. He was the brother of Rev. Dr. William H. Shailer, who for many years was pastor of the Baptist Church in Brookline. Hezekiah was a graduate of Brown University in the class of 1846, and married a daughter of the late Deacon Thomas Griggs; she now lives with her daughter, Mrs. Charles Dow, on Winchester street. Mr. Shailer after leaving the school engaged successfully in the book-publishing business in New York. He also had a farm where he very much enjoyed spending a few weeks in the summer. While engaged one day in getting some hay into his barn he was killed by lightning, and scarcely a trace of his remains could be found.

Mr. George Moore succeeded Mr. Shailer as Principal of the High

School for a short time only, from the first Monday in May, 1852, to the end of the term in July following.

Mr. William P. Atkinson was Principal from September, 1852, to February 28, 1853. He was a graduate of Harvard College in the class of 1838; he was a citizen of Brookline, and was giving private instruction when he was invited to take charge of the High School. After leaving the school he resumed the work of giving private instruction, some of the time in Cambridge, and subsequently was appointed a professor in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, a position which he held at the time of his death.

Rev. John N. Bellows, as Principal, had charge of the school from February 28, 1853, to the following May. He was a brother of Rev. Dr. Henry W. Bellows.

Mr. Isaac Coffin was appointed Principal April 26, 1853, and served in that capacity till April, 1854. He was a graduate of Dartmouth, in the class of 1851. After leaving the School he studied law, and died in 1861.

Assistants in the First Ten Years.

Mr. James Pierce was assistant to Mr. Rhodes from December, 1844, to September, 1845. He was a graduate of Harvard College, in the class of 1849, and died in 1853. He was not physically strong and had been advised to take a voyage to Europe in search of health; but while returning he died and was buried at sea. He had relatives and a large circle of friends in Brookline. Except Mr. Pierce, there were only female assistants during the first ten years of the school.

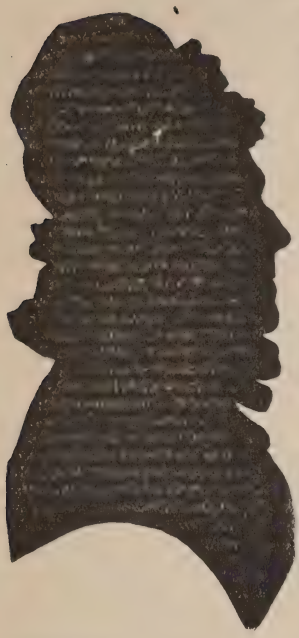
Miss Ann Elizabeth Appleton succeeded Mr. Pierce as assistant, September 17, 1845, and was herself succeeded on the first Monday of May, 1848, by Miss Irene Frances Harding. April 18, 1850, Miss Annie B. Ware was appointed assistant; she was the sister of Rev. John F. W. Ware. August 4, 1851, Miss Sarah W. Taber succeeded Miss Ware. Miss Taber wrote a memoir of Harriet Bird, daughter of the late Jesse Bird. She was the daughter of the famous clock-maker Taber, of the business firm of Willard & Taber. June 13, 1853, Miss Sarah Hill was elected assistant, and was succeeded by Miss Emily Ripley, September 5, 1853. Miss Ripley married a New Church minister, and was a sister of Mrs. Charles Heath. Miss Mary Paine succeeded Miss Ripley November 7, 1853, and served till the spring of 1854.

In our next we will give, with other matter, a partial list of the pupils in the High School in its first decade.

J. Emory Hoar.

AN OLD DIARY

EDITED BY MISS ELLEN CHASE



ELIZABETH (CRAFT) WHITE
(AUNT WHITE)†

THE following journal* kept by Miss Betsey Heath is now printed through the courtesy of Mrs. Henry F. Dana, a grand-niece. Eliza Heath, born in 1769, was the daughter of Mr. John Heath, who brought home Minuteman Gardner's body. She, and her cousin, Miss Nancy White, daughter of Caleb, born in 1768, lived together in a house formerly standing on Mr. Francis Cabot's land, the great tree which shaded it remaining still, beside the present house.

These cousins each kept a journal, which gives us an altogether unique and invaluable picture of life in old Brookline, and may well interest the young people of today in the town, some of whom represent the same family names or stock, so prominent in their pages.—ED.

1783

May 4th Dr. John Goddard of Portsmouth & Sussanah Heath of Brookline were published. May 20 Sukeys furniture carried to boston & put aboard Captain Sergeants Sloop, Mr. Goddard was here in the morning & assisted in loading. Mr. Goddard's team an too of ours carried them. The vessel sailed Sunday May 25 arrived at Portsmouth the next day. Doct. Goddard set out from portsmouth Monday June 2d got to boston the next morning, bought his wedding Cloaths, left them to be made, got here to dinner.....

June 4, Mrs. Cheany of Roxbury was sent for by Sunrise in the morning, came here, made two sorts Cake, loaf Cake & pound Cake, very good indeed. Nancy & I carried home hannah Healys cap between daylight & Dark.

* A portion of it has recently appeared in the valuable history of "The Crafts Family," by James M. and William F. Crafts, 1893.

†Reproduced by permission of Mr. William F. Crafts of Boston.

June 5, Thursday, Doct. John Goddard & Sukey heath enter'd the matremonial state. The Company that was present was Mr. Jackson & Family,* Doct. Goddards Father & Mother, Brothers & Sisters, my two Uncle Crafts and their wives were here, and Miss betsey Shed. Luck was here with his Violin in the evening. The Bride was drest in a Lilock colourd Lutestring† gownd & coat.....

Sunday, June 8, went to meeting, Bride drest in strip'd Lutestring Negligee,† three white waveing plooms on her hat &c, wore her new short Polanee's, flounced, and trimmed with Blue.

Monday, a very respectable Company was here to drink tea. Judge Sumner's Lady and Mrs. Ruggles, General Heaths Children &c, about Forty in the whole, two Violins here in the evening, danced till two clock. They had punce, & wine cake, & chees.

The names of the whole Company was as follows: Mrs. Ruggles & Mrs. Sumner, Sammuel, Billy, & Sally Heath, Mr. John Joans Spooner, James Mears & Nancy Greaton, Mr. Davenport & Lady, Mr. Brewer, Mr. Hancock, Mr. Peirce, Mr. Eby Davis & Lady, Increase, Ben & Polly Davis, Mr. Sam Crafts Lady, Stephen & Becca Sharp, Caty holton, Joseph, Hannah & Ben Goddard, Mr. Winchester & Lady, Betsy Davis, Sally Jackson, Mr. Harry Quinzey, Miss Sally Jewett, Ben Gardner, David Hyslop, John & Enoch Corey, Caleb Gardner & Lady, Prudence Heath, Isaac & Tom Gardner.....

Tuesday, a number of Ladys drank tea here, viz. General Heaths Lady & Daughter, Mr. Jacksons Lady & Daughter, Deacon Gardner & Lady, Mrs. Nanny Davis, Mr. Samuel Clark, Miss Molly Boylstone, Miss Sally

* The Rev. Joseph Jackson was "the Churches Choice" Dec. 1759. In addition to his settlement and the annual contribution of Salary, the Town voted him "Twenty cords of good wood annually Provided he settles with us and has a Family." He was ordained the ensuing April and seems to have labored with acceptance, for during the hard times of the War, repeated votes of excess sums for his "comfortable support" are on the Town Records. From the same source we learn that in Dec. 1787, he was chosen "Delagate" to the State House "for the purpose of taking under consideration the Form of Government for ye United States." The last notice of him is in May, 1797: "The Selectmen laid an account of the expences of the Funeral of the late Rev'd Mr. Jackson Dec'd before the Town, to the amount of sixty one Dollars and fourteen cents—which was allowed by the Town." The Rev. John Pierce, his successor, was called by the Town the preceding December. —*Brookline Records, Vol. I.*

From Miss Wood's history of Brookline we learn additionally, that when called, Mr. Jackson was a tutor at Cambridge. The bill for the ordination dinner, given by her, includes "2£ cash for Crambres and Ross Water, 6£ for to pay the Cakes." He married Miss Hannah Avery of Boston, and had two childern, the "Jose" and "Sally" of the Journal. In 1781 Judge Sewall's daughter, Mrs. Walcott, gave the present parsonage lot, and here he died, July, 1796, aged 62 years, his health having failed after his only son's death in 1790. His daughter Sarah married first Atherton Thayer, Esq., of Braintree, and later his brother, Stephen. She died in 1809. — *Sketches of Brookline — Harriet F. Woods.*

† "Negligee, a loose, full gown, open in front, worn in full dress. Lustring, a soft plain silk." The fashionable colors in Lustrings in 1783 were, "Plumb, Pink, Flystale, Cinnamon, and Laylock." —*Costume of Colonial Times — Earle.*

Fletcher, Isaac Gardner, Mr. Harry Quinzey, Miss Lucy Aspinwall. There came up a shower, Eby & Bill carryed the Ladys home. Joseph Goddard brought Miss hannah here in the evening to tarry over Night.

Wednesday, June 11, Mr. Jackson & Mr. Goddard here in the morn'g. Doct. Goddard & Lady set out for Portsmouth, 7 o'clock, my Brother, Miss Hannah Goddard accompeing them. They reach'd rowly the first night, crost Amsbury ferry the next morn'g about 7 o clock, got to Portsmouth in the afternoon, drank tea at Mrs. Hearts.....

All the folks are very dull now Sukey is gorn so far.....

Tuesday (17) Eby returnd from Portsmouth. Miss hannah is agoing to tarry the summer at her Brothers with my Sister. Eby brought two letters from Sukey for my Mama & Aunt White. Polly Downer came up in the afternoon we went with Cate and Dinah to gather strawberrys, but could not find any. Went to Mr. Gardners for some cherrys. Went up to Mr. Samuel Whites after tea, got the spy glass.

Wednesday morn'g Mr. Jackson here to Breakfast. Polly Downer went home to Night, we walked with her as far as Mr. Jacksons.....

Fryday, Mr. Richards, a Carpenter, & two of his Apprentices came here this morning to hew timber for corn house. In the Afternoon, Mr. Joshua Hammond & his Brother Enoch came in and stayd a few minutes. A thunder storm in the afternoon.

Saturday, nobody here. Sunday, June 22nd, went to meeting, my aunt Crafts here to dinner. Eby writes to Sukey.

Monday, washed..... E——h C——y here to invite Eby, Nancy & I over there in the evening, but we declin'd going. Eby went about sunset he had not been gone long before he & E———h Co———y came over after us. Wore Calicoe short dresses, black caps with large sprigs in them. The Miss Ackers, their brother, Mr Hyslop, Miss Hetty Abercromby & Sally Dean. Got home half past eleven.

Tuesday, Mr. Quinzey here afternoon & evening to tell Mr. De Velnais, Lady & Child, was agoing to Portsmouth, Fryday, & from there to France.....

Thursday, Mr. Ackers & billy here at night to eat Clams.....

Fryday, Mr. Jackson here to drink tea at dusk. Sally Wesson & George Dean here to get cherries.....

Saturday, all the folks pick'd pees, got done by noon. Afternoon, tinker here to mend a kettle..... Tuesday, July 1, no body here. Picked Peas in the Afternoon. Wednesday, no body here. Pick'd peas all day.

Thursday. In the morning all the folks pulled flax. Mrs. Nanny Davis spent the Day here. Fryday, pick'd Pees in the Forenoon..... July 8, Tuesday morning, all the Folks spread the Flax.

Wednesday, finished Picking Pese this forenoon..... Isaac Gardner & his Sister Reed of Littleton, here in the evening. Thursday,.....My Aunt White & Mrs. Reed went over to Esqr. Sparhawk in the afternoon.....

Fryday.....Mr. Quincy here, he has been to Portsmouth, brought to Letters from Sukey & Hannah Goddard for Aunt White.....

Saturday, Ebby went a Fishing, he Carried us up as far as my Uncle Crafts, brought us home at night..... Sunday, July 13, showery..... Monday, wash'd & iron'd, nobody here. Went to get black berryes.

Tuesday....Nancy and I went down to my grandfathers* just before Night to stay all Night, & see the folks go by to Commencement.† Wednesday Afternoon, my Uncle Daniel Craft & Lady, Aunt White, & Nancy & I rode over to Cambridge..... Went into the meeting house a few minutes. Went to see a Sea Calf that was carried to Cambridge for a sight. A very curious creature, Six Coppers a sight. Got back to my Uncle Crafts to drink tea. John & Enoch Corey, Billy Ackers, Tommy Gardner & Eby drank tea there.....

Thursday, Miss Beazar Blackman came to my uncles in the morning, spent the Day..... Came home at night, called at Mr. Downers, Polly got the slow fever.

Fryday,.....picked a few black berrys just at night..... Sunday, July 20, stayed at noon..... Wednesday, pick'd black berrys in the morning..... Mrs. Daniel White here a few minutes between daylight and Dark, went a little ways home with her.....

Saturday, my Aunt White & Nancy went to Boston. Bought Dark Callico Gownd & Coat..... 28th, Monday, wash'd. Joseph Jackson here three Different times this forenoon. My Mama & Aunt White go to Mr. Jacksons in the afternoon..... Nancy & I went to Mr. Clarks. Elisha Gardner here in the evening.....

Tuesday, Mrs. Jackson, Sally & Joseph, here in the Afternoon. Aunt White, Eby, Nancy & I go home with them and stay a little while.

Wednesday, nobody here. A storm..... Saturday, went to pick Whortle berrys in the afternoon.....

Monday, August 4th. Mrs. Farrow here to make my Aunt White's Stays..... Tuesday Mrs. Farrow went home. Mama & I went to Dedham to carry cloth to Mr. Ellises the Clothiers.

---

*Grandfather Crafts' house still stands on the way to Roxbury, "1709" on the chimney. All travel between Boston and Cambridge then passed by this house; it was built by Ensign Ebenezer Craft in 1709 and between his death in 1722 and 1791 it was occupied by his son, Deacon Ebenezer Craft, Betsy's grandfather. The house remained in the family for six generations, but was sold in 1871 to Stillman B. Allen, Esq., of Boston. The Crafts retain still much of the original estate and occupy a modern house adjoining the homestead. — "*The Crafts Family.*"

†Boston Gazette and Country Journal, July 28, 1783, gives 31 students taking B. A. degrees, Harrison Gray Otis and Asa Packard being among the number.

HUMOR

BALLADE DE LOVE

J'aimais une fille, and what is more,
Elle m'aimait quite as much ;
Cette jolie girl had cheveux d'or,—
Etais also une ange.

Je dis à lui,—says I to her—
"Serez-vous mine forever?"
"Vous horrid chose," dit elle à me,
"Comment pourriez-vous ever!"

Je love une fille, et ce qu'est more
Elle loves me aussi much,
This fille jolie a cheveux d'or,—
Elle est une real ange.

——'95.

A certain boy in the battalion aspired to be a fifth sergeant; now he is only a little drummer boy, and a base one at that.

He could not have been in his right mind who the other day remarked, "The Back Bay 'oscars now present a very wilde appearance."

First Student—How long a lesson did the teacher give out?

Second Student (malignantly) —About as long as that $2 you owe me has run.

Excited Lady (breathlessly)—Does this car go to the Reservwar-r?

Yankee Conductor— Raysayvwar-r! This car goes to the Ressivoy. Want to get on, mum?

First Teacher—Can we not go to church tomorrow?

Absent-minded Ditto (who has just corrected thirty-nine papers and has seven sets more to look over)—Why, my dear, tomorrow is Sunday!

"He is an extremely modest fellow, don't you think so?"

"Yes, and that is what makes him so conceited."

"What do you mean?"

"It is the only good quality he has to be proud of."

Admirer— How is it you learn all your lessons, and still have plenty of time to spare?

Admired— I make it a rule to study twice as much as I want to, and only half as much as I ought to.

JAMES C. ROONEY,

Harvard Square.

FINE SHOES.

THOMAS J. MURRAY,

Hardware and Builders' Supplies,

Slate and Tin Roofing, Skates Sharpened.

HARVARD SQUARE, - - BROOKLINE.

The Horace Partridge Co.,

335 Washington Street, Boston,

Athletic Outfitters.

Polo, Track, Athletic, and Gymnasium Clothing and Supplies,—now our specialties.

Call and see our Running Shoes for the Meet. Special discounts made for team orders.

We Have Them!

TOOTH BRUSHES THAT WILL HOLD THEIR BRISTLES.

TRY ONE, and if it isn't so we will give you a new one.
Don't buy on an uncertainty again.

YOUNG & BROWN, Apothecaries.

O'BRIEN BROS.,

Fish Salesmen,

COOLIDGE CORNER, - - BROOKLINE.

FRESH CANDIES

—AT—

BROOKLINE CONFECTIONERY,

C. E. HEDGE,

No. 219 Washington Street, Brookline.

Joseph Emile Daudelin Music School.

INSTRUCTION ON THE

Violin, Piano, Organ, Harp,

AND OTHER PRINCIPAL INSTRUMENTS OF THE ORCHESTRA, ALSO IN

Solfege and Vocal Culture,
Harmony, Theory and Composition.

The Faculty is composed of teachers of the highest ability; several of them possessing European as well as local reputation.

Courses of Instruction in all branches carefully graded from the *Simplest Rudiments to the Most Difficult Studies.* The utmost care bestowed upon **Beginners.**

The School furnishes the best advantages for students in all its various branches; among them are—

Musical Lectures, Pupils' Recitals, Faculty Musicales,
Free Solfege Class, and an Orchestral Class.

Terms for Tuition will be given or forwarded to any address upon application. Special terms for Evening Classes. All communications will receive prompt attention.

Address,

JOSEPH EMILE DAUDELIN,
DIRECTOR,
136 Boylston Street, - - - BOSTON, MASS.

TAKE YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS

—TO—

BUTLER'S PHARMACY,

HARVARD SQUARE,

BROOKLINE.

KING OF FRIEZE

ULSTER $12.00.

Warranted all Wool,
Snow and Water Proof.

Standard Clothing Co.,

395 Washington St.,

BOSTON.

. . TRY OUR . .

Hot Chocolate, Beef Tea and Coffee,

TENNEY'S FINE CONFECTIONS,

AT BOWKER'S.

C. A. W. SPENCER, Printer, Brookline.

VOLUME I NUMBER 2

FEBRUARY

THE SAGAMORE

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

CONTENTS

The Song of the Football 31
Fanny 32
Concerning Fads 33
A Translation of *Du bist wie eine Blume* 34
The Zephyr 34
The Exhibition of the Boston Art Club 35
News Notes 38
The Debating Club 41
Editorial Department 42
Athletics—The Indoor Team 44
Historical Department
High School Reminiscences—I . . . . . *Prof. Burt G. Wilder* 45
Notes on the History of the High School—II . . . . . *J. Emory Hoar* 46
An Old Diary . . . . . *Edited by Miss Ellen Chase* 53
Humor 57

BROOKLINE MASSACHUSETTS
PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT THE HIGH SCHOOL
M DCCC XCV

VILLA GROCERY CO.,

DEALERS IN

Staple and Fancy Groceries

AT BOSTON PRICES.

No. 7 Harvard Street,

Telephone 358. BROOKLINE, MASS.

Partridge

PHOTOGRAPHER Brookline.

An "All-the-Year-Round" Special Rate for Brookline High School.

Single copies of THE SAGAMORE are on sale at

THE BROOKLINE NEWS DEPOT.

Subscriptions should be sent to Mr. F. B. Taylor, 294 Walnut St.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY.

A. J. HAYMAN, Ph. G.,

DEALER IN

Pure Drugs and Medicines Only.

TELEPHONE 153.

1363 Beacon Street, Coolidge Corner.

THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 1 FEBRUARY, 1895 NUMBER 2

THE SONG OF THE FOOTBALL

I am the football
Heard from in the fall.

What makes you women shudder so,
At mention of my name, as though
I'm something dreadful?

Perhaps—but then you flatter me—
You feel as trembling Italy,
"Napoleon" hearing.

Yet well may you feel somewhat awed;
For, though my weapon's not the sword,
I've hosts behind me.

See what a manly throng they are!
No few, you'll find, are those who star
In life's great theatre.

Ah, what a glorious record's mine!
I trace descent way from the time
When Egypt flourished.

At times I have been pushed aside
For other games; but then, they've died
And left me kicking.

I'm called a foot-ball,
Pig-skin, or oval.

Though from a pig's back I did come,
I'm now in the curriculum
Of every college.

Of false decisions I might tell,
Which made the score come out so well
For Yale at Springfield.

Copyright, 1895, by Brookline High School Editorial Board

A better lesson I can teach
Than many, who with loud voice preach,—
I, in my silence.

For, while I'm giving others fun,
I'm grabbed, punched, kicked, and sat upon;
Yet I complain not.

So you must not think ill of me;
For, though I'm rough, I'll always be
Your humble servant,

The modern foot-ball,
Not so bad, after all.

—— '95.

FANNY

SUCH a tiny, weird creature as she is, our Fanny, with her great, dark eyes peering out at the world from a strange little face. She is fond of the High School girls, she says, and misses them in the summer. Fanny is but three years old and a shy bit of a tot. Once, when asked if the baby at home was a brother or a sister, she looked up into the many questioning faces around her, and, with a puzzled expression on her own, slowly shook her head and gravely said, "No; it's a baby!"

Not long ago I heard a hand-organ playing opposite the school, and looking across I saw a sight as surprising as it was picturesque. Fanny, in her threadbare, blue velvet coat and tight-fitting skull cap, was standing in front of the organ. The grinder was spasmodically rolling out the strains of "After the Ball." Suddenly the child caught up her diminutive frock in her hands and broke into an impromptu skirt dance. Round and round she flew, now on one foot, now on the other, never hesitating, but bending and swaying, always in perfect rhythm with the old waltz tune. Just then my attention was called back to the school room, and I left this little elf dancing as only one born to the art can.

M. S. W., '95.

CONCERNING FADS

GREAT was the joy of Mozart and Beethoven. They had at last succeeded in obtaining a day's leave of absence from the place of departed spirits. Not that they had been unhappy there; but they had long been cherishing a desire to know how the people of the New World were appreciating their compositions. They had heard that Boston was the centre of things musical in this land of progression; and so to the Hub they made their way.

Although they had made no pre-arrangement, they arrived just in time for a Symphony rehearsal. This good luck put them into a most pleasant state of mind, which was so heightened, when they found that they could each lay claim to several of the numbers on the program, that they were led to form a rash opinion of the musical tastes of America.

After they had assured themselves that fair justice was being done to their productions, their modesty forced them to turn their attention from the musicians to the audience. They were amazed to see that it was composed for the most part of women.

"Of course," said Mozart, "this is very flattering to us, but surely the men cannot have lost their taste for music."

"No," replied Beethoven, "for you notice that the orchestra is composed entirely of men."

As they were invisible, they were able to make a close survey of the people.

"They must be well-to-do, judging from their clothes," remarked Beethoven. "Just see that dress over there."

"That is the worst of it," said Mozart. "They are not paying any attention to the music, half of them. I just heard one woman telling her neighbor about the coming style in bonnets. Only think of it!"

"And that one just said she did wish they would get through with this stupid piece, for she knew she would be late to Mrs. Beacon's tea," said Beethoven, and added, angrily: "What does she come here for, if she is not able to enjoy it?"

"Perhaps they may have reached a stage beyond us. That affair at Mrs. Beacon's may be some new development in art of which we are ignorant," suggested Mozart.

"If so," said Beethoven, hotly, "I have had enough. Let us go."

On their way back they stopped round at Parnassus. While speeding through space their feelings had assumed a different form; their fire was frozen.

"My dear Euterpe," said Mozart,—after they had shaken hands and spoken about the weather,—"we felt we must tell you of our delight at seeing the great advances you are making in America. Why, in our day, it was the musical people who filled the concert halls, but now——"

"It is wonderful," chimed in Beethoven. "We have no doubt that on our next visit we shall find woman's rights represented in the orchestra as well."

M., '95.

DU BIST WIE EINE BLUME

A TRANSLATION

Thou art like a flower,
So pure and sweet and fair,
I look on thee, and sadness
Steals o'er me unaware.

I would that I my hand might place
Upon that fair, white brow,
And pray God ever keep thee
As pure and sweet as now.

THE ZEPHYR

LONG ago, in the olden time, a Zephyr passed through a large, dark forest. He was a merry fellow; and now and then he would turn aside to chase some wily sunbeam, or to kiss a demurely drooping lily.

He breathed lightly upon the leaves, and told them stories of distant countries he had visited. There were the sunny meadows of the West, where the farmer sowed his corn, and sang as he scattered the seed; and there was the warm land of the olive tree, where the birds carolled all the year round. As he whispered his stories the lusty oaks swayed good humoredly, and the leaves danced.

At last he came to a hermit's hut. The walls were overgrown with ivy, which almost seemed to have concealed the door. Opening to the south was a little casement, and through this, by way of the sunbeams, the Zephyr entered. The room was small; in one corner was a bed of straw and blankets. Beside it knelt the hermit, with a missal in his hand, absorbed in prayer. He did not see the Zephyr, who was moving softly about the room. At last he approached the hermit and brushed back a lock from his forehead, and gathered a tear from his gray beard. Then he turned to the stiff figure of the knight, who lay apon the couch, and touching his bright armor, he tenderly caressed his fair, calm face, and played with his brown hair. But when he looked down, and saw a dark, uncanny stain, where the armor had been taken away, and saw that the eyes were sealed with an impress deeper than that of sleep, he swiftly turned and fled from the chamber.

And now the Zephyr no longer told tales to the trees in the wood; he no longer stopped to make merry with the flowers. He trembled, and the leaves rustled; he sighed, and they moaned. As they droopingly turned their white backs to the light, it seemed as if they had caught something from the west wind, and as if they shared some unutterable secret; for there is a mystery deeper than either that of life or of death.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE BOSTON ART CLUB

THE present exhibition of oils at the Boston Art Club is considered the best that has been given. There has never before been put before the public work of such varying merit. The best of the pictures are so far-and-away superior to the best of previous exhibitions that the poor ones seem all the worse by contrast.

There are two reasons why this exhibition is one of more than usual interest. First, it is not a local affair, but comprises work by the first artists of New York and New England; and secondly, the judges are among the first art critics in America — Mr. Marquand of New York, Mr. Frazer, Art Manager of the Century Company, Dr. Angell of Boston, Mrs. Montgomery Sears of Boston, and Mr. Bonney of Philadelphia. The greatest

picture of the exhibition is *Mid Ocean*, by a Boston artist, Mr. Woodbury. This is truly a great picture, for the test of true greatness is whether an appeal is made to something deeper than the senses, as the really great artist is the one who works not alone for love of color and form, but who has a great thought to give the world and knows how to express it.

The picture (a large one, 10 x 8) is of the wake of an ocean steamship, and was painted in Paris in the early part of last summer from notes Mr. Woodbury took, going over on the steamer. It had been in the salon until it came to America, six weeks ago.

The seething water seems to rise and, always coming, follow on and on out of the dark, measureless depths. One feels the power of the sleeping ocean and the thousands of fathoms beneath those terrible, tumbling waves. There are no curling breakers, no splashing foam, nothing but purple crests heaving wild and dark against the pale sky. It is solitude of the infinite — "So lovely 't was that God himself scarce seemed there to be,"— only away to the right is a faint whiff of black smoke from the steamer's funnel — the one connecting link between humanity and the waste of waters. It is a wonderful painting and fills one with its beauty and awe. Those who are acquainted with the great galleries of Europe and are competent to judge, have called it the masterpiece of ocean painting.

People have wondered why it was not awarded the first prize. Indeed, Mr. Marquand and Mr. Frazer were determined to award it, and spent two days in exciting controversy with the other judges upon the subject. However, it was decided that to place the standard so high was not fair to the other pictures, and to give it the first prize would, in one of the existing standards, be "to damn it with first praise"; therefore it was considered out of the competition. But the people have already crowned it. It is the one picture for them. A movement has been started to raise a subscription prize as a token of their appreciation, and some have given as much as fifty dollars.

The first prize was conceded to a bronze statuette by Frederic Macmonnies, the sculptor of the great fountain at the Fair. It is called the *Boy and the Heron.*

The most beautiful piece of sculpture is a bust in marble, *Magdalene*, by F. Edwin Elwell, a very young New York sculptor who is said to be one of the coming great sculptors of the day. It is his first piece in marble, also his first on exhibition. It is strong, beautiful and charming.

Mr. Sewell's picture, which took the second prize, is a large decorative panel, designed for some European banqueting hall. It is called *The Vintager's Revel.* It is chiefly remarkable for its beauty of figure-drawing and design, and the portrayal of the joyous spirit of Greek outdoor life in the Golden Age. Mr. Sewell is one of the best draughtsmen and finest colorists in the country.

In both Mr. Sewell has worked out his scheme of light and shade in a charming manner. In the former picture the figures are in shadow against a dark background of trees through which the light filters, weaving their path with sunshine and shadow. In *The Bacchantes* the figures in shadow are dancing down a moon-lit hillside. The light comes from behind them, giving everything a weird look and throwing their shadows before. Its effect is very pleasant and striking.

There are two very attractive portraits, one of *A Lady*, by Laura Lee,—a handsome woman with beautiful dark eyes and gray hair, in a gown of lemon satin covered with mull. The attitude is restful and in sympathy with the sweet gravity of the face, and the effect of the yellow against the clear brown of the complexion is a happy one. "That little girl," I heard a gentleman say, speaking of the artist, "is just brimful of talent. She is one of our coming artists, and already she has made her mark." As I have seen another picture of hers, which I thought the best in another exhibition, I am inclined to think he spoke the truth. This picture is one of her aunt. Laura Lee is twenty, and looks younger. She has short, curly, yellow hair and brown eyes—a very winsome little Bohemian in her "reform costume" of brown velvet. Her home is in Chelsea.

The other portrait, *Miss Ruggles*, by E. H. Hamilton, of Boston, is a full-length picture of the famous young sculptor, Mrs. Theo Ruggles-Kitson, who, by the way, is a native of Brookline, Mass. The slender, girlish figure is dressed in pale green satin, with the dark, wavy hair piled high and fastened above the quaint, original face, one of those which seems as if it must have come out of some old miniature. The figure is standing in a half light against a dark background of murky blue shadows which give the whole an air of antiquity, and those who know her say that the artist could not have given her a truer interpretation. The whole picture is typical of Mrs. Kitson herself.

E. R. M., '95.

NEWS NOTES

Work on the new High School building has so far progressed that one can tell somewhat how it is going to look, inasmuch as the structure has just been roofed over. The first thing that impresses the observer is the idea of a great deal of room within; this is suggested by the square and massive, though not unpleasantly vast, appearance of the building.

There are a few important changes in teachers and in studies for the second half. Miss Johnson returns immediately, and will take charge of First and Second English; Mr. Nicholson goes back to Harvard, and Miss Frye resumes the Third History Classes; Miss Goodwin retains her old subjects to a large extent; Miss Hartwell's work is now mostly with the Fourth Class; Mr. Wilson will undertake some of the reviews that have hitherto been conducted by Mr. Packard. Classes in Second Mathematics have been reorganized on the basis of preparation for a higher institution, instead of work in Latin, as before;—an arrangement that has obvious advantages over the old system.

Miss Frost visited Hampton, Va., during the Christmas vacation. On her return she gave the School an interesting description of the Hampton Institute. It seems that our Scholarship has been awarded to Joseph Walker, a negro boy, who is learning the tailor's trade at Hampton. To signify his gratitude he promised to write some letters telling the School how he is getting along.

On another page it will be read that the Debating Club is to hold, on Feb. 14, a mock session of the United States Senate. Much interest has always been shown in the mock meetings that have been annually given of late years, and there will certainly be a good attendance of parents and others interested in the welfare of the Club. Tickets may be had of members. They may also be obtained at Butler's pharmacy.

Mr. Fred B. Stearns, '94, is going to take a special course here during the rest of the term. His illness seriously interfered with his plan of going to a higher institution this year.

About the 20th of last month the Head Master went to Lakefield, Conn., to inspect the Hotchkiss School. This institution has been endowed quite recently, and the building is thoroughly modern in all its equipments. Aside from its purely educational appointments, it contains a fine gymnasium with a large swimming tank; and the roomy and abundant lockers with which it is provided suggest a want of our own new gymnasium. Among other things that our building stands in need of, the Hotchkiss School has a large, well-furnished room that is given up to the interests of the paper. In future years THE SAGAMORE should likewise have the benefit of an editorial room.

The voices of all the scholars have just been tested for singing, and a new division of parts has been made, which is more satisfactory than before.

Mr. William H. Lincoln made a short address before the School on the morning of Jan. 2, just after the Christmas vacation. His subject was one appropriate to the New Year.

Through the kindness of a member of the Third Class, the Greek pupils have been enjoying this week a remarkably large and fine panoramic photograph of modern Athens.

Students of German in the Senior Class lately attended an informal talk in German by Prof. Hugo K. Schilling, of Harvard University, which was given for them on the afternoon of Jan. 31.

There has been some talk of organizing a School Glee Club. If those who are interested in the plan will give their names to Miss Frye something positive may be done toward realizing the project.

Some of the boys in the School have formed a Mandolin and Banjo Club. It is not connected with the School, but its membership includes present and past pupils only. The Club hopes to have eight mandolins, eight banjos and three guitars. Many members have only lately begun to take lessons, but the Club will probably be able to play together by the middle of March, or possibly earlier. An instructor will then take charge of the Club and coach it, probably, until the close of school. Applications for membership may be made to Alexander Henderson, '95, and will be voted upon by the Club.

The preliminary contest to determine who are to be the competitors for the J. Murray Kay prizes in Elocution, will be held on Thursday, Feb. 21, 1895.

The William H. Lincoln prizes for this year are five in number. They consist of a gold medal for excellence in English composition, and silver medals for proficiency in German, Greek, Physics and Mathematics. The last two prizes, as was the case last year, are for the Second Class only. The details and precise conditions of the contests have not yet been determined.

The subjects on which the J. Murray Kay prize essays are to be written have been selected. They are *Brookline in the American Revolution* and *The Aspinwall Family*. Themes must be handed in by Wednesday, May 15, 1895.

We are told that the letters on the clock of the new High School building will be fully two feet long. If that is true, no one will much longer be able to urge the town clock being at fault as an excuse for tardiness; therefore we had better make the best of what time we now have and try never to be punctual, for we will more than be obliged to do penance next year.

Miss R. B. Holt gave some readings before the School on Friday, Jan. 4th. She is a graduate of Emerson School of Oratory. She has a voice admirably adapted to her art, and reads her lines very acceptably. On this particular morning her work met with great favor.

You 're marching o'er the Drill-shed floor—
A thing you can't quite lump—
And are about to fall, when you 're
Reminded, "See that hump?"

The Third Class are to begin their course in the History of Art the first week in February, to continue during the remainder of the year. There are to be three lectures on Egypt, two on Assyria and twelve on Greece. This course correlates directly with the regular work in History, and will consist of fully illustrated notes from the fine collection of books on the subject in the Brookline Public Library. The Class will meet in a room in the Library Building, which by Mr. Bolton's courtesy has been reserved for them on Tuesday mornings. In connection with this study, visits to the Boston Art Museum will frequently be made on Friday afternoons, through the kindness of General Loring, director of the Museum.

Two pupils who are particularly interested in drawing have received students' tickets to the Art Museum, Boston, entitling them to free admission any day of the week.

During the past month the Fourth Class in Drawing have had five-minute talks on photographs from originals by Raphael, Michael Angelo, Andrea del Sarto, and William Hunt. The Third Class, who are working in pen and ink, have discussed the original pen and ink drawings by C. D. Gibson, recently on exhibition at Doll & Richards', Boston, and the Whistler exhibition of etchings at the St. Botolph Club.

The High School Extension Courses, for the Winter of 1895, will begin Feb. 5, when Miss Anna M. Johnson will give six weekly lessons upon *The English Drama*. Rev. Reuen Thomas, D. D., will follow, with one or more lectures related to the foregoing. The subject will be announced hereafter. Mr. Charles K. Bolton will give several *Conference-talks* upon "The Relation of the Public Library to the Schools and the Community;" and in April Mr. Prentiss Cummings will deliver three or four lectures upon *Astronomy*. A syllabus of Miss Johnson's course may be obtained at the High School; and more explicit information concerning the others will be given in subsequent numbers of The Sagamore.

The trophy that is shown in our frontispiece is a handsome prize for a school to take in an athletic contest. It was bought with funds subscribed by the Junior Interscholastic Football League. Taken in conjunction with the Alumni Prize Cup it is a valuable and beautiful ornament for the interior of the school building. Of course it should be placed where it can be seen by all visitors.

The Orchestra has hitherto been partially supplied with instruments from outside sources; but it is now Mr. Cole's intention to draw the players from the School as far as possible. There will in all probability be two double basses in the orchestra this year; there are already a clarinet and three horns. A great deal will be gained with the addition of these wind instruments.

THE DEBATING CLUB

THE sixty-fourth regular meeting of the Brookllne High School Debating Club was held January 2, 1895, at the High School building. A plan for the session of the United States Senate, which is to be held February 14, 1895, in the Town Hall, by the Debating Club, was read by the President and accepted by the Club. The President was also given full power to arrange a joint debate with the Newton High Debating Club.

The officers elected for the next half-year at the semi-annual election, January 30, 1895, are as follows: — President, Marshall Stearns; Vice-President, Robert C. Morse; Directors, R. C. Seaver, J. B. Niver, Jr., and Stephen C. Wolcott.

On January 9, 1895, the sixty-fifth regular meeting was held at the B. H. S. The subject for the evening was: *Resolved*, That Foreign Immigration be Restricted in the United States. The debaters on the affimative were G. C. Clancy and Chas. W. Kellogg, Jr., while Herbert Hirshberg, Austin H. Parker, and Stephen C. Wolcott upheld the negative side of the question. Mr. Briggs and Mr. Prescott Hall, members of the Immigration Restriction League, and Mr. J. C. Packard spoke to the Club. The subject chosen for the next regular debate was: *Resolved*, That the United States has made a serious mistake in expending so much money for the enlargement of her navy.

A special meeting of the Debating Club was called January 16, 1895, at which a rehearsal of the "United States Senate" was held. It was voted that a formal rehearsal should be held after the election, on January 30, 1895.

DWIGHT FARNUM, *Secretary.*

In the January number we inadvertently omitted the name of Mr. Dwight Farnum from the officers of the Debating Club. Mr. Farnum is Secretary; Mr. D. Walter Hirshberg is Corresponding Secretary.

THE SAGAMORE

Published monthly throughout the school year, at the High School Building, Brookline, Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

BOARD OF EDITORS

ARTHUR W. SPENCER, '95, Editor-in-Chief
MISS EDITH R. MAY, '95 MISS HELEN L. PARKER, '96
WILLIAM P. WINCH, '95

CLASS EDITORS

H. PERCY MACOMBER, '95 GARDNER H. CARPENTER, '97
H. SPAULDING COFFIN, '96 ALBERT C. MORSE, '98

FREDERICK B. TAYLOR, '95, Business Manager
SAMUEL W. LEWIS, '96, Assistant Business Manager

COMMUNICATIONS may be left in the hands of the editors at school, or mailed to Arthur W. Spencer, 75 Prospect Street, Brookline. Contributors will please write legibly on one side of the paper only and sign their names, which need not appear in print. All MSS. must be received by the 20th of the month; rejected MSS. will be returned if accompanied with the necessary postage.

SINGLE COPIES—10 cents; Volume 1 (7 numbers), 60 cents. On sale at the Brookline News Depot. SUBSCRIPTIONS are to be sent to the Business Manager.

ADVERTISING RATES may be obtained by addressing Frederick B. Taylor, 294 Walnut Street, Brookline.

Entered at the Boston Post-Office as Second Class Mail Matter.

THE second half-year is upon us, bringing a change in the daily program of studies. It is not our intention to admonish our readers on the appropriateness of new resolutions for the coming term, however timely a sermon of that kind might be. The second half is, nevertheless, in some respects richer in opportunities than the first. The student who is fitting for a higher institution feels sure that earnest work will receive its reward at the June examinations; and everyone realizes that there is now a chance offered for improving the record of the first part of the year, if it has been none too good. Aside from these matters, however, there are the prizes that are to be offered at the close of the term. Many of the scholars have forgotten all about them; and we give this gentle reminder so that they may bear the subject in mind, and not be taken by surprise when the conditions of the contests are announced. These good chances make the last half harder than the first if they are improved. If they are allowed to pass by unnoticed, however, some of the

THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM

Supplement to The Sagamore for February, 1895

pupils who think them beyond their reach, are those who seem to occupy the enviable position of always being busy; they are the conscientious workers. There are others who are never willing to make an effort. They fall into the pernicious habit of finding it hard to do easy things well, and easy to do hard things badly. For such students no such thing as an opportunity exists.

In the majority of schools of our own grade music counts for little as a study, but here, the comparatively small amount of time given to it is employed to the best possible advantage. This fact is borne out by the favorable results that followed the work done last term on the cantata. The School promises to do well this year, likewise; even if it did not set out as before with the plan of covering a certain musical composition. The orchestra has increased in size and contains a greater variety of instruments than before; a few weeks of practice will bring it fully up to the standard of last spring's concert. The singing will probably be somewhat improved by the redistribution of vocal parts that has just been effected. At all events, our School need not feel ashamed of proficiency in music, in these days when the subject is usually given little serious attention.

The condition of the Drill Shed floor is such that it demands immediate attention. We hope that it will not be allowed to remain in its present state a week longer. Not only have the battalion and the other users of the building been inconvenienced for a long time; but the condition of neglect into which the floor has fallen is a positive disgrace to the School.

An enthusiastic contributor thus plays upon "SA-GA-MORE:"

"To get my first, one has to move one's jaw;
To get my last, one has to move it more;
My second is a cousin to the pike,
The Anglo-Saxon word for spear or spike;
My whole is history, fiction, news and fun—
E pluribus unum—all these in one."

Apropos, it is perhaps desirable to speak of the fact that one can not justly realize the appropriateness of the title without appreciating the force of the quotation from *Winthrop's Journal*, which mentions Brookline in the days when it was called "Muddy River."

ATHLETICS

THE INDOOR TEAM

THE first of January a call was made for candidates for the athletic team. About fifteen fellows turned out the first day, and since then the number has been increased to twenty-five.

After some trouble the management secured the South Armory of the Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, on Irvington street, Boston, to train in for the coming High School and Interscholastic sports. This building affords a good opportunity for long-distance running, while in the Drill Shed only a short dash can be had. In the armory there is also a course marked out for a forty yards dash, and another for seventy-five yards. From its having only nine laps to a mile the enormous size of this building can be imagined.

In all probability the athletic teams of Hopkinson's and the Roxbury Latin School will be admitted to the contest. This will give our fellows a chance to see how they stand alongside of other school athletes. What the prospects are of getting any points in the Interscholastic meeting, it is difficult to say, but there is material enough in the school to make a good showing. One thing is certain, however; that is, while in previous years the school has only been represented by about three men, this year surely fifteen will be entered. This ought to make the members of the school interested, and disposed to support the team.

In 1893 the Brookline High School stood third with fifteen points to its credit, and since then nothing to speak of has been done. Last fall the football team made a fine record, and we want to keep it up with good work by the athletic and base-ball teams. This is the year to start, and if some of the older members of the school would step in and assist us, we should do credit to ourselves and to the school. On January 19th, Phil Striegel, champion high jumper of the B. A. A., and the best in New England, came out to the drill-shed and gave us some valuable points on high jumping and hurdling, for which we were vere grateful.

At first we thought of having a professional coach, but such men as Mr. Ben Hurd, Mr. R. F. Johnson and Mr. George Wilson have kindly offered their services.

R. C. S.

HIGH SCHOOL REMINISCENCES

By Burt G. Wilder, M. D., Class of '59

PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGY, VERTEBRATE ZOOLOGY, AND NEUROLOGY IN CORNELL UNIVERSITY

1.—The Stone School Building and Principal Coffin, 1853–1854

FROM the Grammer School, then conducted by Mr. Daniels in the Town Hall near the village, I went to the High School in the old stone house just below the Unitarian Church.

The principal, Isaac Coffin, I remember very distinctly. He was slight, but erect. He had blue eyes and yellow hair, and a thin, strongly aquiline nose. He was young, not very strong, and somewhat irritable. The scholars were heterogeneous in age, attainment and character; some of the older ones were rough and turbulent. As may be imagined, Mr. Coffin's brief administration was not wholly satisfactory. The following incident fairly illustrates the conditions as to teacher, scholars and environment.

The school-room proper was in the second story, while the first was occupied by a recitation-room for the assistant. The staircase was crooked and the steps worn by thirty years' use to an undulating smoothness. One day a class of five was descending. One slipped and fell heavily against another. The latter uttered an exclamation more emphatic than polite, and, I fear, less unfamiliar in those days than it should have been. The door was open and the master heard it. We were recalled. One after the other we were summoned to the desk. Each was asked if he had used the objectionable phrase. The first four denied, and truthfully, yet each was kept standing by the desk for some moments to receive an admonition on the general subject of profanity. The fifth and last was by no means the least, but a gigantic youth with a very harsh and ill-regulated voice. To him was put the usual question; from him was evidently expected the usual reply, and upon him, apparently, was to be bestowed the usual discourse. Instead of which, to the amazement of all, the fellow growled out: "Did I swear? Yes, I did. I often swear, and I had good reason then." This strictly truthful declaration was so unexpected in substance and manner that the master's program was altogether deranged. He hesitated, grew red, and then dismissed the unrepentant culprit without the rebuke which he alone deserved.

Doubtless the youth misbehaved, and the teacher was too easily disconcerted. But it is equally true that the stairs were in a very bad state, and that there should have been a private room wherein such conferences might be held.

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF THE HIGH SCHOOL

II.

THE statute authorizing and, under certain circumstances, requiring the towns of the Commonwealth to establish and maintain High Schools, was enacted in 1826. Towns having less than five hundred families were not required to support a High School, and very few towns in the State established such a school if they were not required by law to do so. With a population of only 1265 it was greatly to the credit of Brookline that, years before she was required to do it by law, she was among the very first to tax herself voluntarily for the maintenance of such a school.

In like manner it was characteristic of the town to be among the very first (if not the first) to avail herself of the permissive law by which she established her Public Library, in 1857, now so popular, creditable, and useful an institution.

The action of the town in either of these instances was not, of course, unanimous. The opposition, however, came from just the sources whence it was anticipated; and the sentiment which prevailed in Town Meeting was strong and general in the community.

In an address delivered October 14, 1845, the late Rev. Dr. Pierce said:—"If we consider the provision which has been made for our schools, both male and female, for a few years past, we shall find, that few if any settlements in our land, in proportion to numbers and property, rival the inhabitants of this little village in providing for the education of our rising race." The statement may savor a little of mutual admiration; it was nevertheless based upon fact.

Dr. Pierce was much interested in the High School, and, believing as he did in the influence of a distinguished presence upon the young, took frequent opportunity to introduce strangers to the school. On one occasion

he came hurrying under excitement into the school-room accompanied by a tall gentleman, of grave and dignified appearance, and exclaimed: — "Rise, children, this is the distinguished Honorable Horace Mann, Secretary of the Board of Education of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!" The incident will be the better appreciated if we consider that it occurred soon after the teachers of the State, and especially those of Boston, were startled and stunned by Mr. Mann's famous Seventh Annual Report, which was like a bomb-shell thrown into a sleeping camp.

That the privileges of the High School were early appreciated was evidenced by the fact that the first year of its existence, from a town population of only 1265 there were in the High School ninety-six different pupils; sixty-three were present and examined at the close of the school year. Here was a High School attendance of seven and a half per cent of the entire population of the town! Can a parallel be instanced?

This remarkable attendance did not, for some reason, continue; in 1847 there were but fifty-three different pupils in the school, and at the close of the year there were on the list but thirty-three.

In 1840 there were in the town two hundred and forty-five persons between the ages of four and sixteen. That year the town appropriated for schools or education $1100.

April 4, 1844, the School Committee voted: — "That Mr. Shailer in connection with Mr. Rhodes be instructed to prepare a Catalogue of the High School for the past year." Through the kindness of one who was a pupil in the school and is now a resident of our town, a copy of this Catalogue has been courteously brought to our attention since the issue of the first number of The Sagamore. It appeared in the Annual Report of the School Committee for 1843–4.

Some of our readers may be interested to see the names contained in that Catalogue. Familiar names and pleasant reminiscences may be recalled by the list. We will add notes to the respective names so far as we are informed. The names of those only who were in the school in its first year will appear in this list. The asterisk (*) indicates Deceased.

MALES

Isaac Bryant.

*William H. Celfe, son of Mr. John E. Thayer's gardener. One sister married Mr. Simon Warren, and the other married Mr. John Warren, Warren street.

*Benj. W. Clark, son of Caleb Clark, Walnut street; married Emily Beals. He was a grocer in Brookline (afterwards a farmer in Westminster, Vt.) and a brother of Samuel Clark now of Brookline.

Joshua Boylston Clark, son of Dea. Joshua Childs Clark, Warren street; married Sarah Barnes Ripley. He is with Abram French & Co., Franklin street, Boston, and lives in Dorchester.

Samuel Colman, born in Portland, Me., in 1832. The family lived in the Cobb house, Walnut street. He was founder and first President of the American Society of Painters in Water Colors. His studio is in New York; some of his pictures are, — "Bay of Gibraltar," "Andernach on the Rhine," "Street scene in Caen," "Market Day in Brittany," "Arab Caravansary," "Arab Burying-Ground," "Dutch Boats off the coast of Holland," "Misty Afternoon in Venice," "Zandam in Holland," "Tower of Giralda," and "Evening at Amalfi."

*William Cook, grandson of Capt. Isaac Cook, the brewer, who lived in the "Cook Cottage," on Cottage street. He married Frances A. Walker, daughter of Samuel A. Walker; became a farmer in New Hampshire.

James W. Coolidge, son of David S. Coolidge, Harvard street. He now lives at Allston.

*Francis H. Coolidge, son of David S. Coolidge, Harvard street; married Miss Wheeler, and lived at Allston. He was a farmer.

Stephen G. Coolidge, son of David S. Coolidge, Harvard street; married Miss Wheeler, a sister of his brother Francis' wife; he now lives in Newton, a farmer.

Charles U. Cotting, son of Amos Cotting; trustee of the David Sears and other properties; married Susan C. Delano; lives at 249 Commonwealth avenue, Boston.

*John Cowan, son of Thomas H. Perkins' gardener; went to Australia.

Benj. F. Dane, son of Mr. Dane who lived on the corner of Harvard street and Avon place, of the business firm of Dane & Dane. He is on a sheep ranch in Texas.

Edward S. Dane, brother of Benj. F. Dane. He married for his first wife an adopted daughter of Isaac Rich, corner of Harvard street and Linden place; for his second wife Miss Blaney. He now lives in Brookline.

*Thomas Dillon, son of John Dillon; enlisted in Col. Edward A. Wild's Regiment, and was killed in the battle at Antietam; brother of Patrick Dillon of Brookline.

Albra Dolby, lived on Bradley's Hill.

Cyrus Forbes.

Benj. F. Gerry, lived on Davis avenue; is married and lives in Boston.

*George Washington Blagdon Gerry, brother of Benj. F. Gerry, died at sea in the Indian Ocean.

Hollis Gerry, son of William P. Gerry; a brother of Sarah Gerry who married William O. Churchill, of Brookline.

Charles H. Heath, son of Charles Heath, Heath street, married Miss Ripley; is now a broker in Boston.

*George E. Hersey, son of Elijah Hersey; cashier of Howard Bank, Boston; died in California.

Edward Hersey, brother of Geo. E. Hersey; lives at Painted Post, N. Y.

*George Henry Hills, son of Samuel Hills, Newton street; market-man.

*Samuel D. Hills, son of Samuel Hills; farmer.

*Willard Jewell Humphrey, son of Willard A. Humphrey, Newton street; married Miss Brown, daughter of Joseph T. Brown, apothecary in Boston; he was a ship-chandler.

William Hutchins lived on Heath street; his father was Dr. John C. Warren's gardener.

Benj. F. Kendall, son of Hugh Kendall, Walnut street; married Miss Fessenden; lives in New York.

*Charles E. Mellen, died in Brookline, on Beacon street.

George M. Mellen, brother of Charles E., lives in New Boston, New Hampshire; is a farmer.

Henry A. Mellen, brother of George M. Mellen, married L. Emily Cook; lives in Boston; is a crockery merchant.

Jeremiah N. Merrill.

Michael Malony.

George Murdock, son of George Murdock, Warren street; married Miss Smith of Newton; now lives in Pittsfield, Mass.

Augustus W. Newell, son of Artemas Newell, Boylston street; married Annie M. Haynes; lives in Bradford, Pa. Real-estate agent.

*James H. Patten, son of James Patten who lived on Davis avenue.

*Edward S. Philbrick, son of Samuel Philbrick, Walnut street; married Helen M. Winsor, who was also a later pupil of the school,—both well known to the older residents of the town. He was graduated at Harvard in the Class of 1846; was for thirty years treasurer of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society; was assistant engineer on the Rutland & Burlington Railroad; was consulting engineer on the Boston & Albany Railroad, also on the Hoosac Tunnel; he wrote a book on "American Sanitary Engineering;" was an authority on iron bridges and heavy sea-walls, also on public water supply. Most of his life was spent in Brookline; he died Feb. 13, 1889.

*Isaac Pierce, brother of James Pierce, who was assistant teacher in the School; married Miss Swan; was a carpenter; died in Dorchester.

Charles F. Pray, son of Mr. Pray who lived on Bradley's Hill; the two wheels of an omnibus loaded with passengers once ran over him; he immediately got up from the ground and went to the sidewalk without help.

Lewis Prescott.

Ephraim F. Ranney, worked for Mr. Hayden on the old Hyslop place.

*Daniel S. Sanderson, son of Deacon Daniel Sanderson, Brighton street; farmer.

*Thomas S. Somes, lived on Washington street; shoemaker.

William Stearns, son of Marshall Stearns, Sewall avenue; married first Margaret G. Swift, second, Annie Russell; now lives in Brookline.

*Moses Stone, son of Elisha Stone; married Miss Burlingame; died in Chelsea.

*George H. Stone, son of Elisha Stone; carpenter; was in the war for the Union; Captain of George H. Stone Hose Company.

*John Gorham Thayer, son of Seth Thayer, Davis avenue; enlisted from California in the Cavalry for the war.

*Benjamin F. Thayer, son of Seth Thayer; sea captain; died in Fairfield, Maine.

George H. Thayer, son of Seth Thayer; in shoe business, in Boston.

*Edward Otis Withington, son of Deacon Otis Withington, Washington street; married Pamelia Ramshart; merchant in Savannah, Ga., where he died.

FEMALES

Mehitable Ackers, daughter of William Ackers, Brighton street; married Sylvester Crosby, jeweller in Boston; lives in Cambridge.

*Almira Barnard, daughter of William Barnard; married Osavius Verney, Washington street; died in Brookline.

*Clarissa A. Barnard, daughter of William Barnard, Washington street; died in Brookline.

*Ann Bell, daughter of the tailor Bell in the village.

Rebecca Blake, daughter of Captain Benjamin Bradley's housekeeper, and neice of Mrs. Elijah Hersey.

Mary Eliza Capen, lived in a house at the corner of Washington and School streets, near where the Chandler house now is; she went to Paris and lived there; she was cousin to George and Samuel Hills.

Emily F. Clapp, daughter of A. H. Clapp, shoemaker and postmaster, in the village.

*Eunice Clark, daughter of Caleb Clark, Walnut street; died in Brookline.

Catherine Colman, sister of Samuel Colman the artist; married a Mr. Frothingham and lived in Brooklyn, New York.

Anna M. Cook, grand-daughter of Captain Isaac Cook, and sister to William Cook.

Abby J. Corey, daughter of Timothy Corey, Washington street; lives on Harvard street.

*Elizabeth Augusta Corey, daughter of Elijah Corey, Jr., Washington street; married R. G. F. Candage; died in Brookline, Nov. 18, 1871.

*Mary Cornelia Corey, sister of Elizabeth Augusta; died in Philadelphia, 1858.

Emeline H. Craft, daughter of Caleb Craft, South street.

Frances E. Craft, daughter of Samuel Craft, Washington street; married Rev. Mr. Loomis.

*Elizabeth E. Curtis, daughter of Henry Curtis.

Augusta R. Curtis, daughter of Henry Curtis; teacher in the High School for Girls in Boston.

Cornelia W. Curtis, daughter of Henry Curtis; married George J. Fisher, of the firm of Chapin & Fisher; lives in Boston.

Ann M. Dolby.

Justina A. Fernald; daughter of Joshua Fernald, who built many houses in Brookline.

Ellen H. Gavette, companion to Mrs. Sturgis, Washington street.

Amelia Gerry, daughter of Frank Gerry, Davis avenue; married first, Benjamin Wells, Jr., who died in 1863 at Glenn's Falls, N. Y.; married second, in 1874, Henry Woodward, of Worcester, assistant cashier of Mechanics Savings Bank. She taught in Brookline.

Eliza M. Gerry, sister to Amelia; married, in 1872, Charles R. White of Hyde Park, who died in 1883; she now lives at Los Angeles, Cal.

Sarah Davis Gerry, sister to Amelia; married in 1858, Alonzo W. Boardman, a lawyer in Boston, where they now live; she taught in Brookline.

*Harriet B. Goddard, daughter of Samuel Goddard, Warren street; taught in Brookline.

*Eleanor S. Goddard, sister of Harriet B.; married John J. May, (?) of Dorchester.

*Amanda Griggs, daughter of Deacon Thomas Griggs, Washington street; married Hezekiah Chase, shoe dealer in Boston.

Helen E. Griggs, daughter of David R. Griggs, Harrison place; nurse in hospital in the war; now in Europe (?).

Harriet E. Hall, daughter Edward Hall, blacksmith, at the corner of School and Washington streets; married a Mr. Strout.

Mary C. Heath, daughter of Charles Heath, Heath street; married Edward Atkinson.

Sarah W. Howard, daughter of Dr. Howard, Cottage street.

Rebecca Hutchins, sister of William Hutchins mentioned above.

*Ann Frances Kendall, daughter of Hugh Kendall, Walnut street; married a Mr. Stone, of New York.

Caroline E. Mellish.

Elvira Morse, daughter of Martin Morse; married a Mr. Ward, of Newton, a farmer.

Eliza Murdock, daughter of George Murdock, Warren street; married Rev. William Ventress, nephew to Rev. William H. Shailer.

Anna M. Patten, daughter of James Patten, Davis avenue; married, and lives in Philadelphia.

Mary Rebecca Perry, grand-daughter of Dexter Perry, Aspinwall avenue, in the "Old Perry House."

*Mary Ann P. Seaver, niece of Hugh R. Kendall, Walnut street; married Emerson Leland.

Helen Shurtleff, daughter of Dr. Samuel Shurtleff, Boylston street; married Dr. T. E. Francis, Davis avenue.

Caroline E. Snelling, lived in the "Small Cook Cottage," a little beyond Captain Isaac Cook's cottage.

Lucy Somes, sister of Thomas Somes metioned above.

*Ann Eliza Stearns, daughter of Solomon Stearns; married Deacon Thomas B. Griggs, Washington street.

Sarah W. Stearns, sister of Ann Eliza; married James M. Seamans, Cypress street.

Emeline L. Walker, daughter of Samuel A. Walker, Cypress street; married a Mr. Marshall.

Frances A. Walker, sister to Emeline L.; married William Cook, Cottage street.

Mary Caroline Withington, daughter of Deacon Otis Withington, Washington street; married Joseph Poe, a lawyer in Cleveland, Ohio, where they now live.

For our information respecting the persons named in this list we are largely indebted to the kindness of present citizens of the town; and as it is a matter of memory with them, there may be some inaccuracies. We shall always be grateful for correction of our mistakes. It must be remembered that these pupils were in the High School fifty years ago.

J. Emory Hoar.

AN OLD DIARY *

EDITED BY MISS ELLEN CHASE

1783

"Thursday, (August 7th), Nancy went up to Miss Jerusha Whites to stay all the week.... At Night a Thunder Shower.† (Nancy's Journal adds: "Mr. Tracy's Barn & Coach house struck with lightening & consum'd, one Horse & two Coaches burnt.").....

Tuesday, Miss Betsey Shed came up in the morning, a storm, made my Aunt White's dark Calicho‡ gown & coat, alter'd her dark ducape & green gown, made Sarah's strip'd gown. Mr. Quincy here to drink tea.

Wednesday, Doctr. Aspinwall§ & the Collonel's Lady here in the afternoon. Thursday.....Eby had a Letter from Sukey.....& I carried Miss Betsey Shed home to-night in the rain. Fryday.....John & Enoch Corey here in the evening, went with Eby & Nancy along with them to get Water melons. Saturday.....went to Mr. Daniel White's this Afternoon, got some plums..... Kate's Sister Peggy came here..... Monday (August 18th) a storm, dont wash. Mama, Aunt White, & Eby went up to my Uncle Crafts to bring home the furniture that was their mother's.... Tuesday. Folks go to the Mash (Marsh). Sarah goes to the Doctors. Mr. Grigs here to mend Baskets..... Wednesday, ironed. Cate, Nancy & I went out to pick black Cherys & Elderberrys..... (Thursday, Mr. Wood goes home with my Uncle Heath's Chair to fetch his Wife & Chil-

*Begun in the January number.

†"The lightning last Friday evening, struck a barn in Cambridge, belonging to the Hon. Nathaniel Tracy, Esq., which entirely consumed the same together with one horse, several carriages, and 12 tons of hay. Providentially no further damage was done."—*The Continental Journal and Weekly Advertiser, Aug. 14. 1783.*

‡ "Since the peace, calico has become the general fashion of our country women, and is worn by females of all conditions at all seasons of the year, both in town and country."—*Old Newspaper.*

Ducape was a heavy silk of plain color corded somewhat like our modern Ottoman silk, very durable.—*Earle; Costume of Colonial Times.*

§ Colonel Thomas Aspinwall, son of Lieutenant Thomas Aspinwall, was an older brother of the Doctor. During the Revolution he commanded a fort at Sewall's Point on the Charles near Cottage Farm station. The Boston & Albany R. R. was subsequently laid out across its site, and a wharf built on its water front. His home, since burnt, was near the residence of the late Marshall Stearns on Sewall avenue.—*Woods, "Sketches of Brookline."*

Dr. Wm. Aspinwall, grandson of Samuel Aspinwall, a Lieutenant under Phips at the taking of Port Royal, graduated at Harvard 1764. He married a daughter of Isaac Gardner, who was killed April 19, 1775. He was himself present and did good service on that day. He afterwards served as army surgeon. Later he was so successful in inoculating for small pox as to maintain three hospitals for this object. But on the discovery of vaccination he tested the process, lent his weight in its favor, and took down his hospitals.

He held important civil offices and died in 1823. The Chancel Window of S. Paul's Church was placed there as a memorial by his children. His portrait, painted by Stuart, was the only picture spared when the house of his son-in-law, Lewis Tappan, Esq., was sacked in New York by a pro-slavery mob. Its resemblance to the portraits of Washington is supposed to have protected it. In 1803 Dr. Aspinwall built the fine large house on Aspinwall Hill still owned by descendants.—*Woods.*

dren to Mrs. Moses White's old house to live. The folks go to the Mash, Mr. Wood is disappointed, could not get a Team. Mrs. Wood brings the Chair & horse home, drinks Tea here.—Nancy's Journal.) Mr. Knight of Worcester here to stay all night. Fryday, folks go to the Mash. Mrs. Moses White & Sukey White spent the afternoon here. Aunt White, Mama, Nancy & I went up there to eat Water melons in the evening. Saturday, folks go to the Mash.....

Sunday, August 24, went to meeting, stay'd at noon. After meeting a number of gentlemen went to look after Miss Hannah Richards. She belongs to the upper part of Roxbury, they thought she was lost in the woods but they could not find her. They supposed she was a little Crazy & ran away, but where, no body can tell—.... (Monday, Natty Goddard came up from Portsmouth. Wash'd & iron'd. Mr. Wood mov'd his Family. Mr. Quinzy here a few minutes. They found Hannah Richards at Mr. Boson's at Boston. She let herself out for a Maid till she could get a passage to go to Carolina, where she said she belong'd.—Nancy's Journal.) Tuesday, Aunt White, Ebby, Nancy & I went down to Mr. Akers* to eat mellons. Wednesday, Polly Dana & Sukey White here, we all went to Mr. Corey's to eat melons ..... Friday, Mama, Aunt White went down to Mrs. Ben Davis in the forenoon & to Mr. Ebby Davis in Afternoon.....

Wednesday (September 3rd) Sally Jackson & Polly here on horses a few minutes. Luck here in the evening..... Thursday, Aunt White, Eby, Mrs. Jackson, Sally & Polly went to Cambridge to see Joseph Jackson. Betsey & I went to Deacon Gardner's in the afternoon. Polly Dower there.....

Tuesday (September 9th). (My Aunt Heath sent a number of things to Sukey in Cates Ches by Natty.—Nancy's Journal.).... Fryday evening my mama, Eby, Nancy & I went up to Mr. Robins. Joel, the Negro man

---

*The farm of John Ackers and Desiretruth, his wife, in 1656 included the present Ackers Avenue and the land abutting on the west side of Chestnut Hill Avenue. (Brighton Street.) Within these bounds was anciently an Indian burying-place. In 1695 Ackers bought on the east side of "the Lane," the land now belonging to the heirs of the late Jacob Pierce. In 1705 his sons, John and William, bought the estate on the corner of Boylston Street and Chestnut Hill Avenue, until lately known as the Fisher Place, now occupied by the Channing Home.

In 1744 John Ackers built a house here which stood until 1850. During the Revolutionary War some Colonial troops used it for barracks. The fine elm yet standing on the lawn was set out by his son William in 1735, who brought it from the woods when a lad of seventeen. In 1839 a large lower branch was torn from the tree and broke a hole in the house; in 1829 the large tree nearer the street was broken in two by a weight of ice. By great care both have been preserved.

The next owner of the homestead was the "Billy" of the Journal, he married Mehitable Hyslop Abercrombie, the adopted daughter of Mr. Wm. Hyslop. He outlived his sons and died in 1841, the last of his line.—*Woods.*

that lives there, got drunk, killed Sammy Robins lamb. Mrs. Robins was afraid of him. Saturday, nobody here. Natty Goddard and the Chest sailed for Portsmouth.....

Fryday, September (19th), Aunt White & Nancy went to boston. When they got back found Mr. Spear & Wife there from the New State.

Sunday, 21st (September)..... Nancy & her mama went up there at night. My Aunt Craft sick.....

Sunday, 28th. My Aunt White & Nancy come home. Our folks had a great deal of Company while Nancy was gone. Mr. Leonard, Mr. Child, & Miss Mercy Davis, Mr. Robins & Lady here one Evening.....

17th, Wednesday, I went down to Dr. Downers,* Ebby, Polly & I went to Mr. Bakers with a large Company to hear a Concert of musick, tickets three Shillings a piece. Fryday, I came home, Lecture Day. Mr. Waters & Lady came to Brookline a Fryday, slept here a Monday night.....

Monday, washed & iron'd. Tuesday, wash'd the Chambers..... Wednesday, Doct. Goddard & Lady came up. Got here in the evening. Miss Hannah came up in the Stage..... Fryday.....Cates Chest came home..... Mr. Goddard went to Boston.

*Dr. Eliphalet Downer's house, still standing on the north side of Boylston street, near the old brick blacksmith shop, was built early in the last century by Dr. Geo. Griggs. Dr. Downer married a grand-daughter of his and added the western half of "the long house," with the carved doorway. We find from Miss Wood's "Sketches" before Boylston street was widened it used to have a broad green yard, shaded by tall buttonwoods and two Lombardy poplars.

Drake tells us in "Landmarks of Middlesex," of Downer's hand-to-hand struggle with a redcoat during the British retreat from Lexington. Their fire having missed, Downer knocked him down, and then ran him through with his own bayonet, and said "It was not ten minutes before I got another good shot." He came off with a grazed forehead. Gen'l Heath referring to this combat calls him "an active, enterprizing man." Having been an army surgeon, at the close of the siege of Boston, Downer was aboard the privateer sloop Yankee, when she took two ships ladened with rum and sugar, 1776. He worked one of the guns in the cabin below.

This prize was retaken by the prisoners and Downer with the rest thrown in an English prison. He was removed to become a hospital assistant, and in the course of a year escaped to France. He there joined the Alliance for a cruise in the channel; she secured 18 prizes.

Downer then sailed for home, but was again captured at sea, after the vessel he was in had fought seven hours and a half, lost both her masts, and fired her last round. He was severely wounded by grape-shot, and thrown into Portsea Prison, near Portsmouth. He and several others effected their escape by tunnelling a hole forty feet in length under the prison wall, their only tool a jack knife. Downer was rather stout and stuck fast in the passage until more earth could be removed. Such fugitives as were retaken went to the Black-hole, but Downer's friends helped him to France, and he reached Boston at last after three years absence.

His grandson's letter cited in Memorial History of Boston (IV.) states: He escaped from Halifax prison, was also in Dartmoor and Forten prisons; and served as sailor and surgeon under John Paul Jones in the Bonhomme Richard. He was later surgeon-general of the Penobscot expedition up the Kennebec to Canada, and was awarded fifteen dollars by the State for loss of his surgical instruments. A case which formerly belonged to him, the gift of Miss Nancy M. Downer, may be seen in the collection of the Bostonian Society at the Old State House. He died of dropsy at the age of sixty-three, in 1806.

His son, Samuel Downer, was one of the founders of the Horticultural Society. His grandson, Samuel Downer, Jr., died in 1881. Dr. A. Shurtleff tells me Dr. Downer's daughter married Mr. Hancock, and survived her husband many years. Mrs. Hancock owned and lived in the attractive cottage which is now occupied by her daughter just west of the House of the Good Shepherd.

Sunday, October 5, went to meeting. Dr. Goddard & Lady* din'd at Mr. Jackson's..... Monday.....Suky, Nancy & I, went to Dorchester to see Miss Chana, call'd to a number of Places as we went. Came back to my grandfathers to tea..... Tuesday.....Dr. Goddard & Lady, Mama, Aunt White, Nancy & I, went up to my uncle Crafts in the afternoon. I rid on a horse up there. Nancy rid home. (Nancy adds: "for the first time.") We came home about 8 o'clock..... Wednesday, we all went over to Mr. Goddards, spent the Afternoon & evening there, it rained very hard. Thursday, no body here, very stormy. Fryday, Docter Goddard went to Boston. Sally Ackers, Nancy, Billy, Enoch & Nabby Corey & David Hyslop here in the evening. Saturday.....Mr. Spooner & Miss Sally Heath came up here in a Phaeton, drank tea & spent part of the evening.....

---

* *i. e.* "Sukey" born in 1758. Dr. Goddard was the son of John and Hannah (Seaver) Goddard of Brookline, where he was born 1756. Graduating from Harvard in 1777, he studied medicine under Dr. A. B. Cutter of Portsmouth, N. H. His health failing, after a period at the apothecary business, and a term of service as purser in the army, he obtained the position of surgeon on one of our armed vessels with the view of going to Spain, but was captured, and carried to the West Indies, where he narrowly escaped death by fever. On his return voyage, he was again captured and dangerously ill with fever, but at length arrived home safely in 1780, but 24 years of age. He then settled in Portsmouth as a physician, where he became deservedly celebrated. He was for many years representative and senator in the State Legislature, and declined a nomination as U. S. senator and governor.

After the death of his first wife in 1787, he was married to Jane Boyd of Portsmouth, and in 1791 again he was married, to Mary, daughter of Rev. Sam'l Langdon, D. D., late president of Harvard, and Gen'l Washington's chaplain. She too died in 1808, and in 1811 he was married to Ann White, the "Nancy" of the Journal, own cousin to Susanna Heath, his first wife. She was then forty-four years old and interested herself deeply in his eleven surviving children. She died 1832, Dr. Goddard in 1829, aged 73.—*History Crafts Family.*

Colonel George Boyd, the father of Dr. Goddard's second wife, was a wealthy merchant and neutral during the war that he might retain his business. His youngest daughter was named Submit just before he sailed for England in 1774, some said to indicate what should be the Province's action; but nothing beyond neutrality can be alleged against him. He sailed for home in August, 1787, bringing a coach and coachman with him, as also "an elegant monument for his grave at some future time. The vessel had a long passage, and did not arrive at our port until the 8th of October, two days after his spirit had departed. Thus, at the age of fifty-four years, just reaching the scene of his magnificent mansion and spacious gardens in season to occupy a tenement 6x2, on the opposite side of the way, and to be covered by the cold stones which had accompanied him on his voyage."—*Rambles About Portsmouth. 1 series, 1859. C. W. Brewster.*

The Goddards of Brookline come through William, a London merchant, citizen and member of the Grocers company, who emigrated 1666, the year of the Great Plague. He was second son to Edward Goddard of Englesham, Wilts.—*Recollections of Brookline in the years 1800–1810. Samuel Aspinwall Goddard.*

The Grocers, formerly called Pepperers, are mentioned in a petition to Parliament in Edward III. reign. The word "Grocer" is derived from *en gros* or wholesale. In 1373 the first complement of twenty-one members was raised to 124. Nicholas Chaucer, a relation of the poet, was admitted to the Guild in 1347. Lawrence Sheriff, Warden in 1561, was founder of the great public school at Rugby. Among their more noted honorary members were Sir Philip Sidney, Pitt, and the Marquis of Cornwallis. This wealthy Company gave liberal support to the Commonwealth in the civil wars. It had a garden with hedges and a bowling alley attached to the Hall. The Plague Year no election feast was held and the Great Fire followed, bringing heavy losses. But in 1689, their Hall having been restored, William III. accepted the office of their Sovereign Master. The annual charities of the Company are numerous.—"*Old and New London.*" *(I.) Thornbury.*

HUMOR

Said an innocent looking veal Π,
As slowly it heaved a big Ψ,
If only they N
That this veal once did M,
The boarders it would horri-Φ.

As many of our readers have failed to see the point of jokes published in the previous number, keys will be furnished to those desiring them for the modest sum of twenty-five cents.

At the Drill Shed: Captain—Where is the last four?
First Lieutenant—Behind one of those humps in the floor, I guess.

First Shopper (watching the purchase of a cheese scoop)—What kind of a spoon is that?
Second Shopper (with a superior air)—Why, that's an orange spoon. I bought a whole dozen the other day.

"Is Bill in? If he is studying I will not disturb him."
"No, sorr."
"When can I see him?"
"Oi, i' faith, sorr, he is nivver in save to 'is mayles."

Mrs. A.—He comes every week to regulate the clocks. After those noisy plumbers it is a relief to have a man with a velvet foot about the house.
Mrs. B. (sighing)—Well, I wish we could get a man with a velvet hand to come and take care of our furnace.

Mr. G. (startled, to man who has slipped and fallen from the telegraph pole in front of him)—Where on earth did you come from?
Man (picking himself up)—From the north of Oirland, sorr.

Visitor (at the High School)—I would like to see Mr. ———.
Door Monitor—I am afraid he has a class.
Visitor—He is in, then, is he?
Door Monitor (studying the program)—No, sir, he is not, for I see first Greek recites at this time.

They were discussing the subject of Irish wit. "Here comes Father Ryan," said Mr. B., "we'll leave it to him."

"Well, sirs," said Father Ryan, "the last time I was in Dublin I took a cab at the railroad station and said to the driver, 'Paddy, take me to the Hotel Royal as quick as you can.' We drove off, but didn't seem to get there, and soon I discovered that he was taking me two or three times around a square. When we did get there I gave him the usual fare, which he regarded rather ruefully. 'Is that all, sorr?' he asked. 'Yes, that's all, Pat. Did you take me for as big a fool as I look?' His face lighted up, and he replied, 'I wish to the Lord ye wurr, sorr.'"

Miss Goodone—Who knows anything about Athens?
Mr. Danka—It was situated on seven hills.

Conundrum: Why is Bethany superior to the Garden of Eden?
Answer: Because it contains three Adams.

Joseph Emile Daudelin Music School.

INSTRUCTION ON THE

Violin, Piano, Organ, Harp,

AND OTHER PRINCIPAL INSTRUMENTS OF THE ORCHESTRA, ALSO IN

Solfege and Vocal Culture, Harmony, Theory and Composition.

The Faculty is composed of teachers of the highest ability; several of them possessing European as well as local reputation.

Courses of Instruction in all branches carefully graded from the *Simplest Rudiments to the Most Difficult Studies.* The utmost care bestowed upon **Beginners.**

The School furnishes the best advantages for students in all its various branches; among them are—

Musical Lectures, Pupils' Recitals, Faculty Musicales,
Free Solfege Class, and an Orchestral Class.

Terms for Tuition will be given or forwarded to any address upon application. Special terms for Evening Classes. All communications will receive prompt attention.

Address,

JOSEPH EMILE DAUDELIN,
DIRECTOR,
136 Boylston Street, - - - BOSTON, MASS.

THE

CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL,

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

A private school for young ladies. Prepares for Radcliffe and other colleges. There are Seminary courses for young ladies who have finished the work of other schools, but do not care to go to college. There are two residences furnishing the comforts of home.

Copies of the MANUAL are sent on application. ARTHUR GILMAN, A. M., is the Director.

TAYLOR HAT STORE

Established 1870.

Honest Merchandise at Fair Prices.

3 HANOVER STREET, - BOSTON.

C. A. W. SPENCER

PRINTS THIS MAGAZINE

HARVARD SQ., BROOKLINE

BRISTLES!

Remember we warrant our Tooth Brushes, both English and French makes. 25c. to 50c.

Try them . . . . . You won't regret it.

YOUNG & BROWN, Apothecaries.

TAKE YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS

—TO—

BUTLER'S PHARMACY,

HARVARD SQUARE,

BROOKLINE.

KING OF FRIEZE

ULSTER $12.00.

Warranted all Wool,
Snow and Water Proof

Standard Clothing Co.,

395 Washington St.,

BOSTON.

. . TRY OUR . .

Hot Chocolate, Beef Tea and Coffee,

TENNEY'S FINE CONFECTIONS,

AT BOWKER'S.

C. A. W. SPENCER, Printer, Brookline.

VOLUME I NUMBER 3

MARCH

THE SAGAMORE

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

CONTENTS

A Sketch 63
A Modern Sentinel 64
The Visit of Mr. Virchand R. Gandhi to the Brookline High School 65
A Lecture on Posters 67
Among the Stars 69
News Notes 70
The Debating Club 74
Notes on Athletics 75
Editorial Department 76
Historical Department
High School Reminiscences—II . . . . . *Prof. Burt G. Wilder* 78
Notes on the History of the High School—III . . . . . *J. Emory Hoar* 80
Comments on Mr. Hoar's History . . . . . *Dr. Augustine Shurtleff* 86
An Old Diary . . . . . *Edited by Miss Ellen Chase* 87
Humor 91
Announcements 92

BROOKLINE MASSACHUSETTS
PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT THE HIGH SCHOOL
M DCCC XCV

A. T. WHITE & CO.,

Successors to

VILLA GROCERY CO.

Sugar at Refiners' Prices.

Flour at Wholesale Prices.

Try our Teas and Coffees.

Partridge

PHOTOGRAPHER Brookline.

An "All-the-Year-Round" Special Rate for Brookline High School.

Single copies of THE SAGAMORE are on sale at The Brookline News Depot, at the Coolidge Corner News Depot; and at the Boston & Albany Depot News Stand, Boston.
Subscriptions should be sent to Mr. F. B. Taylor, 294 Walnut St.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY.

A. J. HAYMAN, Ph. G.,

DEALER IN

Pure Drugs and Medicines Only.

TELEPHONE 153.

1363 Beacon Street, Coolidge Corner.

THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 1 MARCH, 1895 NUMBER 3

A SKETCH

ALONG the southern coast of Maine, right in the heart of the fishing district, several hotels had been built, and the small settlement had become decidedly popular as a summer resort.

While the place was yet primitive, and before the summer people had entirely crowded out the simple fishermen, it was my good fortune to be spending a month in this place, on the very shores of the briny Atlantic. My chief amusement was to go down to the old ramshackle wharves and watch the little double-ended fishing boats come in, one after another, and land their shiny cargoes.

Almost as soon as a boat came around the ledge a half a mile away, I could tell whether the day's fishing had been a success. If the catch had been large, the simple fellows would be singing lustily in the rough, hearty tones peculiar to the jovial New England fisherman. If they had not been successful, one would hear them speak in a sharp, irritable way to each other, with an occasional oath in their harsh " Down East " drawl.

In one of the boats I had particularly noticed an old fellow who struck me as being one of the finest specimens of old men I had ever seen. On inquiry, I found him to be ninety-three years old, but as hale and hearty as the average man of fifty or sixty. I first saw him when he was sailing in, about twilight, one of the foremost among the little fleet of fishing boats. It had been one of the successful days, and old Sandy Sprague was singing fit to split his hardy old throat. Skilfully he handled his little craft, and the consideration with which he treated his boat-mate, a man of about seventy, was pathetic. The boat was landed, and Sandy sent his comparatively feeble old comrade up the rickety old ladder to receive the fish, leaving for himself the harder task of pitching them up from the boat to the wharf on a fork. The strength he showed in this task was marvellous.

Copyright, 1895, by Brookline High School Editorial Board

With a tremendous basket of fish between his partner and himself, old Sandy walked gaily off with the first load of fish. The old man, with his large strong back and hearty bronzed face, was a sight to do one good as he went off with his burden, whistling like a school-boy.

Some time after this I again went to the wharf to see old Sandy come in. The day had not been a success. Old Sandy climbed the ladder sadly with a mere handful of fish, and walked off with a pitiful solemnity. I watched him with great concern, and could scarcely keep back the tears in my sympathy. What was the matter with Sandy? He had suddenly stopped, dropped his fish, and clapped his hand to his head. The old man tottered and fell. Old Sandy Sprague was dead, and his last day had been a failure.

R. W. D.

A MODERN SENTINEL

IT was a heavy fire, all directed at him; yet he stood it bravely. "Was he hurt? Was he wounded? Was he killed?" are the eager questions you ask.

Alas! my gentle reader, it is not the same old story of a cruel war, a dangerous post, a heavy fire, and an enemy whose name is legion, with the handing down to posterity of the tale of a man who died for his country. O no, indeed! "Cash! Cash!" is the war cry, the counter behind which he stands is the dangerous post, and the shots are only verbal, while the enemy is fair woman.

It is not a Waterloo and a Duke of Wellington! O no, it is simply bargain day and a salesman. "How much is this cloth?" "What do you ask for this cloth marked thirty cents a yard?" "Will this wear well?" "Will it run?" "Will it wash?" These are the shots fired at him, yet he stands at his post, and his war cry rings out, "Cash! Cash, number three!"

The enemy are out in full force; his counter is piled high with goods, but he fights on. The enemy hide him from view,—by their guns? no indeed; by their big sleeves;—yet he stands at his post.

The day wanes, the opposing forces surge about him, he is reinforced by more goods. The noise is terrific; questions fly back and forth; his

tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth. At length the day is ended and the clock is on the stroke of six. He gazes wearily over the conquered field. The clock strikes. He is released, for he has stood at his post.

—— '98.

THE VISIT OF MR. VIRCHAND R. GANDHI TO THE HIGH SCHOOL

MONDAY morning, Feb. 25, the School was particularly fortunate in hearing a talk by Mr. Gandhi, the Indian representative to the Parliament of Religions at Chicago.

In an informal way Mr. Gandhi gave some very interesting facts about India.

This country, although it is only one-third as large as the United States, has a population of three hundred millions. For two or three thousand years it has been governed by foreign nations. Inch by inch England has gained sway over India, till now it is said that the sun never sets on the kingdoms of the Queen.

The religions of India are of a different stamp from those in this country; while there are castes and sects, the people are united in the fact that all religions are branches of one. Consequently there are no religious persecutions, — no burnings at the stake for witchcraft.

Family life, too, differs from that in this country. In India, father, mother, sons, and sons' wives live together in one house. There are often thirty or forty members of one family living under the same roof. When a man marries he takes his wife to live with his family, for, as Mr. Gandhi jocosely said, his wife is not afraid of her mother-in-law.

The one great thought which permeates all their life is that of the brotherhood and the sisterhood of man. They believe in being sympathetic and kind to one another; and, what is much better, they live up to their belief. The temples are not, like our churches, open only once a week for preaching, but are used for daily meditation on great and noble thoughts. The religious teaching is done in halls or buildings kept for the purpose. The preaching is done by monks who travel from place to place, neither receiving any salary, nor taking any money for services. The instruction they give is both secular and religious. These monks are followed by their disciples, who thus form moving colleges. Since the western civilization, with its ideas of worldly gain and enjoyment, has begun to creep in, the monks are decreasing in numbers.

Schools and colleges have been founded, but they differ greatly from ours. They have no such thing as a public school "where the children of the poor sit side by side with the children of the rich and haughty." A charge of from three to five dollars a month is made. It can readily be seen that the average Hindoo, with an income of fifty cents a month, can not afford to send his children. The result is that ten per cent of the population can neither read nor write. In Bombay, the largest city of India, there is a technical school, but there is no practical teaching of trades. The money sent to India for missionary purposes would be far better spent in giving the masses secular teaching than in trying to convert them to a different religion.

The methods of travel in India are much the same as ours, by railroads, steamers, canals, stage coaches, and carriages.

The Hindoo gets up in the morning at five o'clock, for he thinks that the sun ought not to rise while he is in bed. He first takes his bath — no weekly or annual bath for him — then he goes to the temple and contemplates in silence for an hour some great ideal. He then goes to the hall where the sermons are delivered and stays about an hour. Breakfast is eaten at ten or eleven; for the Hindoo believes that his spiritual wants should first be attended to. The business hours are from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. After closing the store he returns home. The evening meal,—for there are only two a day,— is sometime between 5 and 8 o'clock. The remainder of the evening is ordinarily spent in the exchange of friendly visits. All the members of the family sit together; not on chairs, but on the floor, for they think that the latter position gives more exercise to the muscles.

The other social amusements have to do with the important epochs of life, such as marriages or births. In the Hindoo marriage ceremony not one word is said about the obedience of the wife to the husband. In connection with marriage, there is another fact worthy of notice. Throughout the varied history of India there has been not one divorce! They think that as the soul is immortal there is no use in quarreling about matters pertaining to this life. As the Hindoo carries his religion into everything that he does, it becomes a part of himself.

Mr. Gandhi closed by saying that he hoped that universal brotherhood would be accomplished and that the Americans and the Hindoos would come to know each other better. H. B. H., '95.

A LECTURE ON POSTERS

ONE of the notable exhibitions of the past month has been that of posters at the Brookline Library, which closed on the evening of February 20th, with a lecture by Miss Irene Weir, of Boston.

The evolution of the poster was discussed, from the early days of the Roman Empire, when posters advertising horse races were displayed on the pedestals of equestrian statues, up to the present day.

Two great influences which have helped to develop the modern poster have been Japanese art and impressionism.

Japanese art is esoteric—that is, it comes from within outward. The Japanese believes that in himself lies the power to interpret the spirit of art, and he takes nature merely as a suggestion to help in carrying out his own conception. Therefore Japanese art is truly original; for it does not copy, it creates. The Japanese have no regard for light and shade; the keynote of their art is beauty of line, with pleasing arrangement of color and space, and harmony in everything.

The impressionists have taught the use of pure color; reds and yellows for warm tones and light, blues for cool tones and shade, and the omission of mixed colors.

The poster must be strictly decorative in character, and strong and simple both in color and design. It must tell its story at a glance, so that "he who runs may read."

In the work of Eugene Grasset, the master of the French school of poster designers, the "stained glass" method, so called from the firm heavy lines, reminding one of the leading in stained glass windows, is admirably adapted to produce commanding poster effects. His style, like Walter Crane's, has a marked mediæval character modified by Japanese influences.

The height which poster-designing has attained in France, is due less to the artistic character of the French people, than to the conditions governing street advertising. In Paris, bill-boards are prohibited, the government letting space to advertisers on the outside of the government buildings, and therefore, as the spaces are naturally small, the advertisement has to depend upon its "speaking quality" for its success.

In England, some years ago, the hideousness of street advertising raised a protest; and those who have been charmed with Mr. Du Maurier's "Trilby" will be interested to know that the first one to make a step in the right direction, by his *Woman in White* poster, was that rarely talented young painter Frederic Walker, the original of "Little Billee."

Two of Grasset's most famous posters are his *Jeanne D'Arc* and his *Napoleon.* Of the latter a special issue has been printed to meet the demands of collectors, and it is stated that Tiffany & Co. are making a stained glass window from it.

Chéret is the father of the French poster. He is influenced by impressionism, in that he uses only pure colors and avoids black and all sombre mixed tints. His style has been characterized as a "whirlwind of motion."

The first of our American poster artists is Louis Rhead, of New York, who has done some fine work for the Century Company.

Another, whose work in this line has been very successful, is Oliver Hereford, whose charming pen and ink drawings in "Life" and "St. Nicholas" are familiar to all.

Will Bradley, who has been influenced to some extent by Aubrey Beardsley, has done some good work for the "Chap-Book." His work is strong and artistic, with more dignity, and without the repulsiveness of the latter's style.

Aubrey Beardsley has accomplished what he stands for in the world of art by showing what stunning and startling effects can be produced by mere black and white contrasts.

In all decorative picture schemes, horizontal lines give rest, vertical lines give dignity, and oblique lines motion. This last is well portrayed in the *Napoleon* poster. The cloud of dark red smoke that sweeps diagonally across the sky behind, brings out more strongly than anything else the majesty of the superb horse and rider; also in *Jeanne D'Arc*, the thicket of spears, whizzing arrows in the foreground, and the fire and smoke behind, vividly enhance the dignity of her figure. Motion needs a quiet background.

On the whole the exhibition was a pronounced success, arousing interest in other towns, as well as in Brookline. Mr. Bolton certainly deserves credit for his energy and enterprise. —— '95.

AMONG THE STARS

First on the list of Ninety-Five
Is "Chubby" Belches, half alive;
The next is Coffin, William B.,
Who'll help this year with our M. D. C.;
The third is Ira, crack musician,
Who is studying hard to be a physician;
The fourth is Cutler, first-name Sam,
Considered by all a society man;
The fifth on the list is "Joe" Devettere,
Who in the debates gets up on his ear;
The sixth we know as Farnum Dwight,
Who in uniform feels "out of sight";
The seventh place is filled by Hall,
Whom all the others delight to maul;
The eighth is Henderson, kid of the class,
Known to us all as "Young Spring Brass";
The ninth is Hirshberg, who sprints like a deer,
And will help us to win the class cup this year;

The tenth is Macomber, Henry P.,
The Greek professor of X. C. V.;
Eleventh comes Morse of football fame,
Whose team this year won every game;
The twelfth is Niver, nicknamed Jim,—
Many's the girl that's fond of him;
The thirteenth is Smith, so long and slim,
Who likes to putter with any old thing;
The fourteenth is Spencer, the Sagamore,
Who in his "prelims" won honors four;
The fifteenth is Stearns, the orator famed,
The windiest man in school, 'tis claimed;
The sixteenth is Taylor, who whangs the drum,
And is known as Belgae to every one;
Last of all comes T. Willie Winch,
Who, though he is small, will pass on a pinch.

NEWS NOTES

THE preliminary contest to determine who are to compete for the J. Murray Kay prizes in Elocution, was held on the morning of Thursday, Feb. 21. Twenty-two participated; and from these the following twelve were selected as the best-fitted to take part in the June contest: Miss Linda G. Coolidge, Miss May S. Whitcomb, Miss Ella A. Candage, Miss Florence B. Adams, Miss Olive M. Belches, Miss May F. Rooney, Mr. Wilson S. Belches, Mr. Marshall Stearns, Mr. W. Boyce, Mr. Gardner H. Carpenter, Mr. R. Chauncey Seaver, and Mr. George W. Walter. Miss Helen L. Parker was also chosen; but she preferred to withdraw, and her place is filled by another.

The new High School building is gradually drawing near completion. The roofing has for the most part been finished, and the central tower is assuming definite proportions.

We were glad to see Miss Johnson back Feb. 4, and more than glad when Mr. Marvin set our fears at rest in regard to the rumored departure of Mr. Sanford.

Posters by Chéret are selling for eight dollars apiece in Paris. "There's money in it."

Mr. Alfred C. Fay, formerly a teacher in the Brookline High School, is now Principal of the High School at Sudbury, Massachusetts, and also Superintendent of Schools in the town.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Mathews gave a wedding reception on Wednesday evening, Feb. 20, at the house of the bride's parents, Davis Avenue. Mrs. Mathews is well known as Miss Elizabeth Putnam of the Class of '93; and for a while the rooms were the scene of a happy reunion of old school acquaintances.

The undulations in the Drill Shed floor have disappeared during the last few weeks. It is now possible to walk from one end of the building to the other with one's eyes shut.

The exhibition of pictorial posters at the Brookline Public Library attracted the attention of many of the High School pupils. The collection was extremely interesting. Wednesday evening, Feb. 20, Miss Weir gave an instructive talk on *Posters* at the School building, before sixty or seventy people. An account of this talk will be found on another page.

On Friday, the first of March, Miss Frost left Brookline for a trip to the Bermudas. She has a leave of absence for six weeks, and will return about the time of Easter. Her place as teacher of Latin will be filled during her absence by Mr. Morris.

By a change in the School program the girls of the Fourth Class now come to the main building on Tuesdays and Thursdays for their lessons in Calisthenics.

Provision has been made for warming the girls' dressing room in the attic. The new heater shines out like a good deed in a naughty world.

The Lawrence Scientific School seems to be increasing in favor with our students. A good sign!

Which way should one go to find the pitcher's box? Answer: North.

Classes in Fourth Mathematics A′ and A″ have original problems as a regular diet. We hope they relish well, although we are inclined to think that too strong an appetite for them is a dangerous symptom.

A paragraph in the Monthly Library Bulletin states that there are five hundred and forty names inscribed on the exterior of the new Boston Public Library.

There are more than fifteen fellows in the School who are members of the Corey Hill Toboggan Club. They have found tobogganing very good fun, sometimes better than studying.

There is a rumor current that a party is to be organized for European travel next summer. If this is done, it will afford a glorious opportunity for those who decide to go. There are not many who are able to cross the ocean before finishing their high school life.

The gymnasium of the Brookline Union has been opened to High School students from five to six in the afternoon. Many are availing themselves of this excellent opportunity.

On the evening of Feb. 12 the High School Orchestra took part in a concert given in aid of the Pierce School Art Fund.

The Debating Club gave a mock meeting of the United States Senate on Thursday, Feb. 14, in the lower Town Hall. The audience was composed largely of the parents and friends of the participants. and was in good humor, to say the least. While the standard of two or three years ago, when the Club was in its golden period, is in no danger of being rivalled for a long time to come, some excellent work was done by some of the members, and the meeting passed off very creditably.

Mr. Dutton, the Superintendent of Schools, is at present travelling in the West. He went to Hampton, Va., thence to Cleveland to attend a meeting of the National Association; from there he goes to visit the schools of Chicago, and possibly those of Minneapolis and St. Paul.

You will soon be called upon to support the Base Ball nine for the coming season. Contribute to the fund liberally!

Mr. Virchand R. Gandhi, who was a representative from India at the World's Fair Congress of Religions, visited the School Monday morning, Feb. 25. He talked in a very interesting manner for half an hour, giving a vivid description of life in India.

On Thursday morning, February 28, Mr. Percival Lowell, of Brookline, lectured before the High School. His subject was *Mars*. Without entering into technicalities or mathematical details, he discussed the peculiarities of the appearance of its surface, explaining some of the most recent theories that have been advanced to account for them. Reasons to show the probability of the planet's being inhabited were advanced. A series of interesting stereopticon views was then exhibited, to illustrate what had been said regarding the canals and the probable presence of vegetation. The fact that the talk was particularly successful was proven by the large number of visitors present, and the hearty applause that was accorded Mr. Lowell when he had ended.

On Monday morning, Feb. 11, Miss Dora Damon gave a few musical selections on the cornet before the School.

A class for the study of United States History has lately been organized in the School. There are a good many who are interested in the subject.

The School is indebted to Miss Ellen Chase for a series of photographs of the old houses of Brookline. These pictures have a value of their own, and will, we hope, form the nucleus of a historical collection, of which Brookline will some day be exceedingly proud.

On the 18th of February Miss Anna M. Johnson spoke to the School on the subject of *Oxford.* To illustrate her theme she showed a series of interesting photographs of the great university. The pictures are Miss Johnson's gift to the School and form a valuable addition to its collection of photographs.

Rev. Reuen Thomas, D. D., will deliver two lectures in the High School Extension course. The subject for Tuesday evening, March 19, will be: *The Women of Shakespeare;* for March 26, *Macbeth: An Interpretation.*

A person who is in every way competent to judge, says he considers *The Yankee School Boys Abroad* the best guide book he has yet seen for England, Scotland, and Paris; and he strongly recommends it to tourists. Information regarding the few copies that still remain will be found on one of our advertising pages.

The class in the History of Art has left the fertile valley of the Nile, with its "stony-faced guardians," for the Mesopotamian region nearer the cradle of the human race. Ancient Chaldea and the great Assyrian Empire are now the subject of study. Through the courtesy of the Librarian of Harvard College, eight books on Chaldea and Assyria have been temporarily loaned to the Brookline Public Library. This increases the supply, and allows each student one book for reference.

The fourth class pupils are deep in the subject of Japanese art. They are studying and trying to imitate the long graceful lines and sweeping curves in the Japanese figure drawings and embroidery patterns. A ten-minute sketch class enlivened their last week's work; and great was the excitement when Miss Gerlach actually "posed" for them, and still greater was the enthusiasm when Mr. Gandhi, of India, posed in his beautiful costume of purple silk with yellow turban and sash.

THE DEBATING CLUB

THE sixty-sixth regular meeting of the Brookline High School Debating Club was held Jan. 30, 1895, in the High School building. After the business of the meeting had been transacted the semi-annual election of officers for the next half year was held.

On Feb. 14, 1895, a mock session of the United States Senate was held in the lower Town Hall. The audience was large and appreciative; this showed the interest taken by outsiders in the doings of the Debating Club.

The National Government represented was: Grover Cleveland of New York, President; Marshall Stearns of Illinois, Vice-President, and accordingly President of the United States Senate, Fifty-Fourth Congress. Among the Senators there were thirty-one Republicans and thirteen Democrats, making in all forty-four Senators. It was found impossible to have the real number of eighty-eight.

Three sessions, covering the time from July 4, 1895 to March 3, 1897, were represented. During this time bills were introduced and acted upon, the three most important of which were: A bill relating to a Miners' Strike in Colorado; a bill Restricting Immigration; and also one concerning Civil Appropriations.

Some of the characteristics of the National House brought forth were: the inauguration of new Senators and the Vice-President; messages from the President and the House of Representatives; action upon Presidential nominations and on seating of a Senator-elect; bills referred to committees; and the counting of the electoral-vote.

After the inauguration of the new Vice-President, Stephen C. Wolcott of Colorado, the Fifty-Fourth Congress was adjourned, *sine die*. Vice-President Wolcott then called the Fifty-Fifth Congress to order and the Senate adjourned until the next day.

DWIGHT FARNUM, *Secretary*.

NOTES ON ATHLETICS

THE sixth annual meet of the Newton High School Athletic Association took place Friday evening, February 22, at the Gymnasium in Newtonville. Many schools around Boston had entered men, and there were a great many present who did not live in Newton. The event of greatest concern to us was the team race between Brookline and Newton, in which, unfortunately, we were not successful. The School was represented by Messrs. Walter Boyce, D. Walter Hirshberg, Gardner H. Carpenter, and R. Chauncey Seaver. The contest was a close one. We might have won, had it not been for the fact that one of our men had been ill only a day or two before, and was therefore in no condition to enter the race.

Brookline has decided to race Newton again in the annual indoor interscholastic meeting, which is to be held Saturday, March 23.

The sixth annual winter meeting of the Brookline High School Athletic Association will be held on Thursday evening, March 7, in the upper Town Hall. The events will be a twenty-yards dash; a twenty-five-yards hurdle race; a potato race, a twenty-yards dash for the Class of '98; running high jump; putting sixteen-pound shot; jump, step and jump; standing high kick; and a slow bicycle race. The Alumni Class Championship Cup will be awarded to the class scoring the largest number of points, and will be held by it for one year. As this is the first time the cup has ever been competed for, the meeting will have a new source of interest. The contest can not fail to be an exciting one. There have been a good many entries so far, but not as many as might be desired. Everyone could do something to help his class toward gaining the prize; and it seems as if almost everybody would be prompted to take part by a feeling of loyalty. Tickets may be obtained from members of the Association; they are also sold at Butler's and Bowker's pharmacies.

The prospects are that the School will have a good base ball nine during the coming season. Several batteries are practising at present. North, Manning, Bugbee, E. Parker, Kernan, and Gillespie are trying for the position of pitcher; Hutchins and Austin Parker are the catchers. When the team is gotten into shape there is no reason why it should not be one of the best in this neighborhood. A school that can support a successful football eleven ought to be able to make a fairly good showing in base ball.

S.

THE SAGAMORE

Published monthly throughout the school year, at the High School Building, Brookline, Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

BOARD OF EDITORS

ARTHUR W. SPENCER, '95, Editor-in-Chief
MISS EDITH R. MAY, '95 MISS HELEN L. PARKER, '96
WILLIAM P. WINCH, '95

CLASS EDITORS

H. PERCY MACOMBER, '95 GARDNER H. CARPENTER, '97
H. SPAULDING COFFIN, '96 ALBERT C. MORSE, '98

FREDERICK B. TAYLOR, '95, Business Manager
SAMUEL W. LEWIS, '96, Assistant Business Manager

COMMUNICATIONS may be left in the hands of the editors at school, or mailed to Arthur W. Spencer, 75 Prospect Street, Brookline. Contributors will please write legibly on one side of the paper only and sign their names, which need not appear in print. All MSS. must be received by the 20th of the month; rejected MSS. will be remailed to the owners if accompanied with the necessary postage.

SINGLE COPIES—10 cents; Volume 1, 60 cents. On sale at the Brookline News Depot, at the Coolidge Corner News Depot, and in the Boston and Albany Railroad Station, Boston. SUBSCRIPTIONS are to be sent to the Business Manager.

ADVERTISING RATES may be obtained by addressing Frederick B. Taylor, 294 Walnut Street, Brookline.

Entered at the Boston Post-Office as Second Class Mail Matter.

THE Debating Club's representations of different legislative bodies have attracted a good deal of attention during the past three or four years. When the announcement was made last month that a mock United States Senate was to be held, the result was awaited with much interest. People have found that much good can be gotten out of these meetings. Apart from their instructive value, they can be made to form a first class entertainment. There is a good opportunity for exercising some ingenuity in devising the various incidents with which the meeting has to concern itself; as was the case the other night with the reading of the heated letter, and the striking events connected with its history. It is not putting it too strongly to say that there can be no success without some dramatic action, and that the orators are sometimes called upon to be actors. More careful preparation is demanded than would suffice merely for a debate; and in a like degree, many are appealed to who would have little interest in a dry and matter-of-fact discussion. Of

course, however, the practical element must predominate, even if some circumstances are introduced merely for the sake of a diversion. The aim of giving a faithful picture of the methods of a certain governmental body must be conscientiously abided by; all other intentions must be subordinated to this. The difficulty of the task should not discourage us; nor ought our zeal to diminish because a like thing was attempted last year.

It may be interesting to know something about the school which so nearly deprived us of our head master. Not long ago, a wealthy citizen of Winsted, Connecticut, died, leaving a million dollars to be expended in founding a series of schools in his native town. As a result of this endowment, Winsted now posesses one of the handsomest and best equipped high schools in Connecticut. The head master receives a salary half as large again as the salary of the average high school master. He has no regular teaching to do; moreover, all his expenses are paid when, at any time, he desires to visit schools, either in America or Europe. This is a rough outline of the position that was offered to Mr. Sanford. We have learned that the citizens of Winsted are exceedingly disappointed because he did not decide to accept their offer; but we feel relieved of a great weight of anxiety, and we most heartily congratulate ourselves, and desire to show our gratitude to Mr. Sanford. We hope that he will never regret his decision to remain at the head of the Brookline High School.

Master Joseph H. Walker, the holder of the scholarship that this School founded at Hampton Institute, has written a letter to the Brookline High School, in which he shows himself very grateful for what he has received. He says:

"You cannot realize how great a pleasure it affords me to try in a humble and grateful spirit to thank you for the gift you gave me. I thank you very heartily for your kind remembrance of one who has always desired to know the right and do the same. I thank you also for the encouraging words of your friend and mine, Miss Frost. I came from Georgia to Hampton on the third of October. I have never had the privilege of attending day school but about six months. All the rest of the time I have been going to night school. I think the whole time I have been going to school is about two and a half years.

"I came to Hampton because I wanted what I could not get anywhere else. I wish you could all go to Hampton and see how happy everybody seems to be.

"I work all day tailoring and go to school at night. I like my work very much."

The boy's teachers speak well of him, and we believe that the scholarship has been very wisely placed.

HIGH SCHOOL REMINISCENCES

By Burt G. Wilder, M. D., Class of '59

II. The Old Stone School-House and Principal Hoar

PRINCIPAL COFFIN was succeeded by Mr. John Emory Hoar in April, 1854. I regret my inability to recall his advent and earliest administrative acts. But a great change for the better was accomplished speedily, yet quietly, and without obvious revolution. About the same time certain of the older and more unruly boys left the school, and our new principal's task was thereby materially lightened. Indeed, although those who then became "seniors" in a general sense, were far from perfect in act, or even in intention, I recollect no disturbance or marked lack of cordiality between teacher and pupils. At this time, I think, there were obtained some electrical and other scientific apparatus, and the nucleus of a library was formed. Mr. Hoar also encouraged us to observe and collect insects, and evinced a friendly interest in our out-door sports.

A large element in Mr. Hoar's success, as in that of other good teachers, lay in ignoring, or appearing to ignore, things that were either not worth correcting at all, or not expedient to grapple with at that particular time. I have sometimes wondered whether his attention was ever attracted to the "waste-basket post office," as a medium of communication between the boys and girls.

In another matter there can be little doubt that he regarded ignorance as the best policy, and trusted to time and general good influences on his part to correct a somewhat undesirable temporary condition. Half a dozen of the older or stronger boys established a sort of fraternity, a society, yea,

though I blush to record it, a *Secret Society!* Its beginnings have escaped my memory. I cannot recall the least item as to its origin or purpose. As well said by Rev. Howard Crosby: "The heart of man loves secrecy, for secrecy is an element of power."

We enjoyed all needful freedom and privileges. Not content with the natural and legitimate concomitants of our superior age and strength, and instead of enjoying these for the benefit of our fellows, we sought artificial advantages in signs, passwords and pledges of secrecy.*

As a matter of fact there was nothing to conceal. We never had a "spread." There were no initiations, for the simple, practical reason that our "chapter-house" was the boys' coat-room, a mere closet, none too large for the seven "charter members." A good many recess sessions were occupied in selecting a name, and "Corporation" was probably adopted as particularly large, sonorous and inappropriate. When all the officers were chosen there were no ordinary members to be governed. For a time we practised a mild sort of hazing upon the other boys, but never to the extent of discomfort, or even humiliation. Mr. Hoar took no notice whatever of our puerilities, and shortly it appeared to us that the organization had no *raison d'etre*, so it died a natural death. In so far as it embodied the idea of secrecy, or ostentatious concealment of what no one else cares to know, my connection with the "Corporation" constitutes the feature of my high-school life which I recall with the least satisfaction.

BURT G. WILDER.

* I now recall only one other member of the "Corporation," Jim White, a splendid fellow, who would now be selected as "center-rush" of a foot-ball eleven. I should be glad to know what has become of him, and of his sister Alice, and of her friend Clara Hill. I am not sure that Willard Wellman was a member. He was the best boy in the school, and may have regarded our society with disapprobation.

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF THE HIGH SCHOOL

III

THE school-boys of today sometimes foster the idea that in the times of their fathers and grandfathers the boys lacked the opportunities and inclination for innocent fun and frolicsome sport and games. Because their faces are not scarred or their fingers maimed and distorted, the boys of today hint to their fathers pretty plainly that they did not have much spirit when they were young, — "didn't have much of a time" in their school-days. To be disabused of such mistaken impressions, let the boys ask their fathers who were in the High School in its first ten years, to recall and relate the fox-hunts they used to have at recess; to tell how holidays and longer recesses were obtained; what uses were sometimes made of mice and squirrels; how a shower approaching at ten in the morning was utilized; how a "six-footer" was challenged by a boy to take *him* or some one else of his size; how the facilities afforded by that little "study room" were improved, and how baseball and other legitimate games were played.

Tradition tells of one very popular and intelligent boy, who was serious in his manner, was unusually fond of fun, but had perfect command of his countenance. Not infrequently he found himself in this embarrassment: a roguish band of his associates, to break the monotony of a cloudy day, would arrange some little excitement for him to carry out. But he would refuse to do it, as there would surely follow for him a bitter whipping or a shaking. The roguish coterie told him they would give him a worse whipping or shaking than the master, if he didn't do it. So he was always sure to be gored by one horn or the other of the dilemma. But the repeated, though harmless fun, enjoyed through his agency, to be fully appreciated, must be related by him or some of those who saw it.

Nor in those days did the boys monopolize the role of contributing to the humor and merriment of school life. The girls naïvely, of course, and modestly played their part. The following will illustrate; this, with much valuable information about the school, has been kindly communicated to me by one who can vouch for what she says:—

"One day two of the girls violated some school regulation, and were told by Mr. Bellows that they as a punishment could change their seats; this, as they had been allowed to choose their present seats as a reward for good behavior, was not relished by the girls. However, they made the best of

the matter, and removed all their belongings. After recess, as the scholars seated themselves, a laugh went round; and when one of the other girls was questioned as to the cause, she replied:

'Tom Forge moved to my shop
And I moved to his.'

The two girls who were punished, simply exchanged seats, and were quietly enjoying the amusement of the other girls.

"In those days the girls had their seats in the upper room, and the boys had theirs in the room below. One day, a girl who was always ready for any ripple of fun, was passing round the writing-books. After a while she said: 'Mr. Bellows, here is a Ladd's (lad's) book; shall I carry it below?' The book belonged to one of the girls whose name was Ladd; she lived in Linden place."

With many boys a flavor is added to their fun if they think some one is a little teased by it. If a teacher does not understand boyish nature, and cannot enjoy their varied exhibition of it, they will be quick to detect his vulnerable points, and will not fail to appropriate the discovery to their own advantage.

While Mr. Bellows had charge of the School, every Saturday when the exercise in Declamation came on, always some boy would repeat "The Village Blacksmith," coming out with great emphasis on the line,—"and hear the *bellows roar*." Of course there would be a universal titter through the school-room. After this had continued for several weeks, Mr. Bellows' patience became exhausted, and he expressed himself in so forcible language on the subject, that the repetition of that poem of Longfellow's did not occur again.

Among the pupils who enjoyed and contributed to the pleasantry and fun were the following: (The asterisk (*) indicates deceased.)

MALES

George Andrews, son of Alonzo Andrews (?), who was connected with the Boston Evening Traveller.

William Barnard, son of William Barnard, Washington street; was drafted for the army; at one time he lived in the house occupied by the American troops during the seige of Boston; the house had been removed from Parker's Hill to the village of Brookline.

John Lamson Bird, son of Elisha B. Bird; he lived with his grandfather, Jesse Bird, Walnut street.

Charles Butters, son of George Butters; lived on the Ward farm; went to Newton.

George W. Butters, brother of Charles; now lives with his brother in Newton.

George Carver.

*Gardiner H. Clark, son of Clinton Clark, Park street; died in London, England.

*William D. Coolidge, son of David Coolidge, Harvard street; married Rebecca Tilden; was a grocer, and gave the name to "Coolidge's Corner;" two of his daughters were afterwards in the High School.

George H. Coolidge, brother of William D.; was for a time in business with him; married Elizabeth Town, of Brighton; is now a grocer, and lives on Harvard street.

*Frederick A. Corey, son of Elijah Corey, Jr., Washington street; married Miss English, of Allston, where she now lives.

Theodore Corey, son of Elijah Corey, Jr.; married Mary Sawtelle, of Northboro', where they now live.

John E. Cousens, son of Seth Cousens, Lyman, Me.; married Sarah C. Wiggin; is a coal dealer in Brookline.

*James Daily, son of James Daily; lived in the village.

John H. Dane, son of John Dane, Harvard street; married Miss Morrill, and lives in Boston.

*Roscoe Deane, son of William R. Deane, Walnut street; married a daughter of Judge Underwood, of Vermont; died in Chicago, where he was a lawyer.

*Samuel B. Deane, brother of Roscoe; he went into the war in the Eleventh Illinois regiment, and was one of the eleven who survived the battle at Fort Donalson. Through the kindness of one who has given us much assistance, we can furnish the following:

Lieut. Samuel B. Deane, a Boston boy, was in Company B of the glorious Illinois Eleventh, at Fort Donalson. A letter from Chicago says: "He was wounded by a ball in the forehead, and fell stunned, apparently dead. Partially recovering his senses, when endeavoring to rise a mounted Secessionist approached him. Deane, unable to speak, pointed to his wound, expecting the enemy would pass him without inflicting further injury. The horseman, however, dismounted, drew his sword and approached him to give the *coup-de-grace*. Here Deane, reanimated by the sense of imminent danger, found strength to draw and fire his pistol. When Deane was picked up by his friends at the close of the engagement, the rebel lay dead by his side." The hero has lately resided in Lacon, Ill., and is a son of William R. Deane, of Brookline, Mass.—*Transcript.*

William Griggs Dearborn, son of William Dearborn, Walnut street; married Annie A. Howes; is a coal dealer in Boston, and lives on Babcock street, Brookline.

*Howard Dwight, son of William Dwight, Warren street; was graduated at Harvard in the class of 1857; killed on the Red River expedition under General Banks.

John Howard Edwards, son of John F. Edwards, Harvard avenue; a civil engineer.

John Faxon, lived in Linden place.

James Harrison Fay, son of Harrison Fay, Linden place; was graduated at Harvard in the class of 1859; is now a lawyer in New York; trustee of the House of Refuge; Vice-President of the Mobile and Ohio Railway.

Joseph Warren Goddard, son of A. W. Goddard, Goddard avenue; successful merchant in St. Louis, with Samuel Davis, brother of Robert S. Davis.

*William D. Goddard, son of Samuel Goddard, Warren street; killed in the army; first volunteer from Brookline to fight against the rebellion.

Frank Griggs, son of Deacon Thomas Griggs, Washington street; brother of William J. Griggs, Harvard street; lives in Davenport, Iowa, where he is President of the First National Bank, President of the Water Board, and is Park Commissioner.

James Hague, son of Rev. William Hague, D. D., Brighton avenue; now of Chicago.

John Hague, brother of James.

*William Heath, son of Charles Heath, Heath street; was a broker in New York.

Alfred Hill, son of Jeremiah Hill, Walnut street; married Theodora Hinkley, daughter of Holmes Hinkley, Harvard street; lives in Boston.

Alonzo P. Howard, son of Benjamin Howard, Warren street, who built the house near the reservoir, corner of Walnut and Warren streets; he now lives in Longwood.

Charles T. Howard, brother of Alonzo; married, first, Miss McBurney, of Boston, second, Mrs. Welch, of Brookline.

*Joseph Jones, son of Stephen S. C. Jones, former postmaster of the village.

*Albert Mason, son of Rev. Mr. Mason, missionary to Burmah.

John Otis, lived with his grandmother, Mrs. Merchant, on School street; was a relative of Postmaster Clapp; went to Jamaica Plain.

Russell Park, son of John Park, a builder, Walnut street.

J. H. Patten, son of James Patten, who lived on Davis avenue in the house now owned by Frederick Beck.

William Dean Philbrick, son of Samuel Philbrick, Walnut street; was graduated at Harvard in the class of 1855; married Miss Staigg, a sister of Richard Staigg; he is now a farmer in Newton.

George Quant, son of Thomas H. Perkins's gardener, Warren street.

John Quant, brother of George.

S. E. Rich, son of Thomas Rich, Linden place.

Edward B. Richardson, son of Peter Richardson, Walnut street; major in the signal corps; in the Custom House; lives on Davis avenue.

Spencer W. Richardson, brother of Edward; married Mary Cumston; of the banking firm of Richardson, Hill & Co., Water street, Boston; lives on the Back Bay.

Arthur Searle, son of George Searle, Cypress street; was graduated at Harvard in the class of 1856; is Phillips Professor of Astronomy at the Astronomical Observatory in Cambridge.

George Maria Searle, brother of Arthur; was graduated at Harvard in the class of 1857; is a Catholic priest.

Henry G. Seaverns, son of Deacon Thomas Seaverns, Harvard street; married Emma Heustis; is a dealer in foreign and domestic fruits in Boston; lives on Harvard street.

Barnas Searns Shailer, son of Rev. Dr. William H. Shailer.

Charles W. Simmons, lived on Boylston street.

Charles H. Stearns, son of Charles Stearns, Jr., Harvard street; married Anna Mellen; on the Board of Brookline Assessors.

James Pierce Stearns, brother of Charles H.; married Elizabeth Bramhall; a war veteran; is Vice-President of Shawmut Bank, Boston.

*George G. Stoddard, son of Lewis T. Stoddard, Marion street; held an official position in the army.

*Lewis H. Stoddard, brother of George.

*Edward F. Thayer, son of Seth Thayer, Davis avenue; went to the war; was aid to Gov. John A. Andrew; real estate broker in Boston.

Theodore A. Thayer, brother of Edward; went to the war; married Miss Wallace, of Boston; is a shoe merchant in Boston.

Dudley Tyng, lived on the Searle place, Cypress street.

William Hosmer Shailer Ventres, nephew of Rev. Dr. Wm. H. Shailer; was graduated at Harvard in the class of 1855; married Eliza Murdock; is preaching in Maine.

Amory Hall Walker, son of Samuel A. Walker, Cypress street; in business in Waltham.

E. Clifford Walker, brother of Amory; real estate broker in Boston.

Prescott Wellman, son of William A. Wellman, Linden place; went into business in New York.

Walter Wild, son of Dr. Charles Wild, Washington street; was captain in the late war.

*David Wilder, Jr., son of David Wilder, Harvard street; married Florence G. Ames, of San Francisco.

Alfred Winsor, son of Alfred Winsor, Walnut street; married a daughter of Martin P. Kennard, Walnut street; President of the Boston Tow Boat Co.; director in the Dominion Coal Co.; director in the West End Street Railway Co., the Boston and Philadelphia Steamship Co.; lives in Brookline.

John C. Withington, son of Deacon Otis Withington, Washington street; lives in Everett.

*George Blagdon Withington, brother of John C.; died in Roxbury.

*John S. Woods, son of John Woods, Cypress street; married Annie W. Dimmock; was in the army.

The above list will be continued in the next issue, giving the names of females.

If there were any pupils in the High School within its first ten years, except those who continued to be pupils in 1854, not named in this and the preceding numbers of THE SAGAMORE, we would esteem it a favor to have their names and any information respecting them sent to us.

J. EMORY HOAR.

COMMENTS ON MR. HOAR'S HISTORY

MY EDUCATION in Brookline was at private schools, and I was a Sophomore in College during the first year of the High School, of which Mr. Hoar so entertainingly writes in the second number of The Sagamore. Still, as that was the day of small things in our town, I knew all these children personally, or by hearsay, and I read this semi-centennial record with great interest. It brings back to my mind many names and personalities which had well-nigh faded into oblivion.

The comments are wonderfully correct. I noticed but two inaccuracies, and those of no great moment. As Mr. Hoar, however, asks for corrections, I venture to make them.

Miss Eleanor G. Goddard did not marry Mr. John L. May, but did marry Mr. Frederick W. G. May, of Dorchester; but I believe him to be a younger brother of the John L. named.

The Coleman family did not live in the Cobb house, on Walnut street, but they did live in the house on the opposite side of the street. This house was built by Mr. Cousens, a carpenter, who afterwards became a coal dealer. Later on it was purchased by Mr. Alfred Winsor, so pleasantly remembered by all old Brookline people. Here he passed the rest of his days and brought up his large family, who became so strongly identified with the town.

Mr. Hoar very correctly says that Brookline was among the very first (if not the first) to avail herself of the permissive law, by which she established her Public Library in 1857.

For some years the Trustees believed that Brookline was the first to take advantage of the act, and in writing some introductory remarks to the large Catalogue of 1873, so stated it. I was afterward taken to task for my assertion by a lady connected with the Public Library of New Bedford, who succeeded in convincing me that the prior claims of that city, as a pioneer, were justified by facts. There can be, I think, no doubt that Brookline was a good second.

AUGUSTINE SHURTLEFF.

High Street, February 9, 1895.

AN OLD DIARY*

EDITED BY MISS ELLEN CHASE

1783

Monday, (October 13) . . . . . Doct. Aspinwall & Isaac Gardner spent the evening here. Tuesday, Doct. Goddard & Lady set out for portsmouth . . . . . Wednesday . . . . . went to Mr. Nat Winchester's in the Afternoon, Mr. Jackson there. Thursday, Mr. Jackson & Lady stopt here as they were going to Caleb Gardners . . . . . Fryday . . . . . Dada, Mama, Aunt White, down to Mr. Jackson's in the Evening . . . . . .

Sunday, October, 19, very stormy.† Aunt White, Mama, Nancy & I stayed at home. Monday, ... Nancy & I went over to Mr. Johnson to get a pair of shoes made . . . . . Tuesday, Aunt White & I went to Boston, bought blue silk quilt, Pink Satin Cloak &cc. Mr. Bill Goddard's Lady here to tea. Mr. Downer & Jonathan Craft here a little while in the afternoon. Luck here in the evening. Wednesday night my Mama went after Miss Polly shed to draw border to blue silk petticoat.‡ Thursday . . . . . Ebby carryed Miss Polly shed home . . . . . .

Tuesday (October 28) Mrs. Jackson, Sally & Joey here to help Quilt. Rainy. Wednesday, my Aunt White sends a Chest of Cloaths to Boston to send to Portsmouth by water. Mama sends a bag of things to Sukey, Chestnuts, aples &c . . . . . Fryday . . . . . there was a thunder shower, the hardest thunder there is been this year . . . . . .

Sunday, November 2nd, ... Uncle Crafts & Mr. Cooladge call'd in at night a few minutes. Sarah came home, has been gone a fortnight. Monday, my Mama & Aunt White went to boston. We washed & Irond, Clean'd the Chamber, & stairs, & lower room. Folks bought pink Satin Cloak &c. Tuesday, The folks make mince pye . . . . . Wednesday, Miss Sally Jackson here to spend the day. She rid down on a single horse to see how her Mama did, she was pretty well, and so she came back again. Nancy rode down as far as Esquire White. When she came back I rode down as far as Polly Aspinwal . . . . . Thursday, my Aunt White, Nancy

*Begun in the January number.

† "On the 18th and 19th we experienced here the most severe northeast storm, for the season, that has been known for several years. A new ship from Portsmouth bound to this port, and a schooner from Halifax, are ashore at the Cape."—*Boston Gazette and Country Journal, October 27.*

‡ Mrs. Henry F. Dana has a beautiful quilted petticoat which was worn by Betsey's mother at her wedding in 1758. It is of pale blue silk, diamond quilting above, and a graceful border about eighteen inches deep, which is possibly the one drawn by Miss Polly Shed. Starting with a conventionalized lily rising in the middle of front breadth, there run freely away, on each side, upward and downward curves of foliage and unknown fruit

& I went over to Johnsons, up to Mr. Richardson, to my Uncle Crafts. Fryday.....Mr. Blanchard here to make bill's coat.....

Sunday (November) 9 went to meeting, wore our new pink Satin Cloacks, gloves & shoes, staid at noon..... Monday,.....Dada & Aunt White sat out for portsmouth at 4 oclock in the morning. Aunt to spend the winter. Aunt Carry'd letters, one for Miss Polly Davis, one for Miss Hannah Goddard, one for Miss Lucy Aspinwall to one of her relations. We.....put up the Curtains, clean the further Chamber. Nancy & I went up to Miss Jerusha White's to carry some books. Tuesday,.....Miss Sally (Jackson) comes up to our house to stay one or two nights. We went up as far as Deacon Gardners, call'd for Sally Jewett and went to Singing School. All the treble there (but Polly Downer and Esther Weld. — Nancy's Journal.) .....Wednesday, no body here. Snowd hard. Thursday, Mr. Jackson din'd here. Fryday, Enoch spent the evening here. Satterday.....Ebby carry'd Sally Jackson home. Expect my Father home, but he don't come.....

Monday (November 17).....Polly Corey & Sally stopt at the gate as they went home at night. Tuesday, we went down to deacon Gardners in the afternoon. Mr. Jackson, & Sally, & Sally Gray there. Polly Downer, Nancy Brown from Boston came with her. We all went to singing in the evening. Dada comes home just before Night. Wednesday.....it rained and haild a little. Thursday.....Dada spent the afternoon evening at Mr. Goddards..... Saturday, Mama & Nancy went to Boston bought Gauze handkerchiefs &c.....

Monday (November 24).....Enoch Corey spent the afternoon & evening here. He went to boston tuesday to keep shop at Mr. Curtis at the South end..... Tuesday, Mrs. Davis, Hannah Clark & Nancy Wolcott here to spend the day..... Went to Singing..... Wednesday.....Mr. Sam White brought Mrs. Gay. to keep his house. Thursday,.....we all of us wrote letters to portsmouth. Fryday, it Snowed very hard all day.....

Monday (December 1) very Stormy..... Tuesday no body here..... Thursday, nobody here. Fryday & Saturday, no body here. Prepare some for thanksgiving.....

Monday (December 8) our folks kill hogs..... Wednesday, prepair for thanksgiving. Ebby brought Mr. Dunn up. Thursday, thanksgiving day, went to meeting. John Corey & Bill Ackers spent the evening here.

Fryday, Mr. Jackson & Lady, & Son & Daughter, Sally Gray & Mrs. Nancy Davis spent the day here. John & Enoch Corey, Joseph Goddard & Ben Davis spent the evening here. Saturday, made Sausages. Went up to Miss Jerusha Whites to carry a letter for my Aunt White. We all of us had letters from Portsmouth.

Sunday, December 14, went to meeting..... Tuesday..... went to Singing meeting in the evening. No Lady there, we went with Jo & Polly Downer to Deacon Gardner's, went back again with Sally Jewett..... Thursday, snow'd..... Fryday, Ebby went with a horse to Mr. Jackson's to put in their chaise, & carry Mr. Jackson down to Mr. Ned Jackson's Funeral. Isaac Gardner here in the evening he had been to General Greaton's* Funeral, he was buried under Arms.....

Sunday (21) went to meeting in a Sleigh the first time..... Thursday.....snow'd hard all day ..... Saturday, no body here.

Dec. 28 Sunday. Went to meeting, Stormy..... Monday..... Ben Davis here in the evening..... Wednesday, no body here. Snowy. The end of this year &cc. &cc.

1784

NANCY WHITE'S DIARY

"January 1st, Thursday, very stormy. Luck† here with his Violin.

* Colonel John Greaton was born in Roxbury 1741. Before the war he was an inn-keeper and militia officer. During the siege of Boston he led an expedition which destroyed the buildings on Long Island in Boston harbor. On April 15, 1776, he was ordered to Canada, in December joined Washington in New Jersey, and was afterward transferred to Heath's division at West Point. Congress made him a Brigadier-General, January, 1783. He died the following December.—*Appleton's Cyclopædia.*

†The Misses Sarah and Susan Clark of Warren street, daughters of the late Deacon Clark and Mrs. Rebecca (Boylston) Clark, remember their father saying he saw Luck Boylston play the violin. Luck was a negro slave belonging to their grandfather, and the bill of sale which follows is supposed to have reference to his purchase. This is one amongst many ancient papers of great interest and value lately given to the Public Library by the Misses Clark, and for the use of which I am indebted to the librarian:

"Know all men by these presents that I, William Shepherd of Brookline, in the County of Suffolk & province of the Massachusetts Bay in New Eng'd for & in Consideration of Sum of thirteen pound Six Shillings & Eight pence Lawfull money to me in hand paid by Joshua Boylstone of the Town County & province afores'd. Husbandman; the Reciet whereof I do hereby Acknowlege & myself therewith fully Satisfied & Contented; have Bargained Sold Sett over & Delivered and by these presents do bargain Sell Sett over & Deliver unto the s'd Joshua Boylstone his Heirs & Assigns for ever; one Negro Male Child of the age of two years or there abouts; the s'd Negro Child to have and to Hold to the proper Use & Behoof of him the s'd Joshua Boylstone his heirs Exec'ts Admin'es & Assigns for ever; and I the s'd William Shepherd for my Self my Execut's & Adminis's the S'd Bargained Negro Child: unto the s'd Joshua Boylstone his Heirs Execut's Adminis's & Assigns Against all & all Manner of persons Shall Warrant & for Ever Defend by these presents.

"In Witness Whereof I have herewith Sett my Hand & Seal this Second Day of November in the twenty-fifth year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord George the Second by the Grace of God of Great Brittain, france & Ireland, King, &c. & in the year of our Lord God 1752.

Signed, Sealed & Delivered in presence of us.

WILLIAM SHEPARD. {SEAL.}

MARY SHEPARD.
JOHN O. BRYANT.

Fryday, snow'd a little. Satturday, no body here. Snow'd a little.

January 4th, Sunday, went to meeting, snow'd a little..... Tuesday, rained very hard..... Wednesday.....Ebby went to Boston, there was a great freshet.* Thursday, my Uncle & Aunt Heath, Betsey & I spent the Ev'ning up at my Uncle Crafts. Fryday, Sally Jackson & Jose spent the Afternoon & Ev'ning here. Mr. Corey & Mr. Ackers spent the Ev'ning here.....

Sunday, January 11th, went to meeting, very snowy all day..... Tuesday, Snowy. David Hyslop, John & Enoch Corey spent the Ev'ning here..... Thursday, my Uncle Heath went to Boston, we went down with him as far as my Grandfather's. We went with my uncle Craft & Polly Scot to Boston to see the man hang'd.† Mr. Jackson spent the afternoon here. Fryday, we went to my Uncle White's funeral, wore my dark Callico short dress, black Hat, black Cloack, white Cap, black ribbons &c. We stopt at Mr. Jackson's as we come from the Grave.....

Sunday, January 18, went to meeting, my aunt did not go a very sore finger prevented..... Monday, washed, no body here. Tuesday, no body here. Wednesday, no body here. Thursday, I rose late, went down to Mr. Clarks in the morning. Betsey & I went in the Afternoon stopt in at Mrs. Jackson's. .....Miss Polly Shed was there in the afternoon. Fryday.....made mince & Apple Pies. Saturday.....write to Portsmouth.....

* "PROVIDENCE, Jan. 10. The late great falls of snow having been succeeded by warm and heavy rains, the waters of Moshasuch river (which empty into Providence Cove) became raised to an unusual height. On Tuesday night it overflowed its bank above the grist mill, carrying away the mill bridge together with eight buildings. Considerable quantities of household furniture have been lost."

NORWICH, January 8. "But few people now living ever saw a greater flood in the river Shetucket than now runs there. The vast quantities of lumber of all kinds which come floating down the streams, are full proof of the damage that must be sustained by people owning property contiguous to the rivers above. Happy! happy! for the inhabitants of Chelsea, there was but little ice in the river to cause obstruction of the water below."—*Boston Gazette and Country Journal, Jan. 19th, 1784.*

† "A man by the name of Johnson, in a fray which happened last Thursday evening between a number of foreign seamen, received four several stabs from a knife which wounded him to so great a degree that he died last Saturday morning."—*Boston Gazette and Country Journal, November 10th, 1783.*

"On Thursday afternoon was executed in this town, one Cassumo Garcelli, a Portuguese, for the murder of Mr. John Johnson of this town.—*Ib., Jan. 19th.*

ERRATA: In the last paragraph but one, in the February number, for second son read seventh.

HUMOR

Oh, lovely Miss Crockett,
Your eye, in its socket,
Is bright as a rocket
  Just taking its start;
And when slyly you cock it
At me, what a shock it
Sends through my vest pocket,
  Right into my heart!

—— '97.

"America's a fine country," said the Englishman, "but it's a great pity there is no gentry."

"Gentry," replied the Yankee, "what is that?"

"Why, people who have never done any work themselves, nor their fathers and grandfathers before them."

"Oh, yes! we have plenty of those," said the Yankee. "We call them tramps."

The bell had just rung to mark the end of the 11.05 period. For the last five minutes he had been studying a notice on the blackboard: "Please put papers in the waste basket." He now rose, and placing his English composition in the receptacle for waste matter, he departed, whistling "It never came back."

A High School boy was asked the other day which class had the smartest scholar. "Let me see," he replied, "ninety-five has a tailor and a smith, ninety-six has a very wise man who can sing, and ninety-eight has a very nice plummer; but I think, on the whole, that ninety-seven has the brightest pupil, for to it belongs a youth who is both a gardener and a carpenter."

Willie ate an unripe melon,
  Just to have a little frolic,
But he wished that he was dead,
  For he felt so melon-colic.

Miss Snow—Mr. Wyce, translate the sentence beginning with the word "Jupiter omnipotens."

Mr. Wyce (commencing to read)—"O Jupiter, om-powerful;—no, I meant to say Jupiter all-nipotent."

Mamma (wondering if her turkish couch has come)—Who rang the doorbell, dear?

Little Girl—The expressman, mamma, and he's brought your chicken bed.

Conundrum: What kind of a vine does beef come from?

Answer: Bovine.

Pat (looking at a sign)—"Drafts on the Bank of Ireland;" well, bejabbers, why don't they shut the wind'ys thin?

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The publishers of THE SAGAMORE regret to announce that owing to the great demand for the picture of the Football Team in the last issue, the February number has gone out of print, and copies can no longer be supplied. A limited number of the January issue still remain, however; but they can only be furnished with regular subscriptions.

Copies of The Sagamore for February, in good condition, either with or without the supplement, will be gratefully received by the publishers, who will pay for them the price of ten cents. They do this in the hope that they may be able to accommodate new subscribers.

The Sagamore appears during the first week of the month. Subscribers will confer a great favor by promptly notifying the Manager of their failure to receive copies.

Half-tone pictures of the Football Team are now sold separately at five cents each. They may be obtained from the Business Manager.

Although this monthly is protected by copyright, it consents to any article's being reproduced in part, provided, of course, credit is given.

The Sagamore wishes to make apology for certain press errors that occurred in a recent article upon the exhibition of the Boston Art Club.

THE

CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL,

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

A private school for young ladies. Prepares for Radcliffe and other colleges. There are Seminary courses for young ladies who have finished the work of other schools, but do not care to go to college. There are two residences furnishing the comforts of home.

Copies of the MANUAL are sent on application. ARTHUR GILMAN, A. M., is the Director.

PRESCRIPTIONS

Carefully Compounded

DAY OR NIGHT,

—AT—

BAXTER'S PHARMACY.

Telephone 307-2.

C. A. W. SPENCER

PRINTS THIS MAGAZINE

HARVARD SQ., BROOKLINE

This space has been taken by

WADSWORTH, HOWLAND & CO.,

Mathematical Instruments and Artists' Materials,

82 and 84 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

L. P. HOLLANDER & CO., YOUNG MEN'S . . . . OUTFITTERS.

. . FINE READY MADE CLOTHING . .

FURNISHING GOODS. - - HATS AND CAPS.

—— Spring Styles Now Ready for Inspection. ——

202 to 212 BOYLSTON STREET, . . and PARK SQUARE, . . BOSTON.

EDWARD T. C. EDDY,

Proprietor Currier's Pharmacy,

Harvard Square, Brookline.

TAYLOR HAT STORE

Established 1870.

Honest Merchandise at Fair Prices.

3 HANOVER STREET, - BOSTON.

YANKEE SCHOOL BOYS ABROAD.

THROUGH SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND ON A BICYCLE.

Only a few copies of the last edition of this "breezy little book of travel" are left.

A PRICELESS SOUVENIR

for past and present members of the B. H. S. No library is complete without it. Those who are ambitious to own one should call at once at

THE BROOKLINE NEWS DEPOT.

Drafting Instruments OF ALL KINDS . . . . and MANUFACTURERS.

Artists' Materials, Picture Framing, and Supplies for Students.

Frost & Adams, 37 CORNHILL,

IMPORTERS. BOSTON.

SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

The Horace Patridge Co.,

335 Washington Street, Boston.

Athletic Outfitters.

Polo, Track, Athletic, and Gymnasium Clothing and Supplies,—now our specialties.

CALL AND SEE OUR RUNNING SHOES FOR THE MEET.

Special discounts made for team orders.

"A Good Thing---Push It Along."

This may be well said of our

CYDONIUM CREAM,

the most satisfactory lotion for Roughness of the Skin, Chapped Hands, &c., ever shown. 25c.

YOUNG & BROWN, Chemists and Apothecaries.

TAKE YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS

—TO—

BUTLER'S PHARMACY,

HARVARD SQUARE,

BROOKLINE.

Spring Overcoats.

TWO WONDERFUL BARGAINS.

BLACK CLAY DIAGONAL with good trimmings and correct in syle,

$10 worth $18.

BLACK UNDRESSED WORSTED Satin lined throughout.

$15 worth $25.

STANDARD CLOTHING CO.,

395 Washington Street, Boston.

TRY OUR

Hot Chocolate, Beef Tea and Coffee,

TENNEY'S FINE CONFECTIONS,

AT BOWKER'S.

C. A. W. SPENCER, Printer, Brookline.

VOLUME I NUMBER 4

APRIL

THE SAGAMORE

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

CONTENTS

A Cup of Tea 99
Calisthenics in the Brookline High School 102
The Boston Bag 103
Sic Itur ad Astra 104
Mr. Cummings' Paper on Homer 105
News Notes 107
Athletics 109
The Debating Club 111
Editorial Department 112
Historical Department
Skating on "Big Ward's" . . . . . *Dr. Augustine Shurtleff* 114
High School Reminiscences—III . . . . . *Prof. Burt G. Wilder* 116
Notes on the History of the High School—IV . . . . . *J. Emory Hoar* 118
An Old Diary . . . . . *Edited by Miss Ellen Chase* 123
Humor 127
Announcements 128

BROOKLINE MASSACHUSETTS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT THE HIGH SCHOOL

M DCCC XCV

A. T. WHITE & CO.,

Successors to

VILLA GROCERY CO.

Sugar at Refiners' Prices.

Flour at Wholesale Prices.

Try our Teas and Coffees.

Partridge

PHOTOGRAPHER Brookline.

An "All-the-Year-Round" Special Rate for Brookline High School.

Single copies of THE SAGAMORE are on sale at The Brookline News Depot, at the Coolidge Corner News Depot; and at the Boston & Albany Depot News Stand, Boston.
Subscriptions should be sent to Mr. F. B. Taylor, 294 Walnut St.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY.

A. J. HAYMAN, Ph. G.,

DEALER IN

Pure Drugs and Medicines Only.

TELEPHONE 153.

1363 Beacon Street, Coolidge Corner.

THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME I APRIL, 1895 NUMBER 4

A CUP OF TEA

I came home late that evening;
The others had "all eaten tea,"
I was told by small golden-haired Polly,
Who opened the door for me.
"But I'll pour it all nice for you, Percy,
Like a great big young lady,"—she said—
"If only you'll jus' speak to Nursey,
So she won't come and take me to bed."

"How many lumps will you have, dear?
Guess I will give you 'free;'
Sugar's to make people gooder,
But you 're good as ever can be.
Percy, today is my birfday!
Got a dolly,—an' slate an' sled—
An' a book wiv beautiful pictures,
All yellow, an' gween, an' wed.
An' Nursey made me a cunning cake
Wiv four pink candles, too,
An' nuts all over the fwosting,
That I saved for a 'sprize' for you."

So Polly and I and the kitten
Had tea in a regal way;
Her eyes laughed over the teapot
Just as they laugh today,
Till nurse, descending the stairway
With solemn and stately tread,
Bore down on my dear little Polly love,
And bundled her off to bed.

Copyright, 1895, by Brookline High School Editorial Board

I sat in the flickering firelight
With her kitten upon my knee,
And smiled, as I ate the "fwosting"
That was saved for a "sprize" for me.
Her big eyes brown and laughing,
And the kiss so warm and wet,
Come back to my heart this moment
In a way that I can't forget.

* * * * *

What, eighteen? Yes, and "coming out."
It cannot be so long;
It must be that old Time has made
His calculations wrong.
It only seems but yesterday
That day I saw her last,
When she was four and I fourteen;—
We all grow old so fast.

Though I detest all functions
Of "Polite Society,"
I vow I'll pledge myself to go
To Polly's "come out" tea.
Suppose she'll deign to notice
A staid old man like me?
It is n't,— no it can't be,—
It's Polly! I declare,
In that pink gown with "cherubs' wings"—
And what a royal air!
How beautiful she is! Confound
Those fellows, how they stare!

"Your name I never heard before,"
Sweet Polly said, and smiled,
"But when you spoke, it seemed as if
I'd known you as a child.
Your voice brings back a great white house
With fir trees in a row,
And someone they called Percy;—
But that was long ago."

"And I remember too," said I,
Someone with dark bright eyes,—
And frosting from a birthday cake
She saved me for a 'sprize.'
And just now as I watched you
Pouring out my tea,
You made me think of Polly,
Who did it once for me."

Then Polly's eyes grew large and round,
Just as they used to do;
And Polly laughed, and blushed, and said,
"And I remember too;
When first I saw you, Percy,
I somehow knew 'twas you."

So Polly and I were friends again;
And once, quite strange to say,
In pleading for something I wanted most
I finally got my way.
And now when business 's out of sort
And things go far from right,
I count the daily worries naught
In thinking of the night.
Then Polly meets me at the door;
And all my thoughts aspire
To one great, cosy easy chair
Beside our own hearth fire,
And Polly sitting on the arm
With her soft check on mine,—
And tea in those blue teacups
With the curly yellow vine.
Beneath the spell of Polly's voice
The stormclouds break and flee;
For it always is the "frosting"
My true love saves for me.

—— '95.

CALISTHENICS IN THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

ALTHOUGH in previous issues considerable attention as been drawn to the athletics of the School, little or nothing has been written about the calisthenics. During the last three years the girls have been taking the Swedish course of gymnastics; and as they were rather unpopular, a new system was hailed with much enthusiasm at the beginning of this year.

Under the excellent training of Miss Howell the classes have been pursuing a course which consists of exercises from the German, Delsarte, and Swedish systems. They have proved most atttractive and beneficial.

The word *calisthenics* is derived from two Greek words, meaning strength and beauty, and applies well to this system.

This year, with the limited amount of time available, it is impossible to give that special attention to individual needs which the most beneficial system of physical training must include. With the impossibility of physical examinations and strength tests, which would give a basis for more discriminating work, it has seemed wise to limit the work to such exercises as would benefit all without overstraining any; to such as would give to all the exhilaration of vigorous activity and the development of freedom of movement.

By this means a love for activity for its own sake has been fostered; and if this can be taken into the lives of the individual girls one of the enduring ends will be surely gained.

Among the tangible ends for which we are working, carriage and poise of body, with grace and freedom of movement, are foremost.

Strength is a means to these ends, and the exercises that demand and develop strength are used to attain them. The influence of a conscious ideal of the beautiful in carriage and movement is recognized; and there the æsthetic and hygienic aims are united.

The exercises are varied and interesting, and afford much sport for the students. Perhaps the most popular ones are the hopping and skipping movements, and the slow and graceful Delsarte movements. Dumbbells, wands, and bean bags are used; and the exercises are all accompanied by music, which is most kindly furnished by different members of the School.

——'96.

THE BOSTON BAG

IT was the last Boston Bag on Jordan & Marsh's bargain counter, as the clock struck six the day before Christmas.

Feeling lonesome, I took a lingering look down the narrow aisle and saw in the distance a tall young lady who came straight towards me and said, "There, I guess this will have to do for my small sister." She immediately filled me with her bundles and trotted me off to a crowded electric car; here I fell asleep.

When I awoke the next morning I found myself in the midst of splendor, and I supposed that I should be left in this situation a day at least. But no, I was stuffed with peanuts, oranges and candy, and carried to No. 1 Model Alley, where a dozen rag-a-muffins grabbed me and speedily emptied my contents upon the pavement. After this Christmas vacation, when

school began, such a conglomeration as I carried! French, German, Greek, Latin, Geometry, pie, cake, olives, sardines, and now and then a letter which my mistress didn't dare leave at home. Sometimes the Greek would be exchanged for a boot on its way to the cobbler's, or the sardines for a pair of dull skates,—as you see, I was always over-loaded. When the spring vacation came, I was packed with brush, comb and tooth-brush, and carried visiting. On the journey I found a first-rate companion,—a bag exactly like myself, except that it had a complexion a little darker than mine. Such fun as we had shopping together! We always started out empty and came home laden with candy and parcels of pink, yellow and blue silks.

I knew this pleasure couldn't last forever, as my sides were growing shabby day by day, and at last I met my fate. I was hung on a long string and served as an elevator for letters, thus saving my mistress four flights of stairs, and becoming a humble servant of Uncle Sam.

J. E. L., '97.

SIC ITUR AD ASTRA

Among the girls of X. C. V.
First comes the "partial," Andrews E.
The second is a "Batchelder-maid,"
(No wrong idea by this conveyed).
Then come the Boodys, the "busy B's"
Who in their work get more than C's.
The fifth is Ella, tall and straight;
In our Town Hall her voice is "great."
Here's Daisy Conrad, "partial" too,
Who takes of lessons "just a few."
Seventh is Linda, songtress fair,
With stately mein and gracious air;
Then Cousin Kate comes walking in
Accompanied by her violin.
The next in the class is Dexter-ous
And o'er hard lessons makes no fuss.
The tenth is Beatrice, Hope of the class,
A truly industrious, hard-working lass.

Eleventh in order is Emily P.
"The fair, the unexpressive she."
Next comes the artist, Edith May,
Sha'n't we be proud of her, some fine day!
With lexicon and violin,
Comes Margaret M., the next of kin.
Mary Mullowney can Latin read
At sight, with truly remarkable speed.
Gentle and bright is our classmate May,
Whom we wish we could see at school to-day.
The next in the line is Elsie R.;
She, in the orchestra, proved a "star."
Now as we muse, we discover a Grace
Who surely deserves to trip into place.
May Whitcomb, the "Vice," is last on the list,
And like each of the others must never be missed.

—— '95.

MR. CUMMINGS' PAPER ON HOMER

ON Monday morning, March 18, a most interesting paper on *Homer* was read to the school by Mr. Prentiss Cummings.

On opening his subject the writer claimed that a great deal might be found out concerning a people by means of their language. For instance, the words husband, wealth, agriculture, law and slave all point to civilized conditions, and help us to gain ideas concerning the people who use them. So the mere words of Homer tell us much about the people of whom he wrote.

The date of Homer is uncertain. Herodotus said that he lived four hundred years before himself; that is, at 850 B. C. But the inscriptions found upon old buildings, and the state of affairs in Greece at Homer's time prove him to have lived at an earlier age, probably at about 1300 B. C., the time of Moses.

In Homer's Iliad and Odyssey we have our earliest picture of Aryan civilization. The Iliad is a picture during time of war; the Odyssey during a period time of peace. The amount of knowledge possessed by the people

of the time may be deduced from Homer himself. The people probably gained much of their information from Phœnician traders. They believed the earth to be curved, with the heaven above supported on pillars. Greece, Egypt and the northern part of Africa were known to the Greeks, also England and the region of the Baltic Sea. The shape of the Mediterranean was unknown; but it was supposed to flow into the great river which encircled the earth. Astronomy was slightly known. That there was some kind of writing in Homer's time, Mr. Cummings proves from the story of Bellerophon.

All the motives and actions of the people were on simple lines. Agriculture and the raising of cattle were considered occupations befitting a gentleman; but trade was thought most degrading. Money was unknown, and values were reckoned in sheep and oxen.

The Homeric house was large, and contained two great halls: one for the women, and the other for the men; both of which opened into a court where the altar was erected. Then there were servants' apartments, and sometimes the larger houses had second stories. The furniture consisted of tables, chairs and beds. Bath-tubs were known, and cleanliness was held as a great virtue.

The speaker stated that he believed the religion of the Homeric Greeks to have been evolved from a much purer type; in Homer's time the gods were decidedly anthropomorphic. At that time there seems to have been no ancestor worship; there was no idolatry, nor human sacrifice. The religious beliefs contained no mysteries, and this very elimination of all mystery robbed them of some of the highest truths. Homer did not look upon nature as a machine which obeyed certain laws; he believed that all the wonders of nature were in the direct works of the gods. The gods interfered very little with the affairs of men. The deities were neither moral nor immoral,—simply unmoral.

The government of Homer's time was monarchical among both gods and men. There was a king or patriarch who did not hold absolute sway. His power was restricted by a council of elders and may have been somewhat modified by an assembly of the people. The town meeting of today is a direct descendant of this assembly, and the board of Selectmen corresponds to the council of elders. The government of the gods was a reflection of that of men. Zeus was king; still in the assembly even he made concessions to the other gods.

Human nature in Homer's time was much the same as it is today. When his son did something wrong, Zeus remarked how much he resembled his mother. When Achilles was a boy, he behaved badly at the table. Priam asked his wife's advice, and became angry when her answers did not please him.

Woman's position was high. She was her husband's companion and the head of the household. There was no polygamy and no divorce. Mr. Cummings said that there was absolutely no ground for the belief that the people of the time went naked. Purtiy was held to be a virtue.

Not only does Homer show us positive pictures of civilization; but also through his description of the Cyclops, an uncivilized being, he gives a negative view. He always tells us of real people, and in his gods and goddesses, heroes and heroines, we see clearly reflected the men and women of today.

NEWS NOTES

THE following clipping may be of interest to others than members of the Third History Class:

"A Harvard graduate now living in Athens, Greece, has written an interesting communication to *The Crimson*. He says that it has been decided to make an attempt to revive the old Olympic games, but in the form of our modern athletic games, which would include field sports, track events and regattas. The games are to take place in Athens about the first of April, 1896; and invitations have been sent to all the countries of Europe and America, for their athletes to compete in these games. The prizes are to be silver wreaths of laurel or olive."

The spring recess will come during the week beginning with Monday, April 8. Miss Frost's return in the following week is anticipated by all her pupils.

On Friday evening, March 15, Miss B. R. Holt gave some readings in the Beaconsfield Casino. She is well remembered by the selections she gave before the School a short time ago.

The joint-debate with Newton will be held in the Town Hall on Friday, April 26. Brookline will be represented by Messrs. Stearns, Wolcott and Kellogg.

During the first week in March there were between twenty and thirty scholars absent daily from the Fourth Class on account of the prevalence of the measles and the "grip."

Two players on the School football team of last year have been asked to join the Harvard spring practice squad, the members of which are candidates for the college eleven.

Now that the condition of the roads is improving with the disappearance of the frost, the time has come for the bicyclists in school to get together and reorganize their club. Of course this applies chiefly to the boys, for very few of our staid, Puritan Brookline girls ride bicycles.

On March 7 the Brookline High School Athletic Association held their sixth annual indoor meet in the upper Town Hall. An account will be found under the head of "Athletics."

On Thursday morning, March 7, Mr. William H. Lincoln made a short address before the School. His words were cordially received.

The Fourth Science division lately went with Miss Howell to the Natural History Rooms, to see the loan collection of insects.

Great interest is now being taken in Calisthenics; for through the kindness of Mr. Sanford, a couch with *cushions* has been placed in the attic. The only objection that can be raised against it is its "singleness."

Money is being raised for the purpose of obtaining a large portrait of Mr. J. Emory Hoar, which will be hung in the new building. It will be painted by Frederick P. Vinton, Esq., who is one of the most distinguished portrait painters in this country. The cost will be about $1,500. Subscriptions, payable by July 1, 1895, may be sent to Mr. A. P. Briggs, at 10 Allerton street, Brookline.

The girls in the Annex consider themselves no longer in the rural districts, as electric lights have been introduced in their part of the universe.

A short time ago Mr. Morse received a circular from the Harvard Interscholastic Tennis Association, asking Brookline to join the association. As a result, a meeting of all the boys interested in tennis was called, at which it was voted to form a tennis association. The following officers were elected: President, R. C. Seaver; Vice-President, A. C. Wise; Secretary and Treasurer, P. R. Dunbar. It is hoped that the fellows will take an interest in the affair, and that Brookline will be able to enter some men in the Interscholastic Tennis Tournament, which takes place on May 4, 1895, at Cambridge.

The members of the Class of '98 are deep in the study of Scott. They have already read *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and are now taking up *Marmion* in one division and *The Lady of the Lake* in the other. Besides this, all the pupils are reading at home one of the Waverley novels, on which every two weeks they take a written examination.

The loan exhibit of portraits of women, given in Copley Hall, Boston, was attended by many Brookline people; and several went in to see it from

the School. Although the collection was smaller than those lately exhibited in New York and London, it was far from uninteresting; and those who saw it were well repaid for their pains. One of the Copley portrait showed a woman with a green umbrella; and it is said that this umbrella was painted because it was the first ever seen in Boston. The exhibition was particularly rich in early American works.

Mr. Prentiss Cummings read at the High School, on Monday morning, March 19, a paper on *Homer*. There were a great many visitors present to hear him. Mr. Cummings holds some very interesting theories regarding the relation of the Homeric poems to Greek life; a report of his lecture will be found on page 105.

The Rev. Reuen Thomas, D. D., gave on the evening of Tuesday, March 10, a lecture in the High School Extension course. His subject was *The Women of Shakspere*. The public were invited, and the main room of the school building was well filled. On March 26, he lectured upon *Macbeth: an Interpretation*. The next speaker in the course will be Mr. Prentiss Cummings, who has begun his lectures on *Astronomy*.

From announcements elsewhere, it will be seen that Mr. Willard E. Ward has invited all the High School students to his store on April 10. A handsome souvenir will be given away; and there will be a reception in the evening.

ATHLETICS

OUR SIXTH ANNUAL INDOOR MEETING

THE Brookline High School Athletic Association held its sixth annual winter meeting in the upper Town Hall, Thursday evening, March 7. The meeting was one of the most successful, both athletically and financially, in the history of the Association. Four new school records were made. R. C. Seaver, '96, lowered the record for the twenty-yards dash from 3 seconds to 2 4-5 seconds. Brush made a record of 3 1-5 seconds in the fourth-class twenty. Boyce, '97, jumped 5 feet 1-2 inch against the 4 feet 9 1-2 inches of Francis Driscoll in 1893. In the high kick W. B. Coffin, '95, made a record of 7 feet 1 3-4 inches.

Below are the class points:

'96....43. '95....11. '97....21. '98....0.

The following is a summary:

Twenty-yards Dash.—Winner, R. C. Seaver, '96, 2 4-5 seconds; second, W. B. Boyce, '97; third, D. W. Hirshberg, '95.

Twenty-yards Dash for Fourth Class.—Winner, E. Brush, 3 1-5 seconds; second, J. N. Manning.

Slow Bicycle Race.—Winner, G. A. Vose, '96, 1 minute 26 seconds; second, A. C. Wise, '96; third, R. C. Seaver, '96.

Potato Race for Fourth Class.—Winner, G. Woods, 38 seconds; second, J. N. Manning.

Twenty-five Yards Low Hurdle.—Winner, R. C. Seaver, '96; second, F. H. Cook, '96; third, W. B. Boyce, '97.

Potato Race.—Winner, R. C. Seaver, '96; second, W. B. Coffin, '95; third, H. M. Channing, '97.

Jump, Step and Jump.—Winner, J. M. Driscoll, '96, 26 feet 5 inches; second, G. H. Carpenter, '97, 25 feet 10 inches; third, M. W. Quinlan, Jr., '96, 25 feet 6 inches.

Putting 16-Pound Shot.—Winner, W. B. Boyce, '97, 29 feet 4 1-2 inches; second, W. W. Aechtler, '96; third, G. H. Carpenter, '97.

Standing High Kick.—Winner, W. B. Coffin, '95, 7 feet 1 3-4 inches; second, H. Hirshberg, '97, and E. R. Smith, '95, tied.

High Jump.—Winner, W. B. Boyce, '97, 3 feet 1-2 inch; second, R. C. Seaver, '96.

THE INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORTS

Despite the training that the fellows of the track athletic have undergone this winter, the showing made by the School in the Indoor Interscholastic meet was the worst for years. Not a single point was won. This may in a measure be accounted for by the fact that our four best men were saving themselves for the team race with Newton, which was the last event but one on the program.

The interest of the School was of course centered in the Team Race with Newton High School, and it was expected that the team would redeem the reputation lost at Newton on the twenty-second of February. But such expectations were doomed to be disappointed.

As soon as the pistol had sounded the Newton man, Spaulding, had a lead of about two yards, which Boyce was unable to overcome, during the three laps that every two men were obliged to run. In the next relay, Carpenter gained slightly on Cotting, who ran for Newton; but was unable to pass him. Seaver, however, soon passed Rand of Newton, and had a lead of about three yards. This should have given Hirshberg a lead over Fitz; but for some strange and unknown reason, Hirshberg was himself about two yards behind the Newton runner. This lead Hirshberg gradually diminished until Fitz was only a yard ahead, the next moment only a foot. Will Hirshberg win? While you are thinking of this they have broken the tape, apparently abreast. No one knows but the judges who first crossed the line; for it is a matter of a fraction of an inch. For an age, it seems, the hall is still, then the announcer tells us through his great trumpet, that Newton has won,—time, 2 minutes 27 seconds. W. P. W.

THE DEBATING CLUB

THE sixty-seventh regular meeting of the Brookline High School Debating Club was held Feb. 29, 1895, in the High School building. The officers elected at the semi-annual election were installed; and the President made his report concerning the joint debate to be held with Newton. A committee of five, having the President as chairman, was then appointed to choose a subject for the joint debate. This subject was to be debated upon at the next regular meeting, when the judges appointed should choose the three best debaters to represent Brookline in the contest with Newton.

The subject for the evening was: *Resolved, That the United States has made a serious mistake in expending so much money for the enlargement of her Navy.* Messrs. Edward Sharp, Jr., J. Nelson Manning, and Charles Bishop spoke on the affirmative; while George Walter, Henderson Kellogg, and Austin H. Parker upheld the negative side of the question.

On March 20, 1895, the sixty-eighth regular meeting was held at the High School building. The Vice-President was inaugurated; and the subject for the next debate was chosen. It reads as follows: *Resolved, That the U. S. government should control the railroads and telegraph systems of this country.* The following names were then read as debaters for the next meeting: Affirmative,—H. D. Cormerais, R. C. Seaver, and G. W. Walter; negative,—D. W. Hirshberg, F. B. Taylor, and H. Kellogg.

The subject for the evening was: *Resolved, That the U. S. has pursued the right policy in building up her Navy.* This is the subject to be debated upon with Newton, and the negative side of the question has fallen to Brookline. Messrs. G. Loring Briggs, William G. Nash, and C. W. Morris were the judges appointed. The judges' decision is as follows: Debaters, Chas. W. Kellogg, Marshall Stearns, and Stephen C. Wolcott; alternate, Joseph P. Devettere. These names are in alphabetical order.

The date for the joint debate is Saturday, April 27; the place will be the Brookline Town Hall.

The sixty-ninth regular meeting, the last during the term, will be held April 3, 1895. It is hoped that a large number will be present.

DWIGHT FARNUM, *Secretary.*

THE SAGAMORE

Published monthly throughout the school year, at the High School Building, Brookline, Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

BOARD OF EDITORS

ARTHUR W. SPENCER, '95, Editor-in-Chief
MISS EDITH R. MAY, '95 MISS HELEN L. PARKER, '96
WILLIAM P. WINCH, '95

CLASS EDITORS

H. PERCY MACOMBER, '95 GARDNER H. CARPENTER, '97
H. SPAULDING COFFIN, '96 ALBERT C. MORSE, '98

FREDERICK B. TAYLOR, '95, Business Manager
SAMUEL W. LEWIS, '96, Assistant Business Manager

COMMUNICATIONS may be left in the hands of the editors at school, or mailed to Arthur W. Spencer, 75 Prospect Street, Brookline. Contributors will please write legibly on one side of the paper only and sign their names, which need not appear in print. All MSS. must be received by the 20th of the month; rejected MSS. will be remailed to the owners if accompanied with the necessary postage.

SINGLE COPIES—10 cents; Volume 1, 60 cents. On sale at the Brookline News Depot, at the Coolidge Corner News Depot, and in the Boston and Albany Railroad Station, Boston. SUBSCRIPTIONS are to be sent to the Business Manager.

ADVERTISING RATES may be obtained by addressing Frederick B. Taylor, 294 Walnut Street, Brookline.

Entered at the Boston Post-Office as Second Class Mail Matter.

Two extreme types of the student are always with us: one that does not study enough, and one that studies overmuch. The former is a familiar sight in all our schools and colleges; he is far more commonly met with than the latter. You can always single him out by his vacant expression and his unrefined manners. If you are at an athletic meet, and have occasion to ask him who won the final heat of the last race, he will glare at you, and then, on the spot, make the overtures to a life-long friendship. At last, when he is busily engaged in applauding the successful contestants, or even in hissing them, you manage to make your escape. You cannot endure his presence; neither can others, except those of the same superficial qualities as himself.

The other type is that of the utterly uninteresting, hard-working scholar, who is dead and indifferent to everything except his studies. He is more intelligent than the person above, who is his opposite, but withal a less agreeable companion. He takes no interest in art, the drama, or music;

cares little for society, and never participates in any form of athletics. You might suppose that anyone with his habits of excessive industry would make a successful business man; he is, however, utterly devoid of shrewdness or tact. What he considers his superior insight is a mockery; it has a false, hollow ring. While refinement is natural to the true gentlemen and fits him like a perfect garment; the "grind" thinks it unworthy of his attention, just as the "mucker" finds it beyond his capacity. Let us avoid both of these types. Surely one may at the same time be a conscientious scholar and a graceful, courteous fellow.

Apropos of the approaching joint-debate, the March issue of *The Newton High School Review* gives, in one of its editorials, some interesting facts regarding the state of affairs in the Newton High School Lyceum:

"There are ten more members of the Lyceum than there were last year; but of the whole thirty-one, only six or seven show up and debate at every meeting. So far, two of the meetings have been complete fizzles. The last meeting produced the fewest number of members present and the best speeches of the year. But of all the speakers present none did as well as is necessary, to be up to the Brookline standard. . . . There is enough talent among members of the Lyceum to make several splendid speakers; but laziness, the characteristic of '95, prevents any development in this line."

How about the Brookline High School Debating Club? Does it deserve the compliment Newton so generously pays when it speaks of the height of our standard? Perhaps our seniors can look up to the Newton Class of '95 for an example of industry.

A step has already been taken toward decorating the interior of the new building. The alumni are subscribing funds for a large portrait of Mr. Hoar, which will be painted by a well-known artist. This impresses one chiefly as a sincere and deserved tribute to one that served the School long and faithfully during its early growth; but it also shows thought for the surroundings of the School in its new quarters. Perhaps some of us can profit by the tacit suggestion herein contained.

SKATING ON "BIG WARD'S"

LOOKING down from my windows one bright, cold afternoon a few weeks ago, on fair Leverett Pond, covered with skaters, led me thinking of how we boys used to go skating, say about 1839. The big boys of course went to Jamaica, but as a subaqueous spring invariably weakened the ice just to the southward and westward of Pine Bank, and as boys had been drowned there, Jamaica was generally tabooed to small boys, and they had to be content with "Big Ward's." Children were permitted to skate on "Little Ward's," which was a glacial kettle-hole lying south of the westerly slope of High street, and considered absolutely safe.

In those days there was no road in the lower part of the town that led to Jamaica and Big Ward's, and we usually went across the country by one of three ways. First, there was Sewall's lane, which, entering from Walnut street, about opposite Cypress street (then called New lane), followed very nearly the present line of Cypress street and Chestnut street to about where High street now joins the latter. Through this pretty wood lane, by forest, brook and fairyland, we made our way until we came to a ridge of sharply rising ground. This we surmounted, even as Vasco Nuñez de Balboa climbed the natural rampart on the Isthmus of Panama, and as from the summit he looked down on the Pacific ocean, so we looked down on glistening Jamaica. Another way was to go up Village lane until we came to a long barred gate about where High street it now meets. This we climbed, and following a cart-path which meandered over the upland back of where the houses on the easterly side of High street now stand, down by the Woman's Free Hospital, eventually coming out by Willow Pond and directly after making Big Ward's. Generally, after climbing the gate in Village lane we were challenged by "old Ward," who was determined that we should not cross his farm. We well knew, however, that there was an old privilege enjoyed by Brookline Village of hauling ice from Jamaica by the long cart-path, and we construed this into a right of way, which, as so many young Hampdens, we were ready to fight for, and, if need be, to die for.

Old Ward had a big dog, which seemed, "like Quilp's dog," to live on the left but to lurk on the right.

We were commonly led by General Wild, who had two fine arms then. Dear old fellow! We all carried serviceable hockies, but General Wild's hockey was probably the largest ever seen on this planet. If planted on

Mars it could be clearly discernible through the Lick telescope in good weather.

Old Ward and the big dog would chase us close, but, being like Mr. Pickwick's friend Tupman, too old and too fat, they never could catch us.

There was a cross fence that old Ward would continually rebuild across the cart-path and that the General's big hockey would constantly smash. This made old Ward raving.

The third way was to climb a stone-wall on Walnut street and get into the field where Irving street now runs, and so over the high fields to the same cart-path. This also usually resulted in a running fight with old Ward, who would try to intercept us near where the Swedenborgian church stands.

We boys considered old Ward a bloodthirsty tyrant, but looking back from the present standpoint, it seems to me by no means sure that a right to haul ice meant a right of way to a pack of young vandals, and it is quite probable that old Ward was not only warranted in defending his premises from marauders like us, but that he may have been a very nice old gentleman after all.

However, that is the way we used to go skating just as the early forties were coming in.

AUGUSTINE SHURTLEFF.

HIGH SCHOOL REMINISCENCES

By Burt G. Wilder, M. D., Class of '59

III. The New Wooden Schoolhouse — Our Games

UNCERTAINTY as to what occupation I should prepare for led to non-attendance between July, 1856, and September, 1857. But the kindly interest of Principal Hoar was in nowise abated. My most intimate companion was Carleton A. Shurtleff, and Mr. Hoar was our friend and adviser in the collecting of insects and other objects*. I had imbibed from him a liking for Chemistry, and naturally asked his counsel as to the selection of apparatus. He not only made out a list of the needed articles, but on a hot summer day walked with me from Boston to East Cambridge and back, carrying more than his share of the glassware purchased from the factory at rates more favorable than from the retail stores.

On reëntering the school in the last of 1857 I found it comfortably established in the new building on School street. The playground was between the street and the school, and although hardly large enough, was more convenient than that at the old stone house. And now is to be recorded a wonderful thing, at any rate a thing not previously observed or heard of by me. Our teacher not only manifested a warm interest in our games, but actually came out and played base ball with us ! ! He played a very good game, too. It is doubtful whether he would have accepted an invitation to join us at football, although the more objectionable features of the present game had not then been introduced. In those days, too, we all played ; either the High School was divided against itself or arrayed as a whole against the Grammar School near by.

At both base ball and football I think the best player was Roland (Roly) Lincoln.

Speaking of games, there was one played occasionally at the High and Grammar schools, but more commonly at the Primary School ("Marm" Stearns, teacher, when I attended). It was called "Hill-Dill." The players formed two lines at opposite sides of an area of convenient width and sharply bounded at the ends. One volunteered or was chosen by lot to stand between the lines. The others then ran across, striving to elude him. Whoever was caught joined the catcher, and at last there would remain only

* Postage stamps had not then, apparently, attracted that kind of attention; but Shurtleff, encouraged by his father, had cabinets of almost everything else, natural and artificial. We even gathered steel pens and catalogued more than a thousand different patterns.

a few fellows whose size or strength baffled for a time the combined efforts of all the rest. The game was simple enough, but it meant hard work, plenty of excitement, not infrequently torn garments and abraded skins. At the Primary School the Hill-Dill champion was Charles Dearborn; at the High School in the old stone house a like preëminence was awarded to Charles Bixby.

The game is not named in the Century Dictionary. Will someone tell us its origin and history?

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF THE HIGH SCHOOL

IV

List of Pupils in the High School prior to 1854 — continued

FEMALES

Harriet Barnard, daughter of William Barnard, Washington street; married Charles Chase, now in the express business in Brookline.

Mary E. Barnard, sister of Harriet.

Mary Barnett, daughter of Robert Barnett, Heath Hill.

Maria Bass, daughter of Stephen G. Bass, Harvard street; he was in business in Boston.

Mary Bass, sister of Maria.

*Eliza Bradley, daughter of Benjamin Bradley, Linden place; married George A. Mudge; her father was a book-binder.

Henrietta Carr, daughter of Henry W. Carr, Walnut street; married Walstein R. Chester; they now live on Walnut street.

Anna Atkinson, daughter of Amos Atkinson, Cypress street; married Richard Staigg, the artist; she assisted Rev. C. C. Shackford in his school in Boston.

*Mary E. Chandler, daughter of T. P. Chandler, Washington street; married Mr. Gibbens, a teacher in New York City; she now lives in Japan.

Lucy Churchill, daughter of William Churchill, Linden place; married T. Henry Perkins, a broker in Boston.

*Mary J. Clark, daughter of Cabel Clark, Walnut street; married Henry Alexander, of Boston.

Marion H. Clark, daughter of Clinton Clark, Park street; married E. A. Strong, of Boston; he is a retired merchant.

Anna L. Colburn, lived on Boylston street; now lives in Cambridge.

Lucy D. Comstock, daughter of Rev. Grover Comstock and Sarah Davis, missionaries to Burmah; she now lives on Tappan street.

Mary S. Davis, daughter of Robert S. Davis, Cypress place; married William E. Webster, and now lives in Newton Centre.

Mary Elizabeth Dearborn, daughter of William Dearborn, Walnut street; married F. A. Searle; lives in Walnut place.

*Lucy P. Durfee; married Charles Poe, who for his second wife married Carrie Withington, daughter of Otis Withington.

*Adeline Faxon, lived in Linden place.

Elizabeth Faxon, sister of Adeline; married Mr. Tobey, of Providence, R. I.

Julia Goddard, daughter of Samuel Goddard, Warren street; where she now lives in the winter.

*Mary Goddard, daughter of A. W. Goddard, Goddard avenue.

Frances V. Gray, lived in the Holden house, Washington street.

Annie M. Haynes, daughter of Clark L. Haynes, Boylston street; married Augustus W. Newell; lives in Bradford, Pa.

Charlotte Hedge, daughter of Rev. Dr. Frederick H. Hedge, Walnut street; she now lives on Walnut street.

L. P. Heslowe.

Sarah Hills, daughter of Samuel Hills, Newton street.

Theodora Hinkley, daughter of Holmes Hinkley, Harvard street; married Alfred Hill, Walnut street; lives in Boston.

Caroline Holyoke, lived in the village.

*Mary Houlahan, daughter of John Houlahan, Boylston street.

Martha Hubbard, lived on the Searle place, Cypress street.

Harriet Humphrey, daughter of Willard A. Humphrey, Newton street; married James Baker; lives in Brookline.

*Josephine Ladd, daughter of Frederic P. Ladd, Linden place; a ship-owner in Boston.

Sarah Mason, daughter of Rev. Mr. Mason, missionary to Burmah; married a sea-captain in Calcutta.

Sarah Mellen, daughter of Michel and Sarah Mellen, Harrison place; married D. H. Daniels; lives on Washington street.

Martha Ann Newell, daughter of Artemas Newell, Boylston street, for many years Town Clerk of Brookline; married Mr. Palmer, a teacher in Boston.

Rebecca Newell, sister of Martha; married Henry P. Cole, of Newton.

Isabell Newell, sister of Martha.

Caroline Otis, lived with Mrs. Merchant, her grandmother, on School street.

Mary Philbrick, a neice of Samuel Philbrick, Walnut street; married Dr. Swasey, of Beverley, where they now live.

Adelaide L. Pope, daughter of Charles Pope, Park street; lives on Newbury street, Boston.

Emily Ripley, married Rev. James Reed, of Boston.

*Mary Ross, daughter of Nancy Ross; lived on the Ward farm; married Sylvester Kimball, who tilled the farm.

*Lucinda Sanborn, daughter of Hugh M. Sanborn, Bradley's Hill; afterwards lived on Washington street, near Brighton; married Edward Chamberlain.

*Emma Sanderson, daughter of Deacon Daniel Sanderson, Brighton street.

M. A. Seaver.

Sophia L. Shailer, daughter of Rev. Dr. William H. Shailer; married Jonathan B. Mathews; now lives in Newton Centre.

Emeline Sheriff, daughter of John L. Sheriff, junction of Heath and Boylston streets; went to East Cambridge.

Isabella M. Shurtleff, daughter of Dr. Samuel Shurtleff, Boylston street; married David H. Coolidge, of Boston.

*Harriet Stearns, daughter of George M. Stearns; died in Brookline.

Mary Stoddard, daughter of Lewis T. Stoddard, Marion street.

Mary Tyng, lived on the Searle place, Cypress street.

*Ellen Wellman, daughter of William A. Wellman, Linden place; married Prof. George H. Palmer, of Cambridge.

Helen M. Winsor, daughter of Alfred Winsor, Walnut street; married Edward S. Philbrick; lives on Walnut street.

*Mary Perry Winsor, daughter of Alfred Winsor, Walnut street.

*Charlotte Witherell, daughter of the owner of the Old Punch Bowl Tavern. (Ebenezer P. Witherell?)

Sarah Jane Withington, daughter of Deacon Otis Withington, Washington street; lives with her brother in Everett.

*Sarah Woodward, daughter of Royal Woodward, Walnut street.

So far as informed we have thus given a complete list of the pupils in the High School during its first ten years. There were 216 different ones in all, 109 boys, 107 girls; of these, as far as we can learn, 147 are still living; 32 per cent have died within the last forty years. We note that seven fitting wholly or in part in the school went to Harvard College: —

Edward Southwick Philbrick, class of 1846.
William Dean Philbrick, class of 1855.
William Hosmer Shailer Ventres, class of 1855.
Arthur Searle, class of 1856.
George Maria Searle, class of 1857.
Howard Dwight, class of 1857.
James Harrison Fay, class of 1859.

It may not be uninteresting to note what was required and expected of members of the school at that time:

"Candidates for admission must be ten years of age, must have been well instructed in reading and spelling, must have attended to penmanship, must be familiarly acquainted with the four fundamental rules of arithmetic, and must have studied some primary geography."

Now what was expected of those who were admitted?

COURSE OF STUDY, 1843–4.

1ST YEAR: — Geography, History of United States, English Grammar, Arithmetic, Reading, Spelling and Defining, Penmanship, Declamation and Composition, Latin Lessons.

2D YEAR: — Natural Philosophy, History of England, Latin Lessons, Arithmetic, Reading, Spelling, Defining, Parsing Exercise, Penmanship, Declamation and Composition, Chemistry, Latin Reader, Grammar and Exercises.

3D YEAR: — Watts on the Mind, History of Rome, Viri Romæ, Cæsar and Latin Exercises, Arithmetic, Reading, Spelling, Defining and Parsing Exercise, Penmanship, Declamation and Composition, Physiology, Algebra, Rhetoric, French (if desired).

4TH YEAR: — Moral Science, History of Greece, Virgil, Geometry, Reading, Spelling, Defining and Parsing Exercise, Penmanship or Book-keeping, Declamation and Composition, Political Economy, Philosophy of Natural History, Cicero, Astronomy, Greek (if desired).

If a pupil entered the school at the age of ten years, think what was assumed to be possible for him to have done by the time he was fourteen years of age! That ambition overleaped itself, or that this Course of Study was, to a large extent, elective and not required, we infer from what the School Committee in 1847 reported to the town: "The following studies have been taught during the year: English Grammar, Arithmetic, Algebra,

Geometry, History, Chemistry, Latin and French; besides Reading, Writing, Declamation and Composition."

The town intended that the pupils should make their school duties their first business; nor were they to lose anything by absence occasioned by sickness, accident, truancy, or other misfortune.

Rules Adopted by the Town, 1843–4.

"1. Every scholar, while a member of the school, who is absent or tardy from whatever cause, shall be restored to former standing only on condition of producing a written excuse for such absence or tardiness, from a parent or guardian, and also preparing, within a reasonable time, for reciting to the satisfaction of the teacher all the lessons recited by the class during such absence.

"2. Scholars dismissed before the regular hour for closing the school, by the request of their parents or guardians, shall be considered absent for the day on which such dismission is requested, and noted accordingly."

The same year the School Committee recommended the adoption of the following rule by the town:

"Any scholar absent from school more than one-half day during any month shall not be admitted into the school again that session except by a written order from the School Committee, unless such absence be occasioned by the sickness of the scholar or by sickness or death in the family."

By the town publicly adopting rules so rigid and exacting, it would be implied that the efficiency of the school had suffered from irregular attendance, — a complaint at that time in the schools throughout the Commonwealth. But did rules and measures so vigorous and severe secure better results than are secured by different and more modern methods? The School Committee in their report to the town lamented the evil of irregular attendance, but at the same time acknowledged their inability to devise a remedy.

Examinations of the school, for the most part, were oral, and were conducted by some member of the School Committee appointed to that duty once each term. Some advantages were undoubtedly secured by this method, though the examination was liable to degenerate into an exhibition. It was naturally the event of the term. The annual examination occurred the first Monday in March, — just before the Annual

Town Meeting. The semi-annual examination was made the week next preceding the annual Thanksgiving. The quiet, frequent, written examination of the classes in the school had not then been adopted.

In our next number we shall refer to the High School in and after the year 1854.

J. Emory Hoar.

JOHN HEATH *

[See "An Old Diary," published serially in The Sagamore]

* Betsey's mother, Susanna Craft, born in Roxbury, 1738, married John Heath in 1758. They lived for a time at his father's, but in 1760 moved to the house of Samuel White, Esq. (Susanna's grandfather's), which stood near the present corner of Heath and Boylston streets. He died in 1804, aged 72, his wife in 1808, aged 70. John Heath was own cousin to General Heath, and also of Isaac Gardner, captain of the Brookline Minutemen, who was killed during the British retreat, April 19th, 1775. Miss Woods says "in his old age he relinquished his farm to his son. A curious old deed of subsistence is still preserved, in which are specified all the items for his maintenance," a not uncommon usage in those days.

AN OLD DIARY*

EDITED BY MISS ELLEN CHASE

1784

Tuesday, [January 27th].....a violent storm. Wednesday, Miss Lucy Aspinwall, Polly Aspinwall, Becca Sharp, Betsey Darrell, Sally Jackson spent the Afternoon and Ev'ning here. Luck here in the Eve'n. Thursday.....Hannah, Sally & Nancy Ackers spent the Ev'ning here. Prudy Heath† comes up to-night to stay awhile. Fryday, Gen'l Heath,‡ Lady & Son Billy spent the Afternoon and part of the Ev'ning here. Saturday, Betsy and I went up to the Warders, Miss Dunn went as far as my Uncle Crafts, we stopt there and drank tea.....

Monday, [February 2nd] Mrs. Maynard and her two daughters (Sally and Zilpah) spent the day here..... Ebby went to Mr. Sharps. Nabby

*Begun in the January number.

† Miss Prudence was from the Roxbury branch of the Heath family; born in 1751 she lived to be eighty-eight, spending many years in the household of Deacon Samuel Clark on the corner of Walnut and Chestnut streets, and after his death removing to his son's home on Warren street.—*Woods's "Sketches of Brookline."*

In 1818 she presented the First Church with two silver cups; the following copy of their inscription was obtained through the kindness of Mr. Charles K. Bolton:

THE GIFT OF
PRUDENCE HEATH
TO THE CHURCH OF CHRIST
IN BROOKLINE;
OF WHICH THE REV. JOHN PIERCE IS PASTOR.
1818.

‡In 1632 William Heath of Nazing sailed in the Lyon for New England and settled in Roxbury 1636. General Heath was of the fifth generation inheriting the same farm. In 1770 he was Captain of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and wrote for the Boston Gazette under the signature of "A Military Countryman." It was partly through his efforts that the organization of the minute-men was effected, thus placing New England at once upon a war footing. In 1774 he became Colonel of the Suffolk Regiment. He was a delegate to the Provincial Congresses of 1774-5, and an active member of the Committees of Correspondence and of Safety. The siege of Boston began after the British retreat from Lexington, when at the close of that day guards were posted at Charlestown Neck by Heath. Made a provincial Major-General in June, 1775, he received the same rank from the Continental Congress in August following. From then onward to the close of the war he held posts of responsibility on the Hudson, in Boston and Providence. Upon the discovery of Arnold's treason, Heath was the trusted officer to whom Washington confided the command at West Point. He was known here by his brother officers as the 'Duke of Roxbury.' In 1788 he was a delegate to the convention that formed the Federal Constitution, he was later State Senator, and Judge of Probate for Norfolk County from 1793 to his decease in 1814 at the age of seventy-six. In 1806 he was chosen Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts, but declined the office. He and Mr. John Heath were cousins.

The site of his homestead, taken down in 1843, is at the easterly corner of Heath street and Bickford avenue, at the southern base of Parker Hill. The Heath estate lay on both sides of Heath street, adjoining that of John Parker on the north, reaching beyond Day street on the west, and to Centre street on the south, where it extended from the Lowell estate to a point nearly opposite Wyman street.

The Peleg Heath estate lay west of Day street, extending beyond the Brookline boundary.

Gen. Heath's brother, Samuel, 'Tanner' Heath as he was called, pursued his vocation on Stony Brook near the bridge until his decease in 1817.—*Drake's "Town of Roxbury."*

Gen. Heath's Memoirs,— a record of the Revolutionary War—puts one in close touch with those times. A copy of this important and somewhat scarce book, the gift of the late Mrs. George Griggs, is in the Town Library. It is excellent reading in connection with Evacuation Day. I have been told his portrait once hung in the Old South collection. Samuel Heath, son of the General, born 1760, married in 1784, Ann, eldest daughter of Brigadier-General Greaton of Roxbury.

Gardner is down from Littleton. Tuesday.....my uncle Benjamin White here..... Fryday.....Doct. Goddard came up from Portsmouth, staid all Night..... February 8, went to meeting. Monday, Ebby, Betsey and I went to Mrs. Duicks with a Number of Gentlemen & Ladies. Rode in a double Sleigh. Three double Sleighs full in the whole, 32 in the whole, got home a little after twelve. Tuesday.....went to Boston dined at Mrs. Sanes..... Thursday, Doct. Goddard came here in the Ev'ning, staid all night. Fryday he set out for Portsmouth.....

Tuesday, [February 17th] my aunt Heath, Ebby, Betsey & I went to Boston..... Wednesday, my aunt Heath, Betsey, Bill & I went to Dorchester in the forenoon to see Mrs. Cheany, din'd at my grandfathers. Bill went home. Ebby come down & we spent the Ev'ning ..... Friday.....Betsey, Bill & I went in a sleigh to carry Miss Prudy home. Saturday..... Letters come.....

Monday, [February 23]..... Betsey & I went up to my Aunt Jerusha's to carry a Letter..... Tuesday, Betsey & I went in the Chaise for Nabby Baker, we spent the Afternoon at Mrs. Downers..... Wednesday.....my Aunt Heath, Betsey & I spent the afternoon at Mrs. Hyslops. Thursday.....at Mrs. Duicks..... Fryday, Uncle Heath & Aunt, Isaac Gardner & Ebby, Betsey & I went down to Mr. Jacksons in the Ev'ning to see the fireworks* in Boston.....

Sunday, February 29, went to meeting, my Aunt Heath staid at home upon account of the cold..... Tuesday.....Ebby spent the Ev'ning at Cap'n Campbells. Wednesday my Grandfather spent the Day here. Thursday, nobody here. Snows hard. Fryday ..... Stormy.....

Tuesday, [March 9th] nobody here, writing Letters all day..... Fryday, Mr. Homer† here a few minutes in the forenoon, we went to

*"Friday last being the day appointed for celebrating the Definitive Treaty of Peace, the morning was ushered in with the ringing of bells and discharge of cannon, which continued by intervals through the day. About twelve o'clock, Major Davis, with his company of artillery, escorted the honorable members of the council from the Council to the Senate Chamber. The General Court having previously agreed to repair to the Old South Meeting House, in order publicly to render thanks to the Governor of the Universe, for his great and signal interposition during the course of the late war, and finally restoring us to a peace highly advantageous and honorable. The procession was then conducted to Faneuil Hall, where an elegant entertainment was provided at the public expence. In the evening the Governor's house, with the public buildings were beautifully illuminated, and at seven o'clock a grand exhibition of fireworks were displayed in the Common, such as were never before equalled in this place. The bonfires on Dorchester heights and at Roxbury made a most brilliant appearance."—*Boston Gazette and Country Journal, March 1, 1784.*

† Probably Rev. Dr. Jonathan Homer of Newton East Parish, (H. U., 1777) who accepted a call to 'this branch of the golden candlestick,' 1782. Mr. Jackson of Brookline preached his ordination sermon. His pastoral relation with the First Congregational Church continued fifty-seven years, and he lived after this upward of four years in receipt of an annual stipend, dying at the age of eighty-four. The first church bell in Newton was given the First Parish by the old

Lecture in the Afternoon.....

Tuesday, [March 16th] my Aunt Heath, Betsey & I went with Mrs. Jackson & Sally to Mrs. Abbots..... Fryday, Mrs. Coburn din'd here.....

Sunday, March 21, went to meeting in a Sleigh. Monday.....Ebby staid all Night at Mr. Isaac Gardners. Tuesday, Mrs. Aspinwall & Julia spent the Day here. Bill went for them & Ebby carried them home at night. Wednesday, Mrs. Robins & Mrs. Gay spent the Afternoon here. Ned Williams stopt in here after School. Thursday.....Ben Davis stayd all Night. Fryday, Mr. Jackson din'd here. The carpenter here to work. Make Soap. Bill Ackers & John Gardner spent the Ev'ning.....

Tuesday, [March 30] it raind. Colo'n Aspinwall here a little while.... Thursday I went up to my Aunt Jerusha's this morning to stay, went up to my Aunt Crafts with her to see how the Child did, we were gone about an our & a half. Friday, nothing nor Nobody. Saturday, snow. Betsey came up in the Afternoon to come home with me.....

Thursday, [April 15th] Fast Day went to meeting. Betsey & I din'd at Mr. Jackson's. Mr. Daniel Dana there..... Saturday, Doct'r Ames here.....

Tuesday, Polly Seaver & Izzy Weld stopt here they are going to Portsmouth by Water..... My Aunt Heath stay'd & watch'd with Mrs. Davis who is sick with the Lung Fever. Doct'r Ames & Mr. Pond of Holiston here in the Ev'ning. Wednesday, my Uncle Craft here. I went home with him to stay. My Aunt Craft sick almost all the time I was there, went to Boston with her one day. Mr. Jackson & Lady there one Afternoon, my Aunt Jerusha there a great many times, nobody else there but a parcel of Old Croaks.....

Monday, May 2nd. Izzy Weld, Polly Seaver, Phineas Weld, Natty

---

Federal Street Church (Dr. Channing's) in December, 1810. From an accompanying note we learn this bell had been given the Brattle Street Society in 1773 by Governor Hancock. Dr. Homer married Anna, daughter of Obadiah Curtis of Boston; his only child, Jonathan Homer, died 1804, aged twenty-one. Dr. James Freeman of King's Chapel was a brother-in-law. He was a student and authority on the English Translations of the Scriptures, but unhappily his notes remained unpublished. It is told in illustration of his kindly abstraction that he stopped his chaise a hot summer's day to remove a toad, which he saw burrowing in the sand, into a shady retreat, and then contentedly drove on, not noticing it was the shade of his own carriage in which he had placed the poor creature! It was the custom of the time to wear black cotton gloves in the pulpit. His, being always an inch or more too long in the fingers, used to cause the younger part of the congregation amusement by the playful way they had of wagging even in the most impressive passages of his sermons, which were often long and doctrinal, reaching to 'Tenthly.' But "Laugh as much as you will," a brother minister once said, "there is no man among us who carries with him the Spirit of the Gospel from Monday morning to Saturday night, better than Parson Homer." Mr. Samuel Aspinwall Goddard in his "Recollections of Brookline" states Dr. Pierce often exchanged with him.—*History of Newton.* S. F. Smith.

Goddard came up from Portsmouth. The next Fryday Jenny & Betsey spent the afternoon at my Uncle Crafts.....

Jane went over to Mr. Goddards..... Betsey went to meet her..... They took a walk upon the hill..... Capt'n Parsons & Lady spent the night here.....

Wednesday.....Mrs. Seaver & Mrs. Corey here. Thursday & Fryday Polly Seaver work'd here.....

The Monday after I got home, Miss Hannah Goddard, Betsey & I went down to Mrs. Ackers's, Nabby Corey there. Tuesday....Clean house this week. Fryday my Aunt Heath & I went to Boston, Bought her a new gown & Betsey & me one.* Polly Dana & Sukey White here..... Wednesday, Election Day.† Enoch Corey, Tom White & John Goddard din'd here..... Thursday, Miss Betsey Shed came here ..... Fryday.....went home.

* This trip to the city may have been prompted by the following advertisement from the Boston Gazette of May 24th, 1784: "Thomas K. Jones Acquaints the Ladies of the town and country, that he has received, by the Mermaid, an additional supply of GOODS, suitable for the season,—among which are—a very elegant assortment of *plain and needle work'd* MUSLINS *of the newest taste*—a beautiful parcel of Olive ground CALLICOES and CHINTSES—which will be opened and ready for sale by THURSDAY NEXT, at his SHOP, in FORE STREET, near the *market*." The prevailing colors in "Carmeletes & Lute strings" are given in the same paper, June 7th, as under: "Pink, blue, flesh, fawn, mulberry, snuff, straw, leylock, dark middling, light & grey, changeable sapphire, pink & white, blue & pink, yellow & white, dove, mazareen & garnet, black mazareen & crimson, salmon pompadore, green & garnet, nut brown and white."

† May 31. Election. His Excellancy, John Handcock, Esq. was chosen Governor. Mr. John Goddard, Representative & Counsellor for Suffolk County.

Mr. John Goddard, born in 1730, succeeded his father John, and his grandfather Joseph, on the farm the latter acquired in 1680. When Miss Woods wrote in 1874, six generations had been born upon the place. The original house stood where one sees the clump of lilac bushes a little below the old house near the Avenue. The present old house dates from 1767 some of the original clapboards and wrought nails remaining. During the Revolutionary War, Mr. Goddard was a Commissary-general for the American army in this vicinity. At the time of the siege he had command of 300 teams engaged in constructing fortifications on Dorchester Heights, now South Boston; goads in place of whips were used to urge on the oxen, being less likely to betray the movement. Four or five cannon had been hid in Mr. Goddard's barn for weeks; these were carried by night round through Heath street in Roxbury, and placed in position on the Heights. Several hundred pounds of gunpowder were stored in a shed loft and a sentinel, from amongst a little garrison quartered there, was continually on guard. Lest these stores should fall into unfriendly hands they were after a time removed to Concord. Captain Joseph Goddard, then a boy of fourteen, was a driver of one of the teams under his father's direction. Mr. John Goddard was once riding over Charlestown Neck when a teamster asked his help; his own horse starting, he stepped back from between the oxen, and at that very instant a ball from a British frigate splintered the ox-yoke into atoms. He was an eye-witness of the battle of Lexington, and lent a fowling-piece to a neighbor to use on that occasion. It was not returned, and was missing several years, until on his way to Sherborn, he unexpectedly recognized it at the Wayside Inn on the rack above the hearth. Proving property he brought it home and gave it to a grandson; it was in existence amongst the Goddards when Miss Woods wrote, but not in Brookline. Mr. Goddard was Representative in the State Legislature from 1785–92. By his first wife he had a daughter, by his second, Hannah Seaver, he had fifteen children. She was a most excellent, energetic, and highly esteemed woman. When asked how she brought up so many, she laughingly replied 'she put leather aprons on them all and turned them out to play.' Of these children the eldest was Dr. John Goddard, Betsey Heath's brother-in-law. Mrs. Goddard died in 1821, and her husband in 1816, both at the age of eighty-six. About 1790 they left the homestead to their son Joseph and moved into the Gardner house on Boylston street. Its paneled woodwork, large chimneys, blue and white Dutch tiles, and diamond-paned leaden sashes are fully described by Miss Woods. Joseph Goddard was captain of the town militia; he married Mary, a daughter of Samuel Aspinwall. Of his twelve children, the eldest daughter married Captain George W. Stearns. One of his sons, Mr. A. Warren Goddard, was a Representative in his turn; and another, Samuel Aspinwall Goddard, of Birmingham, England, gave recognized support to the Union cause in the press during the Rebellion. His scattered articles brought together in book form may be seen in the Town Library, having been presented by A. W. Goddard, Esq., who now lives on the old estate on Goddard Avenue.—"*Sketches of Brookline.*"

HUMOR

YANKEE AS SHE IS YANKED

I've got a little dawg
  Which follows me everywhayyuh;
I lorst 'im in a fawg
  But 'e turned up an' die didunt cayyuh.

I'll never go back on my dawg, and
  I can't endoower the yidea
Of his being brought to the morgue, and
  I'll alwies kee pim right hiyyuh.

Not far down the street a group of children were playing. Among them was a little colored girl, prettily and daintily dressed. Small George, a precocious youth of six, seemed greatly interested in this tiny maid. About an hour later he ran into the house to tell his mamma of his new playmate, and ended his description by saying:

"Yes, mamma, I like her. I kissed her, and it tasted just like white kisses, and I'm going to do it again."

Officer of Battalion—How did you men happen to get so much over the line?

Private X.—We stood fast.

First Student—What do you think of the last Latin lesson?

Second Student—Hard lines.

Said the mandolin to the banjo: "Don't fret."

The other day a teacher spoke of a certain boy who is always behind-hand. We suggest that this lad eat ketchup.

First Boy—What's a governess?

Second Boy—O, that's a word they just made, so that we'll know when a women is elected governor of the state.

The desk-bell tolls the knell of parting school,
  The howling crowd winds quickly from the room;
The schoolboy homeward plods his weary way,
  And leaves it all to Mr. Thomas' broom.

——— '97.

"Did you ever notice what good English Mr. H. always uses?"

"Yes; but he was born there, don't you know."

When Lamb meets Lamb: First Old-fashioned Pedagogue—Mr. Striggs used to be considered a fairly good business man in his early days. He had a reputation for tact.

Second Ditto—Why, I thought he had always been a school teacher!

First Ditto—No, he was once a man of the world.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Subscriptions to THE SAGAMORE may now begin with any number. Price, one year, by mail, $1.00, payable in advance to Mr. F. B. Taylor, 294 Walnut Street, Brookline. We regret to announce that the February number is entirely out of print.

The Sagamore appears during the first week of the month. Subscribers will confer a great favor by promptly notifying the Manager of their failure to receive copies.

Although this monthly is protected by copyright, it consents to any article's being reproduced in part, provided, of course, credit is given.

The next number of The Sagamore will contain an article on OLD BROOKLINE, *by* MR. EDWARD ATKINSON.

THE

CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL,

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

A private school for young ladies. Prepares for Radcliffe and other colleges. There are Seminary courses for young ladies who have finished the work of other schools, but do not care to go to college. There are two residences furnishing the comforts of home.

Copies of the MANUAL are sent on application. ARTHUR GILMAN, A. M., is the Director.

China, Glass and Lamps.

Jones, McDuffee & Stratton

Invite the attention of intending buyers, or those interested in seeing the best productions of the potter's and glass maker's art, to their exhibit of English, French, German, Austrian, Chinese, Japanese and American wares in this line, gleaned from original sources.

One price marked in plain figures. A child can buy as cheap as a man, and we are not undersold if we know it. Inspection invited.

Jones, McDuffee & Stratton,

Pottery, Glass and Lamps.

(Seven Floors.)

120 Franklin Street, - - - Boston.

PRESCRIPTIONS

Carefully Compounded

DAY OR NIGHT,

—AT—

BAXTER'S PHARMACY.

Telephone 307-2.

This space has been taken by

WADSWORTH, HOWLAND & Co.,

Mathematical Instruments and Artists' Materials,

82 and 84 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

L. P. HOLLANDER & CO., YOUNG MEN'S . . . . OUTFITTERS.

. . FINE READY MADE CLOTHING . .

FURNISHING GOODS. - - HATS AND CAPS.

—— Spring Styles Now Ready for Inspection. ——

202 to 212 BOYLSTON STREET, . . and PARK SQUARE, . . BOSTON.

EDWARD T. C. EDDY,

Proprietor Currier's Pharmacy,

Harvard Square, Brookline.

TAYLOR'S HAT STORE.

Established 1870.

Honest Merchandise at Fair Prices.

Cor. Court and Hanover Sts., BOSTON.

THE HORACE PARTRIDGE CO.,

335 Washington Street, Boston.

HEADQUARTERS FOR BASE BALL . . . SUPPLIES.

Special terms on Uniforms and Equipments for team orders.

ALSO, ALL ATHLETIC GOODS.

CALL AND SEE US.

Drafting Instruments

OF ALL KINDS . . . . and MANUFACTURERS.

Artists' Materials, Picture Framing, and Supplies for Students.

Frost & Adams,

37 CORNHILL,

IMPORTERS.

BOSTON.

SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

The Third National Bank

Of Boston.

STATE STREET, CORNER OF KILBY.

Capital, - - - - - - $2,000,000.

DIRECTORS:

Royal E. Robbins.	William L. Chase.
Benjamin F. Brown.	Edward Atkinson.
Moses Williams.	George E. Keith.
Otis E. Weld.	Charles E. Sampson.
Francis B. Sears.	Joseph B. Russell.
Charles A. Welch.	William Minot.
Henry B. Endicott.	Edward Sherwin.
Jerome Jones.	Edwin Hale Abbot.

OFFICERS:

Moses Williams, *President.* Harry L. Burrage, *Cashier.*

Francis B. Sears, *Vice-President.* Albert H. Wiggin, *Assistant Cashier.*

Andrew Robeson, *Manager Safe Deposit Vaults.*

. . . . Safes to rent in . . . .

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS.

Investment bonds for sale. Interest allowed on trust and corporation accounts subject to check.

WE HAVE THEM!

We have all the modern appliances for prescription work and employ every care and precaution to ensure accuracy and absolute correctness in dispensing.

YOUNG & BROWN, Chemists and Apothecaries.

TAKE YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS

—TO—

BUTLER'S PHARMACY,

HARVARD SQUARE,

BROOKLINE.

Spring Overcoats.

TWO WONDERFUL BARGAINS.

BLACK CLAY DIAGONAL with good trimmings and correct in syle,

$10 worth $18.

BLACK UNDRESSED WORSTED Satin lined throughout.

$15 worth $25.

STANDARD CLOTHING CO.,

395 Washington Street, Boston.

IF YOU ARE IN DOUBT ABOUT A BICYCLE

—— GO TO ——

PURINTON & WARD,

5 Harvard Street,

They will advise you RIGHTLY. and sell for cash or on installments.

THEY LEAD ON REPAIR WORK.

Sporting Goods, Athletic Goods, Sundries, etc. They can save you Money.

C. A. W. SPENCER, Printer, Brookline.

VOLUME I NUMBER 5

MAY

THE SAGAMORE

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

CONTENTS

From my Window 135
A Modern Instance 136
Over the Divide on the Cowcatcher 140
News Notes 141
Notes on Base-Ball 143
Editorial Department 144
The Debating Club 146
Historical Department
Old Brookline . . . . . *Edward Atkinson* 147
High School Reminiscences—IV . . . . . *Prof. Burt G. Wilder* 152
Notes on the History of the High School—V . . . . . *J. Emory Hoar* 153
An Old Diary . . . . . *Edited by Miss Ellen Chase* 157
Humor 161
Announcements 162

BROOKLINE MASSACHUSETTS
PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT THE HIGH SCHOOL
M DCCC XCV

A. T. WHITE & CO.,

Successors to

VILLA GROCERY CO.

Sugar at Refiners' Prices.

Flour at Wholesale Prices.

Try our Teas and Coffees.

Partridge

PHOTOGRAPHER Brookline.

An "All-the-Year-Round" Special Rate for Brookline High School.

Single copies of THE SAGAMORE are on sale at The Brookline News Depot, at the Coolidge Corner News Depot; and at the Boston & Albany Depot News Stand, Boston. Subscriptions should be sent to Mr. F. B. Taylor, 294 Walnut St.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY.

A. J. HAYMAN, Ph. G.,

DEALER IN

Pure Drugs and Medicines Only.

TELEPHONE 153.

1363 Beacon Street, Coolidge Corner.

THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 1 MAY, 1895 NUMBER 5

FROM MY WINDOW

IT is a hot, glaring day in June. The windows are all open to catch the least breath of air; a few flies buzz helplessly outside the screens, and the birds twitter and chirp in the ivy. On the piazza across the street a few children are playing, and in the park are gay parasols and dresses; and here and there are baby carriages, with cross nurses trying to quiet the restless infants. A watering cart comes frequently down the street, settling the dust that rises again so soon, and a hose is playing on every lawn. Through the open window I hear the strains of "Sweet Marie," and there is the old hand-organ man with his monkey, who comes to this street every summer. Be it understood there is a very musical baby in the house opposite, that must be amused by all the hand-organs, to say nothing of all the hurdy-gurdies and street bands the town can afford him.

* * * * *

The bright October is over and autumn has come in earnest. Of all dark November days, this is the darkest. But people must ride and drive all the same; so the park is still alive with vehicles. Winter is coming, and loads of coal are brought to every house, pulled wearily up the hill by four strong horses. The flying leaves are carted off to kindle numerous bonfires, and the shrubs are trimmed and plants covered before the frosts. Children and dogs frolic over the lawns, each house contributing its share.

* * * * *

The first snowstorm of the season has come, and from the window I see the marketmen hurrying from house to house, the postmen laden with their mail, and Christmas shoppers come home with their arms full of bundles. Expressmen drive by with Christmas trees half falling out of the wagons. The engines whistle and screech, and sparks fly as the crowded train rushes through the blinding storm. The holidays are nearly here, but the hand-organ man still plays on, and the baby is always amused. How long will it be before the trees are green again and the birds sing?

M. E. W., '98.

Copyright, 1895, by Brookline High School Editorial Board

A MODERN INSTANCE

"NO, sir! I've put my foot down on that subject. You shall not have a bicycle, and that 's the end of it!" Father warmly remarked, illustrating his words as well as he could by bringing his hand down upon the breakfast table.

"This craze of bicycling," he continued, "is the most idiotic fad I ever knew. What enjoyment can a man find spinning around on a twenty-inch wheel — "two wheels, Papa," corrected Helen — working his feet like a tread-mill. Bicycles must have been invented by one of the wise men of Gotham, it is about on a par with their performance. Ride horseback if you want to; that is graceful and dignified and one is n't screwed up and bent over as if he were Atlas supporting the earth. No, I won't have any human rainbows in my family, and I know Mother agrees with me."

"Perfectly, Thomas."

Thomas, Sr., smiled complacently. Thomas, Jr., looked a trifle savage. "Men look badly enough on wheels," his mother went on, "and girls — well, coming out from church over the boulevard last Sunday, one in 'bloomers' raced our car all the way. I was disgusted! I hope I shall never see a daughter of mine on one of those machines."

Thomas, Jr., brightened up amazingly and grinned most cheerfully at Helen, who did not see fit to return it.

"You will be shocked, Anna," said Mrs. Elmer to her sister on the afternoon following, "but I've done a dreadful thing and I don't dare to tell Tom. I'll tell you how it happened. My two small boys are the victims of this 'modern education,' which has roused in them a violent interest in natural history. This morning on returning from town, I found Charlie sitting in the gutter with Grandmother Hildreth's silver sugar bowl. 'Oh, Mamma, come see this ant hill. I'm puttin' sugar on it an' the little aunties an' uncles is eatin' it right up.' I captured the sugar bowl and proceeded to Jack's room, where I fished a half-drowned lizard out of the water pitcher. Jack, fondly imagining it to be a 'young crocodile,' was saving it for the zoölogy teacher. Then Cook came upstairs with a tale of woe, from which I gathered that Jack had been boiling a bat in the preserve kettle, and being circumvented in that design, was now dissecting a mole with the bread knife.

"I racked my brains to hit upon a way to keep those children out of the house, and finally hit upon the bicycle scheme. I've just purchased one;

and now when I remember how prejudiced Tom is, I don't know what to do about it."

"Confession is good for the soul, Mollie, and now I'm going to make one too. My courage has n't been screwed up to it till now." Here Miss Elmer made a revelation that quite took her sister's breath away and left her feebly gasping.

"Why, Ann! Why, Ann! No! truly? How long? Why, I am surprised!"

"Doubtless," her sister answered, "but never mind, come over tonight and see it."

"Papa," said Helen, in the most doleful tone she could muster, "I 'm real miserable!"

"Well, what this time, Chicken? The 'wolf' around again? How much will satisfy him?" with a twinkle in his eye, as he felt in his pockets. He had heard of the animal before, and knew that he was in the habit of making his daughter visits toward the end of the month.

"No, Papa, not the wolf this time, though he won't refuse anything that 's offered him. It 's that wretched Tom. He 's been laughing at me and hurting my feelings."

"Well, we won't stand that! We'll pay him up in any way you say."

"That is n't what I want to do. I want you to place me in a position where he can't laugh at me."

"All right then."

"You promise?"

"Yes."

"Solemnly swear?"

"Very solemnly," laughing.

"Then," trumphantly, "get me a bicycle."

"Whew," he whistled, "you've got me there. I'm afraid!" as he shook his head ruefully. "What would your mother say?"

"Oh, we won't break it to her till I learn to ride, and then she 'll relent at first sight. I've planned it all beautifully."

"We 'll go and get it this afternoon. It will come out on the five o'clock train and arrive at our front door at half-past five. Aunt Anna is coming over with her new receipt for marmalade, so that Mamma will be down in the kitchen when it comes, and you and I will get it into the study and then tonight, while Mamma is at her Alumni meeting, you can give me my first lesson."

"Helen, you 're a child after your father's own heart! Could n't have planned it better myself," he added admiringly.

Thus it happened; and just as the town clock struck half-past five, the bicycle arrived in all its glory, and was promptly transported into the study by Papa and Helen, who, had they not been too busy investigating the tool case to glance out of the study window, would have seen another bicycle being unloaded under superintendence of Mamma and Aunt Ann, at the back gate, and smuggled in at the bulk-head.

For the next week, breakfast, dinner and supper, the Elmer family, or rather its younger members, talked nothing but bicycle. Tom went in town and brought out twenty-eight illustrated catalogues, with selections from which he favored the family at their repasts. Mother gathered them up daily and announced her intention of putting them in the fire, but they, at least, never got there, for Helen discovered them under a pile of stockings in the darning basket.

Mother declared these "bicycle discussions" were "driving her wild," and each evening she announced that she was going "over to Ann's, where she could have a little peace."

One evening, when her mother had as usual signified her intention to "run over to Ann's for a little while," Helen, whose suspicions had been aroused, winked meaningly at Tom, who arose and followed her upstairs to the window overlooking the back yard. They had not long to wait.

"Oh, gee! Helen, look at Mother on your bike. Why, she rides like a streak! Did you see her mount then? I say! What a jolly go! Look! Aunt Ann's got one too! Great work, Aunt Ann! My! we 're a distinguished looking family — on bicycles, at any rate." Then, after an interval of silent admiration, "Say, Helen, I'll bet you ten sodas father 'll be the next one!"

"Ice cream?"

"Yes."

"Oh, dear," regretfully, "I'd like to, Tom, but I don't think I dare take you up."

A little after ten, Mother returned, looking as if her "visit to Ann's" had done her a good deal of good.

"Where's your Father, children?" she inquired.

"Don't know, Mother," Helen answered. "We're beginning to worry about him. You know he said he might be home a little late, but we were to save supper for him. It's half-past ten now."

Mrs. Elmer sank down, feeling sick and faint. It had come. She had known it all along. When she had been feeling so happy all this evening, she had a sort of presentiment that it could n't last — that something was going to happen — and now it had happened.

"Oh, dear, if he's met with some terrible accident," she thought, "or been assaulted or robbed, or fallen through the draw bridge; there are no lights on it and Tom won't wear his glasses. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" as a dozen other dreadful possibilities dawned upon her.

"Tom, run quick to the telephone and call up Emergency Hospital, and if he is n't there, then call up all the others and — no, let Helen do it while you go in yourself and inquire. Jack! is that you? Get on your clothes as quick as you can and go over to Aunt Ann's and tell her. Oh, dear! Helen, get the key of the police box, not the fire box, be careful," as Helen started off. "A policeman won't do much good, I'm afraid, but he can examine the bridge, and it 's a comfort to have one around."

Then, when her family had all been dispatched, the usually calm, happy-go-lucky Mrs. Elmer sat down upon the lowest stair with a remorseful sob. She had never worried about her children, who always came out of their numerous and sundry scrapes all right; but concerning her husband, who had never given her the slightest cause for anxiety, she had always been like the hen with one chicken.

"Oh, dear!" she said, as a remorseful tear trickled off the end of her nose. "To think that Tom may be lying somewhere at the point of death; and I have been — riding a bicycle!"

Eleven struck — twelve — half past — then a voice was heard singing "Bonnie Dundee," and Father burst in at the front door. "Hurrah! mother, got it at last;" then suddenly, "What 's happened? Who's sick? Been a fire?" catching sight of the officer. "What's that man doing here? Been discharging the cook?" he asked in a whisper.

Mother embraced him with the words, "Where have you been?"

"That 's shortly told. I took it to the Columbus Avenue station, and the conductor would n't let me put it on, as it was a passenger train, so I had to ride it out — and I did it," he answered trumphantly. "I ran down two drays and one herdic, and rode up a number of lamp-posts. The front wheel wriggled so, I thought I should be cross-eyed; but I did it, and I believe I 've covered more ground tonight than any other man in Boston."

"I don't doubt it at all, from the looks of your clothes," said Mother.

"Mother!" he exclaimed, "if you were n't so prejudiced against it I 'd buy you a wheel tomorrow. They 're the finest invention of the century!"

"I quite agree with you," Mother replied. "I enjoy it exceedingly!"

And Helen whispered to her brother, "There, Tom, I'm mighty glad I didn't take you up on those sodas!" E. R. M.

OVER THE DIVIDE ON THE COWCATCHER

I HAD always longed to ride on the cowcatcher of one of the great Midland engines, and now I had a chance.

We were traveling in the private car of one of the officials of the road; and when we stopped at a little town which nestled among huge boulders at the foot of the Divide, Mr. Redding took us forward to the engineer and told him what we wished to do.

"Wal, ef you two gals think thet you kin hold on, I'm willin' you should try it," he said, with a broad grin; so we took our cushions and climbed on.

There was just room enough for two; and we felt secure because near each of us was an iron bar, to which we clung for dear life.

We were a little nervous when the iron monster behind us began to puff vigorously and we felt that we were actually moving; but, as the speed increased, our courage rose, and soon we were flying along a ridge on the side of the mountain. Our tears were given to the winds, which whistled by us, and our trail was marked by the stream of hair pins that we left along the track.

Suddenly, ahead of us, appeared a long low building apparently built directly on the track.

"What is it?" cried my friend.

"Snow-shed, I guess," and before the words were out of my mouth we whizzed into it, only to whiz out again almost immediately.

Up, up we went, until we were in the snow, which was piled up five or six feet on both sides of the track. We went down on the other side quicker than we had gone up; and in ten minutes we had left the snow-clad peak, and were speeding through a tiny green valley, strewn with spring flowers.

We soon reached another little town, where we descended from our perch, and went back to the car to continue our journey in a more conventional and comfortable manner. My desire was accomplished: I had ridden on the cowcatcher of a great locomotive. M. W. S., '97.

NEWS NOTES

REV. H. B. TURNER, chaplain of Hampton Institute, lectured in the Town Hall on Wednesday evening, April 3, upon the work of the Hampton School. The lecture was illustrated with the stereopticon, and gave a good presentation of the beginnings and of the growth of the institution, and the good results it is accomplishing in the South and West. There was a large attendance.

The date for the elocutionary contest for the J. Murray Kay prizes is Thursday, May 9. The speakers will be the following: Miss Linda G. Coolidge, Miss May S. Whitcomb, Miss Ella A. Candage, Miss Florence B. Adams, Miss Olive M. Belches, Miss May F. Rooney; and Mr. Marshall Stearns, Mr. Wilson S. Belches, Mr. Walter Boyce, Mr. Gardner H. Carpenter, Mr. R. Chauncey Seaver, and Mr. George W. Walter. The High School Orchestra will play during the evening.

The joint-debate of our Debating Club with the Newton High School Lyceum has been postponed to Saturday, May 11; it will be held in the Brookline Town Hall. The subject is: *Resolved, That the United States has pursued the right policy in building up her Navy.* Brookline will have the negative side of the question. The speakers will be the following: for Brookline,— Mr. Marshall Stearns, Mr. Stephen C. Wolcott, and Mr. Charles W. Kellogg; for Newton,— Mr. Edwin O. Childs, Jr., Mr. Philip Burgess, and Mr. William L. Barnard. Tickets may be obtained from members of the two clubs, and at Butler's and Bowker's in Brookline.

People that are at all interested in artistic posters will be pleased to see Mr. Bolton's catalogue of his own collection, which he has just had beautifully printed. In addition to biographical notes of the greatest designers and descriptions of their works, there is a bibliography of the most important literature of the subject. The book is gotten up in a very fascinating manner.

The proposed European party has ceased to be even talked of. There were so few that could be induced to go that the plan did not seem feasible.

We wish to correct an error in our last issue. The Class of '96 won 40 points in the indoor athletic meeting.

Mr. Dutton addressed the School Thursday, April 25, upon the observance of Memorial Day. If the holiday is of any significance, it should receive some recognition, not only in deference to "the shades of departed heroes," but also as a patriotic duty that we all owe to ourselves. The memorial exercises in the Town Hall last year were warmly appreciated by those who attended them; this year it is proposed to make them still more interesting. The School was asked to take part in these exercises, and unanimously consented so to do.

There is a plan on foot to take the whole School in special cars on an historical expedition to Plymouth on the thirty-first of May. As we go to press the details of this monster scheme have not been perfected. Of course the picnic cannot fail to be instructive — unless it rains.

The next annual spring meeting of the Brookline High School Athletic Association will be held on Saturday, June 1, 1895. The list of events will be: 100-yards dash, 220-yards dash, 440-yards run, 880-yards run, running high jump, running broad jump, hop, step and jump, throwing the hammer, 220-yards hurdle race, pole walk, class team race, and Fourth Class 100-yards dash. The mile bicycle race has been abolished, and a five-mile road race will be run on a date previous to the sports.

A meeting of the New England Interscholastic Athletic Association was held on May 2d. The resignation of Mr. Dalzell's School of Worcester was accepted; and the Lynn High School and the Mechanic Arts High School were admitted. The most important transaction of the meeting was the defeat of a movement to allow scholars over twenty years of age to compete in the games.

On Thursday, April 4, Mr. William H. Lincoln presented the School with a valuable set of books, which forms an important addition to the School library. The title reads: *Reports of Explorations and Surveys to Ascertain the Most Practicable and Economical Route for a Railroad from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean.* These surveys were made in the years 1853 and 1854, according to Acts of Congress, and were printed for the use of the members of the Senate. Valuable information regarding the condition of the "wild West" before the days of the Pacific Railroad is brought together in these volumes. The School is very grateful to Mr. Lincoln for his useful gift.

Mr. Prentiss Cummings delivered the last of his four lectures in the High School Extension Course on Tuesday evening, April 30th. His thoughtful and scholarly discussion of matters connected with Astronomy was of great benefit to his hearers, who could not fail to be more favorably impressed with a simple and lucid exposition than with an elaborate technical analysis of the subject.

NOTES ON BASE-BALL

On the twenty-fifth of March, just after the Interscholastic Sports, a call was made for candidates for the ball nine. Twenty-six fellows responded, and reported at the playgrounds that afternoon for practice. A large number of them, however, were "first-day enthusiasts," who found one day's base-ball sufficient for them. The number of candidates grew steadily smaller and smaller each day, until but twelve remained with the team.

In two practice games, of five innings each, on the second and the thirteenth of April, the School nine defeated the team of Hopkinson's 21–4, and 15–1. The players were North, pitcher; Hutchins, catcher; Lewis, first base; Aechtler and Stearns, second base; Kernan, third base; Manning, short stop; Seaver, left field; Wise, centre field, and E. L. Parker, right field.

When the report cards were given out, the following fellows were notified that they could not play ball "until further notice,"— North, Hutchins, Belches, Aechtler, Seaver and Wise.

Had it been possible, the game with the English High School would have been cancelled; but there was no time. There were only seven candidates left that could play, so two fellows that are not in the school completed the nine. English High won by a score of 14 to 13.

April 24th Roxbury Latin defeated Brookline High. Brookline went to the bat and scored five runs in the first inning, chiefly on Roxbury's errors. After that, with few exceptions, Roxbury's fielding was sharp and accurate. Our fielding was very loose, and the batting was poor.

Since so many of the team are on probation, it has been decided to cancel all games up to the fifteenth of May.

S. W. L.

COMMUNICATIONS may be left in the hands of the editors at school, or mailed to Arthur W. Spencer, 75 Prospect Street, Brookline. Contributors will please write legibly on one side of the paper only and sign their names, which need not appear in print. All MSS. must be received by the 20th of the month; rejected MSS. will be remailed to the owners if accompanied with the necessary postage.

SINGLE COPIES—10 cents; Volume 1, 60 cents. On sale at the Brookline News Depot, at the Coolidge Corner News Depot, and in the Boston and Albany Railroad Station, Boston. SUBSCRIPTIONS are to be sent to the Business Manager.

ADVERTISING RATES may be obtained by addressing Frederick B. Taylor, 294 Walnut Street, Brookline.

Entered at the Boston Post-Office as Second Class Mail Matter.

We are now fairly started upon the fourth and last quarter of the school year. To both teachers and pupils, these last two months are very trying, and require a great output of energy and self-control. Warm weather and sunny days, bringing with them all sorts of diversions, will soon be upon us, and will make regular application to school duties a hard thing. Everybody now begins to realize how agreeable it is to spend the greater part of the time out-of-doors, and how hard it is to stay cooped-up in the house,— a thing that might have been enjoyable rather than otherwise a few months ago. To make matters worse, many of the college students, who are anxiously awaiting their examinations in June, have to take advantage of every possible moment, either in making up back work or in "cramming" in order to make themselves surer. Here is the chance for everyone to show what he is made of. If we buckle down to hard work now, time will fly, and before we realize it, vacation will come, and with it a good, long breathing-spell.

A pretty pass is this! It looks as if athletics had reached an abnormal state in our school too. Six members of the base-ball nine have been forbidden to play, for the present at least, on account of neglect of studies. Yet at the beginning of the season they were reminded of the policy of the school that allows no one to represent it in the field of sport, who is not satisfying the requirements of the class-room. What were the fellows thinking of? Probably they did n't think at all; but now they will have a chance. They have had a good lesson; but it has been at the School's expense. They have, in fact, undone the work of our foot-ball team of last fall, which showed so satisfactorily that studies and athletics could be combined to the advantage of each. We know that the nearness of the "exams" makes the work harder now than it was in the fall; yet this in no way excuses them. Still, they have plenty of time to make amends, and we have no doubt that we shall soon see in the field a nine in every way worthy of the School.

Readers of Mr. Atkinson's article will notice the strong contrast he makes between Brookline as it was fifty or more years ago, when the population was barely over five hundred, and the town as it is today, when its territory is steadily becoming more and more densely inhabited. If the erection of new buildings continues at this rate, in a few years we shall hardly have a breathing space left, and matters will be a good deal as they are at present in crowded residential parts of the city, where there are no uncovered spaces, and where people can not get a chance to breathe the open air without taking a ride in the Park. If, however, a society could be organized that should have for its object the control of the means by which the town is to be built up, the institutors of such a plan would be doing a great deal to contribute toward Brookline's future welfare.

The base-ball fund was well subscribed to, and the Manager particularly desires to express the indebtedness of the Team to the contributors. Now they must see that they have a good nine. Let it be said here that the prevention of six members from playing on the Team was not alone due to the excess to which they carried base-ball practice, for at the time that the quarterly marks were received, they had been playing only two weeks. The blame, in fact, must be put upon poor scholarship, rather than directly upon base-ball. There is no reason whatever why the cause of base-ball should not prosper in the School.

THE DEBATING CLUB

THE sixty-ninth regular meeting of the Brookline High School Debating Club was held April 3, 1895, in the High School Building. The candidates nominated for next year's officers were as follows: President, Stephen C. Wolcott and Philip R. Dunbar; Vice-President, R. Chauncey Seaver and Charles W. Kellogg; Secretary, George C. Clancy and George W. Walter; Treasurer, Samuel W. Lewis and Ralph W. Stearns; Corresponding Secretary, Herbert S. Hirshberg and Fred H. Cook; Directors, Austin H. Parker, Harry D. Cormerais, John T. Floyd, and J. Nelson Manning.

The following motion was passed: *Moved, That the President be empowered to appoint a committee of three, to appoint six debaters for the public debate on Oct. 2, 1895; and that the six debaters be authorized to choose their own subject for debate.*

The subject of debate for the evening was: *Resolved, That the United States government should control the railroads and telegraph systems of this country.* Messrs. Harry D. Cormerais and R. Chauncey Seaver spoke on the affirmative, while Frederick B. Taylor, Fred H. Cook, and Edwin R. Smith upheld the negative side of the question.

Among the graduate members present were Mr. Sumner H. Foster, Mr. Herbert R. Chase, Mr. William G. Nash, and Mr. John A. Cousens. They made brief speeches, which were highly appreciated by the Club.

For certain reasons it has been agreed by the Newton and the Brookline representatives to postpone the joint-debate to Saturday, May 11, 1895. The tickets are printed; and it is hoped that a great many both within and without the School will buy them. The price is twenty-five cents. Besides the interesting debate that is being prepared, music will be furnished by the M. I. T. Orchestra.

This will be the last debate during the school year, and it is especially desired that a large audience be present.

DWIGHT FARNUM, *Secretary.*

OLD BROOKLINE

I AM asked to give some recollections of old Brookline. My first impressions date from about 1834, when, under the instruction of an English gardener who cared for our little place on the New Lane — now Cypress street — while my father was absent in Russia, I first learned about gardening and flowers. The latter taste has led me to know more about the different parts of Brookline than most of the people who dwell therein.

The old town was a rural district, occupied mainly by farmers, with the few Boston business men who drove in and out for lack of public conveyance, which was limited to the Brighton stage on Thursday mornings, once out and once in, usually filled with drovers. I have a faint remembrance of the old Punch Bowl which stood near the place where Lyceum Hall now stands,— a large building, as it then seemed, with a two-story piazza; the town pump; the big trees, elm and buttonwood; the old house in the middle, where the post-office was in the back part of Mr. Stearns' grocery — in the ell of the house one of the widows White lived; Mr. Phippen, the tailor, near by, and Mr. Barnard, the shoemaker, next, where my first boots were made; Miss Katy Krehore's little shop, where pins, needles and candy were sold. The corner where the Guild Block now is was one of the most picturesque places in the whole town. The arch of the old turnpike gate was still standing. The village was what one dreams of,—"a lovely village of the plain." Where the bridge now is the broad brook ran beside the roadway and below the level, at which the cattle stopped to quench their thirst when on the way to market. Near where Kent street now is, both then and for many, many years later, "Perry's Wood" was a lovely place for summer picnics, and where the car house now stands on Chestnut street was the "fairy land" of Sewall's Wood, through which we passed on our way to bathe at Jamaica Pond, stopping to gather the wild flowers on the way home, unless we came back over "Hog Ward's" farm to hook windfall apples and pears in the late summer. Sometimes it was windy there when it was n't anywhere else.

The roadways were all narrow; the bushes and trees were many. If we happened to come out upon the "New Lane" on the way to church behind Daddy Holden's round-topped chaise, there we had to stay behind as his old farm horse jogged along, because the bushes were so near the roadway that one could not easily pass. Many a time have I crept over on the stone wall to cross the overflowed roadway when the brook had risen in the

spring at the point where Mr. Ritchie's shop now stands, then on both sides "woodsy" and "shrubsy." On the slope of the hill behind the new High School I picked the nuts from the walnut trees which were felled to make way for the apple orchard which is now there.

On the hill stood the old parish church of colonial type, which the people of the First Parish so unwisely pulled down to make place, first, for the substitute which never took the place of the old one, and then for the present stone church, which, whatever its merits may be, carries no sentiment with it compared to the old church to those who dwelt in old Brookline. Who will ever forget the choir, with Mr. Newell's bombadoon, which we boys called the "orfulclyde," Mr. Flagg's clarionet, Mr. Brown's horn, Edward Wild's bass viol, and the old Doctor's occasional flute, Mrs. Stearns' and Mrs. Haynes' voices, than which none were ever sweeter; Dr. Pierce, with his hand at his ear to catch the name of the tune that Mr. Ben Davis gave out. How the "fier-r-r ascending" did seek the skies when that hymn was sung!

It was a long walk up the line of the New Lane brook, through the woods to what is now so clumsily called Chestnut Hill Avenue, then home over Hayden's Hill and down the turnpike in search of the wild flowers and to cut hockeys. A yet longer walk to the big woods west of Hammond's Pond, where the finest hemlocks now grow, of which hardly any one in Brookline has any knowledge. A long day's tramp, with botany box, carrying lunch, afterwards to be filled with flowers, over the Putterham meadows and around by Mr. Warren Goddard's woods. Away over at Longwood was a single house so remote from all neighbors that we wondered how anyone could live there.

Old "Can't Acknowledge" wandered about the town, seemingly half-witted, but whenever asked why he didn't work for a living, answering "can't acknowledge." Mr. Hooker came down with his white-topped wagon from Needham, bringing butter, eggs and chickens; Mammy Loker, from Skunk's Misery in Natick, selling "yerbs and greens." The good old peddler, whose name I have lost, who gave me sugar plums, brought his pack, carrying honest goods to sell. My old friend, George Cushing, who never thinks of me as anything but a little boy, and of whom I never think but as "George," one of my best friends, maintains the dignity and integrity of the old inhabitants to this day. We all knew each other — boy and man. Never such fun as to straighten horseshoe nails on the forge in

Hall's blacksmith shop, opposite where the Town Library now stands, while Abraham Lambert shod the oxen and the horses. The elder Papanti taught one of his first dancing classes in our parlor, while the neighboring widow prayed that we might be converted from such a sinful amusement.

In those early days how we gathered ten or a dozen carry-alls full,—good Mr. Little among the number, and many others,— for a drive to Spot Pond, a row on the lake and a picnic in the woods,— on one picnic one boy placing a big tin pail on the middle of the tablecloth, spread for the picnic, which, when uncovered by one of the girls, opened the way for a large, green bull-frog to jump out upon the cloth.

The sociables in what is now Goddard Hall, where we wore white cotton gloves, and served cake and lemonade in the crockery dishes and the yellow mugs borrowed from the shop below!

"Oh, was n't it good a boy to be,"
In those days of old Brookline!

When I dream of those old times I sometimes wish that all the newcomers who have lived in the town only forty years or thereabouts, might be turned out so that we might go back to the old simple days and the old simple ways that made life worth living, free of the rush and the fuss and the feathers, of the big town hall, the electrics and the broad, dusty "boulevards," and all these other so-called "modern improvements."

What business had they to come, anyway, making land worth about as much a front foot on shallow lots as it used to be worth an acre, and putting up all our taxes yet more?

That's what is called progress, forsooth! Well, we can't help ourselves, but we can save the blunders from being repeated, which have come so near making this progress the very reverse of a public benefit.

There were less than a thousand people in those old days, but they were typical of New England. Yet could they have forseseen the future, how different Brookline would be now. The rural aspect is gone from half the town. It has been utterly destroyed where so much might have been saved had there been a little forecast. Hardly a play space anywhere, except one; scarcely any room to breathe in many of our schoolhouse yards; no provision for yard room in dwelling spaces in the future, where the crowded centres will be and where slums will surely exist a few years hence for want of forecast. Why not such regulations as in Philadelphia, for an open space to each family in every tenement? The greater part of new Brook-

line, now closely occupied, presents an example of wasted opportunity and lack of foresight, which will end in future want instead of welfare, because many places may soon correspond to the conditions of the South Cove and to the North End of Boston, closely covered, with no open areas.

The lesson which I would impress upon the young men and upon the schoolboys, is not to permit the blunders of the past to be repeated in the lay-out of that part of Brookline which still retains its rural character. It is not too late now, but it soon will be, to prevent the destruction of all that has made Brookline a name of such tender and pleasant recollections to its elder citizens. If, through THE SAGAMORE, a Brookline Improvement Society can be organized which shall watch for the elements of destruction, and turn the forces which will soon make for want into forces which shall make for welfare in the future lay-out of the roadways, the brookways, the parkways and the play spaces, the little magazine will be more than justified, and its memory will be held dear by the children of those who shall now exercise a wise foresight in this matter.

* * * * *

The first time I ever ventured upon making verses was when I was asked once before to revive my memory of the old town, the old people and the old conditions. You may find it worth while to reprint these lines. I have filed them off a little, and they are not half as bad as they might be.

The Putterham meadows are still green and fair,
Still over them floats the mild, balmy air
From Xanthus Goodnough's fair hillside farm,
Where they still make cider in the old farm barn.

How sweet was that cider! How warm that bright day!
When the wild flowers bloomed all over the way;
The bobolink warbled his sweet old tunes
As the tanager flashed in his bright scarlet plumes.

What flowers we gathered! Ah, who knows them now?
Even where to find them, so few know how;
The sweet andromeda by Hammond's Pond,
The pink lady's-slipper in the woods beyond.

The rue-leaved anemone behind Moose Hall,
Hepaticas scattered behind Thayer's wall,
Perfoliate bell-wort on Aspinwall's hill,
The dog-tooth violet down by the rill.

The nodding trillium close by "the brook,"
The graceful thalictrum,—the Indian pipe's crook,—
Saxifrage from the rocks in our baskets we gathered,
While thick o'er the ground were violets scattered.

Little "Jack-in-his-pulpit" looked over the swamp
Where the pitcher plants waited for flies on the tramp;
Arethusa scented the air which was o'er 'em,
While close to her home was the pink limodorum.

But of all the prizes that ever I took,
The white-fringed orchis was the pride of my book;
In Bigelow's Botany marked "very rare,"
But now near my sea-beach I have some to spare.

Well, the bobolink's gone; the pert sparrows have come,
With the modern improvements so valued by some;
But just as pert sparrows compare to the bobolink
Is new Brookline to old, and that is what I think.

I might take you to Putterham o'er the old Sherborn road,
By Whitemarsh's silk mill, so long since removed,
But *you* might not see what *my* eyes see so plain,—
The old friends, the old lanes, whose shadows remain.

The figures of speech and the figures of facts
Have long kept my mind on the currency acts,
But memory stirred by some mossy old wall,
Says "These things are nothing; the shadows are all."

EDWARD ATKINSON.

HIGH SCHOOL REMINISCENCES

By Burt G. Wilder, M. D., Class of '59

IV. The Rival School Literary Journals

DURING the year 1857–'58, presumably at the suggestion of Principal Hoar, the commonly unattractive task of composition writing was made more acceptable by the division of the scholars into two groups of contributors to journals, named respectively "Leaves from Young Twigs" and "The High School Scrap-Book." Each had two editors, a boy and a girl,—how chosen I do not remember. The first editor of the "Scrap-Book" was Charles C. Soule, '58,* whose *nom de plume* was "The Professor." The editor of the "Leaves from Young Twigs," for 1858–'59 was James H. Morse, '59,† and Soule was succeeded by the present writer, the editress being Miss Fanny V. Chandler.

The "Records of the High School Scrap-Book for the year commencing September, 1858," are now before me. They cover pages 37–82 of a quarto blank book, which was originally intended as a catalogue of steel pens.‡

The contributors to the Scrap-Book were thirty-four, girls and boys in equal numbers, as follows:

James Bartlett, William B. Bird, Charles L. Chandler, Walter G. Cooolidge, Gilbert Doran, Michael Driscoll, E. Aug. Jacobs, William E. Lincoln, Albert A. Pope, Mark W. Sheafe, William Stone, Henry V. D. Stone, Burt G. Wilder, Edward Wilder, William S. Cutler, Henry B. Scudder, Charles C. Soule; Misses S. Anna Bruce, Caroline W. Bursely, Fanny H. Chapin, Jennie W. Dupee, Helen B. Fowle, Annie Eliza Holt, Mary W. Lincoln, Sarah C. Nichols, Althea Pool, Lavinia M. Prescott, Elizabeth S. Shepherd, Georgiana F. Walker, Lillian M. Wilson, Harriet L. Withington, Fannie V. Chandler, Sarah A. Quimbry and Ellen Trowbridge.

As indicated by the records, each scholar wrote a composition about once a month. After — presumably — correction by the teachers, their titles and dates were recorded by the editors, and certain of them selected for read-

Erratum.— On page 79, seventh line, third word, for *enjoying read employing*.

* Harvard, '62; entered the Massachusetts volunteer service in 1862; Captain 55th Massachusetts Infantry 1863; breveted Major 1865, but declined the brevet; now President of the Boston Book Company.

† Harvard, '63; now principal of a leading school for boys in New York City.

‡ These pages are herewith transmitted to the Editor of The Sagamore partly in the belief that they may interest him and his associates, but partly also that he may assure himself that my handwriting at that period was not unworthy the school and its principal, and would not then have justified the typographical error in my last article (pp. 116 and 117), viz.: the spelling of the name of our game Lill-Lill, Hill-Dill.

ing—usually by the editors—to the entire school on Saturdays. From the dates in the record it would appear probable that the two journals were thus "published" on alternate weeks.

From my "Prospectus" it is evident that there was a keen but good-natured rivalry between the two literary organs of the school, and this would act as a natural incentive to do our best. The public readings aided as a stimulus in the same direction. Many of the compositions were really interesting, instructive or amusing, and the monotony of the week's regular work was relieved thereby. Finally, there was thus in the simplest way brought about a coöperation of teachers and pupils, and an acceptance by the latter of a share in the responsibility for the result.

As a whole, it now seems to me to have been one of the most signal instances of the wisdom and tact of our Principal.

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF THE HIGH SCHOOL

V

IN 1854, the School Committee consisted of Rev. John S. Stone, D. D., Rev. Matson M. Smith, Rev. Frederick N. Knapp, William P. Atkinson, and Dr. Edward A. Wild,—three clergymen, a teacher, and a doctor. They are now all deceased; and only one of them is now represented by any family living in Brookline.

In those days the School Board held their regular monthly meetings at the private houses of the several members. At a meeting held at the house of the Secretary, Wm. P. Atkinson, April 10th, 1854, it was "voted unanimously that Mr. John Emory Hoar, Assistant Master in the Cambridge High School, be appointed Master of the High School."

April 28th, Miss Clara E. Nourse was appointed assistant teacher. She was a superior woman, of high attainments, and an excellent teacher. In 1855 she left Brookline, went to Ohio and there organized a well-known and prosperous private school.

Nathan Lincoln, of Cambridge, was employed to give instruction in Music; he was a graduate of Harvard College, and had long given instruction in music in the schools of Cambridge. Of this department in the High and

Grammar schools of Brookline he continued in charge for several years, to the mutual satisfaction of all who were interested.

Mr. Scribner, of the firm of Dunton & Scribner, was engaged to give lessons in writing.

During the Spring Term of 1854 there were in the school the following-named pupils:

*Charles Brooks Bradbury	Frederick O. Wellman
Charles Lee Bixby	Burt Green Wilder
Eben F. Blake	William Griggs Wilson
Stephen G. Brabrook	*Abby Bartlett
*George Clinton Clarke	*Ellen Bradbury
George H. Cowan	*Abby Weston Deane
*Daniel Driscoll	Harriett N. Gerry
*Benjamin F. Jewett	*Emily A. Goldsmith
Charles McIntosh	Susan F. Haynes
*Augustus A. Page	Clara L. Hills
*Henry P. Perrin	*Abby J. Houlahan
*James F. Robinson	Abby M. Lyford
*Carleton A. Shurtleff	Lucy A. Page
Edward A. Seccomb	Mary A. Stickney
*George Theodore Stearns	Sarah M. Walker
Willard Lee Wellman	Clara A. Woodward

A brief notice of these individually may not be without interest. Fourteen, at least, of them have gone to their final rest; and forty-one years have scattered the remainder widely over the world.

The generation of boys and girls now in school can hardly realize the changes which those forty-one years have wrought. A civil war such as history does not record has changed the social conditions of the nation. Science theoretical and practical never before made such strides in advance. Internal improvements, population, wealth, indeed all the arts of civilized life have increased and multiplied almost to the extent of danger.

The dreamy forecasts of the author of "Looking Backward" have been pronounced *impossible* of fulfilment; now it is only said they are *improbable*. Not long ago steam was startling men and revolutionizing transportation; now it is a tame and dilatory force used to excite its own invisible yet irresistible successor. The prophet shrinks from revealing what the High School pupils of today will see forty years from now.

* Deceased.

Charles Brooks Bradbury entered Harvard College and was graduated with the class of 1858; he also received the degree of A. M. from Harvard. He and Ellen Bradbury were brother and sister, and were nephew and niece of E. M. Abbott, a dealer in lumber on Cottage Farm wharf. She was for some time assistant in the Boston Public Library.

Charles Lee Bixby, son of Clark S. Bixby, who lived on Chestnut street and was a grocer in the village, entered Harvard College and was graduated there in the class of 1891. He married a lady in Newton, where he now lives. Soon after leaving College he went into business on South Market street, Boston.

Eben F. Blake lived with his mother on Bradley's Hill; the family soon left town and went to Dorchester.

Stephen G. Brabrook was in Brookline only a short time.

George Clinton Clarke, whose parents lived on Park street, fitted for College with Charles Brooks Bradbury, but entered College and was graduated at Amherst. After leaving College he went into business in Chicago, where he was successful and influential. His name was given to a large public school in that city, indicating the appreciation of his efficient interest in education. He was also delegated by the merchants of Chicago to represent them in Boston at the great Centennial Anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1875.

George H. Cowan, a son of Thomas H. Perkins' gardener, was of a roving disposition. By a Brookline citizen he was seen during the war in New Orleans as happy as congenial companions and careless anxiety about anything in the world could make him. He was last heard from in Texas.

Daniel Driscoll, son of James Driscoll in Harrison place, won credit to himself as a scholar. He excelled particularly in mathematics, and after leaving school did some work in civil engineering, which he enjoyed and to which he was strongly inclined; but his health did not admit of close attention to hard work, and after a continued and manly struggle for a few years he died in 1865.

Benjamin F. Jewett, son of Benjamin N. Jewett, lived on Bradley's Hill. The whole family left town.

Charles McIntosh, son of Royal McIntosh, Chestnut street, enlisted in the First Mass. Regiment, survived the war, and settled in the far West.

Augustus A. Page lived with his mother, a widow, on Bradley's Hill. His record in school and his manly demeanor attracted the notice of the late

Charles D. Head, who, when Page had finished his course in school, gave him a place in his office, where he must have continued some fifteen years. He then went into a broker's firm under the title of Hornblower and Page, on State street, Boston. He married and lived in Roxbury.

Henry P. Perrin was the son of George W. Perrin, Walnut street. He lost his life by a railway accident at the South.

James F. Robinson was the son of James Robinson, Washington street. He went into the United States army at the breaking out of the Rebellion, ruined his health there, and, after his return, died in Westboro'.

Carleton Atwood Shurtleff was the son of Dr. Samuel A. Shurtleff who lived on Boylston street. He entered Harvard College and was graduated in the class of 1861. He was a most thoughtful, faithful and thorough student. It was a real pleasure to teach such boys as were he and his special friend Burt G. Wilder. They in connection with a few others had a marked influence on the whole school. The teacher saw and appreciated it; for within a very short time after he took charge, the discipline of the school occasioned him not the slightest anxiety. Their tastes and ambitions were in many respects very similar. They were both fond of natural history, and for boys of their age showed a good deal of system in their investigations. Professor Wilder, of whom more will be said in another place, has won a wide and enviable fame as a naturalist. Had his friend Shurtleff lived, he would have become hardly less successful and famous. In botany, more especially in entomology, he made collections of great value. He was a valued member of both the Boston Society of Natural History and the Numismatic Society. Though he died at the age of twenty-four years, his career, for one so young, had been almost brilliant. The civil war broke out just before he left College. For a time he continued his studies with his father, Dr. T. E. Francis, the Harvard Medical School, and Professor Agassiz. As medical cadet he then entered the United States army, and was stationed at a hospital on the Mississippi River during the famous siege of Vicksburg. For three months after the battle of Gettysburg he served at a hospital in Harrisburg, and was afterward sent to do duty in the hospitals of Philadelphia. Untiring and self-sacrificing devotion to duty unduly exposed him in a malarial district; he contracted disease and died in June, 1864.

Edward A. Seccomb, son of Edward R. Seccomb, is now in successful business in the city of New York.

J. Emory Hoar.

AN OLD DIARY*

EDITED BY MISS ELLEN CHASE

1784

Sunday, May..... Doct'r Goddard .....tarried here all night.....
Tuesday, Mrs. Hyslop & David† spent the afternoon here. Betsey & I

*Begun in the January number.

† Dr. Thomas Boylston of Watertown, surgeon, and active in the Narragansett War, married Mary Gardner of Muddy River in 1665 and settled here on the north side of Boylston street, near the present Reservoir. Of his twelve children, Dr. Zabdiel — baptised in Roxbury, 1679, under the Apostle Eliot — is noted as introducing inoculation for the small-pox in spite of violent opposition. A memoir by Dr. Peter Thatcher, minister of Brattle St. Church, published in the Massachusetts Magazine for December, 1789, is accompanied by a transcript of Rev. Cotton Mather's original letter suggesting the Turkish process of inoculation, which closes: "But see, think, judge; do as the Lord our healer shall direct you, and pardon this freedom of, sir, your hearty friend and servant,

June 24, 1721. Co. Mather."

It had not then been begun in England and the other physicians of Boston whose attention he likewise called to it, were loath to act lest in arresting a judgment from God, they should "provoke him the more." But Dr. Boylston satisfied himself by putting it to the test. In a chapter on "Medicine in Boston," by Dr. Samuel A. Green, we find: "On June 26, 1721, he inoculated his own son Thomas, six years of age, his negro man Jack, of thirty-six years, and a little negro boy, of two and a half years. They all had the disease lightly." (Memorial History of Boston IV.) According to Mr. Thatcher the account of his success "encourged the inoculation of the princesses Amelia and Carolina (daughters of King George II.) which gave a sanction to the practice in England." Two other notes are included in the Memoir, one from Dr. I. Watts, dated Newington, near London, April, 1735, and the other from Sir Hans Sloane, written in 1727. Dr. Boylston had then been made a Fellow of the Royal Society. While he was in England, 1724–5, he befriended Benjamin Franklin, who gratefully referred to his aid nearly sixty years afterward on meeting Ward Nicholas Boylston — the donor of the Boylston Market clock — a grand nephew; he felt it especially generous in view of the Franklins' paper, the *New England Courant*, having set itself against inoculation. Dr. Boylston died in 1766, and was buried in the family vault at Brookline.

John, son of Dr. Zabdiel, settled in London in 1768. His sympathies were with his "townsmen" of Boston, as he called them, during the Revolution, and he did much to relieve the American prisoners at Forten near Portsmouth. He died at Bath in 1795, leaving a legacy to the aged poor and orphans of Boston, known as the Boylston Relief and Educational Funds. In 1881 these exceeded $100,000.—*Hist. and Geneal. Reg., April, 1881.*

Nicholas, a son of Dr. Zabdiel's brother Thomas, dying in 1771, endowed the Boylston professorship of Rhetoric at Harvard. Two portraits of him are owned by the College, both Copley's, one being reproduced in the Memorial History of Boston (II). In Brookline he is especially remembered through giving the town an English bell. The records read: "Sept'r ye 9th, 1771, Voted to Choose a Committee to Wait on Mr. Thomas Boylston and Thank him for his Early Care in putting his Brother Nicholas Boylston, Esq'r, Dec'd, Order into Execution." The committee were William Hyslop, Isaac Gardner and Joshua Boylston.

Joshua was the son of Dudley and Elizabeth (Gardner) Boylston, a cousin of the donor. His name and that of his slave "Prince" are both found on the Lexington muster rolls. He was married as related by Miss Woods, to Miss Abigail Baker, whose brother was landlord of the Punch Bowl. Their only child, Rebecca, became the wife of the late Deacon Joshua C. Clark, and the house now occupied by Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted on Warren street was built for them in 1810. Her daughters, the Misses Clark, are the last of this old family in Brookline.

Susanna Boylston, a daughter of Dr. Zabdiel Boylston's brother Peter, married Deacon John Adams of Braintree, and was the mother of the second President of the United States.

Upon retiring from practise Dr. Boylston bought the homestead from his brother Peter and about 1736 built the present fine old buff house crowning the hill. From that family the estate passed to the Hyslops. William Hyslop on first coming to this country from Scotland carried a pedler's pack, but finally became very wealthy. He had two sons, William and David. His daughter Elizabeth married Gov. Increase Sumner, and he adopted little Mehitable Abercrombie, the six-year-old daughter of a Scotch Presbyterian minister, left motherless, who had been named for his wife.

Dec. 15, 1767. Wm. Hyslop was one of a Com'ty of five to "promote occonimy" and "prepare a form for Subscription against Receiving European Superfluities." Dec. 11, 1772. He was one of 7 chosen to consider the "Infringments of the Rights of the Colonists," and became ex-officio one of a Standing Committee of Communication to correspond with the Town of Boston. On the 28th Dec. Wm. Hyslop being Moderator, the "Freeholders of Brooklyn" took exception to the "leading and alarming Steps towards rendering the whole executive Power independent of the People." On the 4 Jan. following a Letter signed by him was sent, attestested by Isaac Gardner,

went to Mrs. Ackers's, Hetty Cromby [Abercrombie] there..... Fryday my Aunt Heath & Doct'r Goddard set out for Portsmouth.*.....

Wednesday I went with Jane to see her Sister up at the Falls. Nancy Ackers & Sally Dean & Bill Ackers Spent the Ev'ning here. Thursday we run to Mrs. Ackers a few Minutes..... Saturday Betsey spent the Day up at Mrs. Whites to help her unquilt a Bed Quilt.

Town Clerk, to Boston. A portion of its runs, "This Town think themselves happy in being always ready to add their mite towards with Standing any despotick Measures that are or may be carried on to overthrow the Constitution and deprive us of all our invaluable Rights and Priviledges which are & ought to be as dear or dearer then Life it selfe. . . . May he that ruleth in the Kingdom of Men direct all our Counsels, & grant Success to all our Lawful Endeavors, that are or may be taken for the Preservation of the civil & religious Rights & Priviledges of the Colonies & of this Province in Particular. So as that we the Children of so worthy Progenitors may be enabled to transmit to our Children those invaluable Rights & Priviledges, as we had them transmitted to us. They were many times in Trouble on various Accounts, and in their affliction they cryed to God, and he delivered them; and if we their Children follow their Example, may depend upon the same Success they had—your Friends and Servants in the common Cause or our Country."

When war actually broke out, Mr. Hyslop was abroad on business. It prevented his return for some years. In 1780, Jan. 17, the Town votes "it is Satisfied Respecting Mr. Hyslop's Residence in great Briton & with the manner of his return."

On an earlier trip a handsome pier table had been brought back from Europe. It was supported by a couple of spread eagles, their claws each clasping a ball. During the War, a false alarm reached Brookline that the British were close at hand, whereupon this table was temporarily buried on the hillside back of the house. Little Hetty took into her own keeping on their flight a pair of red bellows. Colonial troops were quartered here later, and the Hyslops retired to Medfield. We find in the Town Records, January the 4th, 1793: "Voted to accept the Donation of William Hyslop Esquire for the purpose of Building a School House on, or near the spot where old School House in the middle of the Town Stands. Voted, that the Town Sensibly imprest with the great obligations they are under to William Hyslop Esquire . . . Sincerely Return him their thanks." This brick school-house was a square hip-roofed building facing eastward upon the triangular piece of ground where Warren and Walnut streets diverge near the church. It was open for school purposes from April to November and used for Town Meetings until 1825 when it was taken down, the present Pierce Hall replacing it. In 1796, David Hyslop inherited the homestead. He died in 1822, and his widow leaving no children, the property reverted to the heirs of his sister Elizabeth, from whom it was purchased about 1850 by Col. Henry Lee's father. Immediately before this it had been rented by the late Mr. Robert Barnett who had married a daughter of Ebenezer Heath. The house is now occupied by Mr. Henry Lee's grandson, Mr. George Lee.

A short time previous to David Hyslop's death he entertained at dinner the venerable Ex-President Adams who had wished to visit once more his mother's home. While President, John Adams was the guest of Hon. Jonathan Mason, who lived on what is now Colonel Lyman's place. He then said the last time he had passed along that way, his mother was riding on a pillion behind him.—Miss Woods' Sketches and Dr. Pierce's address, at opening of Town Hall, 1845.

In a letter dated "Montezillo, Sept. 16, 1820," to his "Dear Cousin Boylston," the elder John Adams describes his visit to Mr. Hyslop's on the previous Wednesday. He there states it to be "more than seventy years since I set my feet upon that hill where my mother was born, and where she carried me frequently in my infancy, and where I used to sport among the fine cherrys and Peaches and Plums and Pears as well as among the flowers and roses. The weather was very fine and I know not that I ever passed a pleasanter day; I ascended the Hill to the very top where there is a handsome summer house to the roof of which I mounted where are convenient seats and from whence your Wachusett's is plainly seen . . . the grand city of Boston and the Town of Charlestown; the Castle, the Islands, the Rivers, the Ponds of water, the Orchards and the Groves were scattered in such profusion over this great scene that I was lost in admiration. And to add to its sublimity in my estimation Whites Hill was full in view, the seat of my great grandfather and the Birthplace of my grandmother; all these lands have passed into the hands of other families and other names. I said to Mr. Hyslop, 'If I was worth money enough on the face of the earth I would buy it of you.'" The entire letter is cited by Mr. Kingman in the Brookline Chapter of "Norfolk County History, Massachusetts."

* *Boston Gazette*, May 17. "On Sunday the 2d instant two persons accidentally discovered in Danvers, the retreat of a gang of thieves and robbers. Its situation is in the woods, about a mile northwardly from the Boston road, toward Lynn, & is a kind of a cavern formed by huge rocks, & of very difficult & dangerous access. It appeared by the quantity of ashes, to have been occupied by its infamous inhabitants for a considerable time, though none of them were then seen. There were several cooking utensils, some fire, fragments of fresh meat &c., &c."

Monday, [June 7] Ebby set out for Portsmouth..... Wednesday we spent the Day at Mrs. Jacksons. Sukey Jackson there to stay. Mr. Abbott & Lady & Polly Abbott spent the afternoon there..... Saturday my Aunt Heath & Ebby return'd from Portsmouth. Sally Jewett & Hannah Coggswell drank tea here.....

Tuesday, [June 15] my Aunt Craft, Anna Scott & the Baby* spent the Day here. Betsey & I went to Mr. Isaac Gardner's† to pay the Wedding Visit with about 80 Gentlemen & Ladies, Sally Jackson, Sukey Jackson & Miss Hannah Goddard come here just after Dinner & Staid till it was time to go. Call'd for Miss Nancy Ackers, got there before any Body except Polly Aspinwall. Was treated with Green Tea, Loaf Sugar,‡ Milk Biscuit, Plumb Cake, Punch Beveradge, &c., Wine. Two fiddlers in the Ev'ning, got home about One O'Clock. Wednesday, Betsey carried Jenny up to the Falls, to go to Shirley to see her father & mother with her Sister Jerusha. Hetty Curtis & Lucy Heath spend the afternoon here....

Monday, [June 21] Molly Woodward here to help wash.....

Monday, [June 28] Molly Woodward here to help wash. Tuesday.... Polly Aspinwall here to bring Letters..... Thursday, Sally Jewett, Polly Aspinwall, Sally Jackson & Jose, Ebby, Betsey & I, spent the Ev'ning at Mr. Isaac Gardners. Patty that lives at Mrs. Robbins stopt here; come to tell that Peggy wanted to go out. Peggy Walker come to live here.....

Tuesday, [July 6] Betsey & I met Nabby Gardner in the Lane..... Thursday, Becca Sharp, Sally Jackson, Polly Aspinwall, Nabby Gardner, Betsey & I, Mr. Williams, Jose Goddard, Ben Davis & Ebby went to take a ride as far as Mystic,§ to the fountains, Nabby Gardner & I rode in Mr.

---

* The "Baby" was little Caleb Craft, born December, 1783. He married Sarah Richardson of Needham in 1805, and they lived together over 50 years. He died in 1860 in Brookline, and his lands on South street remained with his family until 1888.—*Crafts Family.*

† Isaac Sparhawk Gardner, son of the minuteman, was born in 1758. General Gardner married June 13, 1784, Mary, daughter of Samuel Sparhawk of Cambridge, and had ten children. See New England Magazine, March, 1895.

‡ "Excellent loaf sugar made and sold by Nathaniel Jarvis at his sugar works in Back street at one shilling L. M. [lawful money] per lb. clear of Excise." June 14, 1784.

§ "Mystic Fields was the name of the land on the south side of Mystic River from Winter Hill to Medford Pond. The 'Fountain House' (second tavern of Medford) was built as early as 1725, and yet stands, a comfortable residence [1855]. Being well placed on the great thoroughfare between Salem and Boston, it had extensive patronage. It aimed to be a little superior to other houses. Its sign represented two men shaking hands, who were called *Palaverers*; and hence the house first wore the name of *Palaver Tavern*. The two large trees in front had each a platform in their branches; and these platforms were connected with each other and with the house by wooden bridges, and were used much in summer as places of resort for drinking punch and cordials. Tea-parties were sometimes gathered there. It was called Fountain House from having a new sign representing a fountain pouring punch into a large bowl.—*History of Medford.*

Rev. Charles Brooks.

Isaac Gardner's Chaise, all the rest on horses. All of us drest in Polanees, high Crown'd Hats & Sashes, Vandykes. Drank Tea in the Place built up before the Door, had Green Tea, loaf sugar, Biscuit & Butter, Crackers & Butter, milk biscuit & cheese. Staid about 3 Hours, play'd break the Popes neck, sat out for home almost an Hour before sundown. Got Home about nine o'clock. Betsey rode with Nabby Gardner in a Chaise & I rode on a horse coming home. Fryday, nobody here. Write to Portsmouth.....

Tuesday, Capt'n Heath drank tea here..... Betsey & I sat out to go down to Mr. Jacksons, met Mr. Williams & Elisha Gardner, came back again, & Elisha Gardner carried the letters to Mr. Jackson.

July 16. Commencement Day. Betsey walk'd down to Mrs. Davenports, stopt there with the Ackers till we went. Elisha Gardner [H. U. 1786] here in the morning to call for Ebby to go to Cambridge. My Ant Heath & I rode down in the Chaise, my Aunt Craft, Anna Scott & Caleb come & went with us. My uncle Daniel Craft & his wife, my Aunt Caleb Craft, my Aunt Heath, Polly Scott, Betsey & I, went over to Cambridge. Did not get out of the Chaise, rode round the Booths three or four times & rode back again. Mr. Williams, Elisha Gardner & Ebby drank Tea there. Betsey & I tarry all Night. Went to see Polly Downer in the afternoon, but there come up a thunder Shower, & we went back to my Grandfathers. Went over to see Mrs. Robins between the Showers. Fryday....Sat out for home at night. When we got to Deacon Gardners the Ladies sent for us to come in. We spent the Ev'ning..... Sally Jackson & Jose & Elisha Gardner come home with us.....

[July 28]. Wednesday my Aunt Heath, Betsey & I walk'd up to my Aunt Crafts to spend the day..... Thursday, My Aunt Heath & Betsey went to Boston. Dinah & Sukey Craft & Dinah Sharp spent the day here. Fryday.....Sally Jackson & Jose, Sally Jewett, Hannah Coggswell & Elisha Gardner spent the evening here.....

[August 2d] Monday. Betsey & I spent the Afternoon at Deacon Gardner's. Jack Wolland there. Polly Davis, Becca Sharp, Polly Aspinwall & Prudy Heath & Ebby spent the Ev'ning there..... Wednesday.....Anna Scott & the Baby, Mrs. Wood, Nancy Wolcott spent the Afternoon here..... Thursday, Mrs. Jackson & Mr. Buckminster of Portsmouth spent the Afternoon here.....

HUMOR

REGULATIONS ADOPTED BY THE BASE-BALL NINE, APRIL 31, 1895.

1. Every member of the nine shall conscientiously prepare every lesson at least a day in advance.

2. No one shall go out in the evening without special permission from the Master of the School.

3. No one shall ask the Master for permission to go out.

4. No member shall study after 9 P. M., as all-night study enfeebles the mind.

5. No one shall study by artificial light, as the eyes are thereby weakened so that they can not see the ball.

6. Nobody shall be allowed to play ball after four o'clock.

7. No game shall last longer than an hour. If by that time it is not finished, it may be taken up at the same point on the next day.

8. No substitute shall be allowed to play on the nine without first presenting to the Master of the School a request signed by two clergymen, neither of whom shall be his father.

Professor Metaphysicus—A joke is defined as the simultaneous and unanticipated juxtaposition in indissoluble parabolicism of two or more incongruous entities.

Student—I think I see; can you give an example?

Prof. M.—Yes; a Salvation Army, a barn-door, and a divorce.

The above teaches that a joke may have no point and at the same time be very funny;—like this one.

Teacher of Physics—Can you name some non-conductors?

Pupil—Glass.

Teacher—Another?

Pupil (aside)—A motorman.

A studious man once had the walls of his room made tighter, as he was disturbed by the noise of the children outside. The job was finished, and Pat was on one side and his employer on the other.

"Can you hear what I say, Pat?"

"Not at all, sir," was the ready reply.

Seen on the bulletin-board: Lost, a drill jacket, by A. B. H——— with a silk lining.

The other day a girl was overheard, on the electric cars, telling a friend about her French lessons, and how nicely she was getting along. Later, when the car stopped for her, she waved her hand to her friend and said, "Aujourd'hui, aujourd'hui."

A man was dashing bucketfulls of water against a large window to clean it.

"Stop!" said the window, "I've got a pain."

And the bucket turned pale.

The Symphony is "played-out" by this time.

The sexton tolled the bell. "I don't believe it," said the bell, as it wrung his tail.

The other day, when the late Mr. John Smith was sporting it in the Catskills, one of the Iroquois wanted to exchange a string of wampum for his handsome tent.

"No siree," said the renowned protegé of Pocahontas, "I'm quite pertickler 'bout keepin' my wig warm."

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Subscriptions to THE SAGAMORE may now begin with any number. Price, one year, by mail, $1.00, payable in advance to Mr. F. B. Taylor, 294 Walnut Street, Brookline. We regret to announce that the February number is entirely out of print.

The Sagamore appears during the first week of the month. Subscribers will confer a great favor by promptly notifying the Manager of their failure to receive copies.

Although this monthly is protected by copyright, it consents to any article's being reproduced in part, if not more than 500 words are taken, and provided, of course, credit is given.

The next number of The Sagamore will contain the William H. Lincoln Prize Essay for the year 1894, entitled INTELLECTUAL BUTTERFLIES, *by* MR. NATHAN R. WOOD.

China, Glass and Lamps.

Jones, McDuffee & Stratton

Invite the attention of intending buyers, or those interested in seeing the best productions of the potter's and glass maker's art, to their exhibit of English, French, German, Austrian, Chinese, Japanese and American wares in this line, gleaned from original sources.

One price marked in plain figures. A child can buy as cheap as a man, and we are not undersold if we know it. Inspection invited.

Jones, McDuffee & Stratton,

Pottery, Glass and Lamps.

(Seven Floors.)

120 Franklin Street, - - - Boston.

PRESCRIPTIONS

Carefully Compounded

DAY OR NIGHT,

—AT—

BAXTER'S PHARMACY.

Telephone 307-2.

This space has been taken by

WADSWORTH, HOWLAND & CO.,

Mathematical Instruments and Artists' Materials,

82 and 84 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

L. P. HOLLANDER & CO., YOUNG MEN'S . . . . OUTFITTERS.

. . FINE READY MADE CLOTHING . .

FURNISHING GOODS. - - HATS AND CAPS.

—— Spring Styles Now Ready for Inspection. ——

202 to 212 BOYLSTON STREET, . . and PARK SQUARE, . . BOSTON.

EDWARD T. C. EDDY,

Proprietor Currier's Pharmacy,

Harvard Square, Brookline.

TAYLOR'S HAT STORE.

Established 1870.

Honest Merchandise at Fair Prices.

Cor. Court and Hanover Sts., BOSTON.

THE HORACE PARTRIDGE CO.,

335 Washington Street, Boston.

HEADQUARTERS FOR BASE-BALL . . . SUPPLIES.

Special terms on Uniforms and Equipments for team orders.

ALSO, ALL ATHLETIC GOODS.

CALL AND SEE US.

Boston Young Men's Christian Union

48 Boylston St., near Tremont Street.

LECTURES.
EVENING CLASSES.
ENTERTAINMENTS.
PRACTICAL TALKS.
PUBLIC RELIGIOUS SERVICES.
LIBRARY,
13,000 VOLUMES.

EDUCATIONAL.
ETHICAL.
SOCIAL.
PHYSICAL.
RELIGIOUS.
EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

MEMBERSHIP,
$1 per Year.

GYMNASIUM,
$5 and $8 per Year,
According to hours of Exercise

WM. H. BALDWIN, Pres't. **GEORGE PEIRCE, Sec'y.**

PIERCE & SMITH,

Dealers in Fancy Bakery Products, including Charlotte Russe, Angel Cake, Maccaroons, Etc.

Hot Rolls and Bread Every Afternoon. 235 Washington St., Brookline.

THE RIVERDALE PRESS: C. A. W. SPENCER.

——PRINTS——

THE SAGAMORE (Monthly),
THE CHRONICLE (Weekly),
THE REFRACTIONIST (Monthly),
THE MASSACHUSETTS QUARTERLY.

BOOK AND GENERAL MERCANTILE WORK.

Office, Harvard Building, Harvard Square, - BROOKLINE, MASS.

American Statesmen.

Biographies of Men Conspicuous in the Political History of the United States.

Edited by JOHN T. MORSE, Jr.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS	By John T. Morse, Jr.
ALEXANDER HAMILTON	By Henry Cabot Lodge
JOHN C. CALHOUN	By Dr. H. Von Holst
ANDREW JACKSON	By Prof. Wm. G. Sumner
JOHN RANDOLPH	By Henry Adams
JAMES MONROE	By Pres. D. C. Gilman
THOMAS JEFFERSON	By John T. Morse, jr.
DANIEL WEBSTER	By Henry Cabot Lodge
ALBERT GALLATIN	By John Austin Stevens
JAMES MADISON	By Sydney Howard Gray
JOHN ADAMS	By John T. Morse, Jr.
JOHN MARSHALL	By Allan B. Magruder
SAMUEL ADAMS	By James K. Hosmer
THOMAS H. BENTON	By Theodore Roosevelt
HENRY CLAY (two volumes.)	By Carl Schurz
PATRICK HENRY	By Moses Coit Tyler
GOUVERNEUR MORRIS	By Theodore Roosevelt
MARTIN VAN BUREN	By Edward M. Shepard
GEORGE WASHINGTON (two volumes.)	By Henry Cabot Lodge
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN	By John T. Morse, Jr.
JOHN JAY	By George Pellew
LEWIS CASS	By Prof. Andrew C. McLaughlin
ABRAHAM LINCOLN (two volumes)	By John T. Morse, Jr.

Each volume 16mo, cloth, gilt top, $1.25; half morocco, $2.50.

"Invaluable to the student of American History."—*New York Examiner.*
"The educational value of such books is not to be easily over-estimated. To young men especially they will be a political library of the utmost value."—*Boston Traveller.*

American Men of Letters.

Biographies of Distinguished American Authors.

Edited by.....CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

WASHINGTON IRVING	By C. D. Warner
NOAH WEBSTER	By Horace E. Scudder
HENRY D. THOREAU	By Frank B. Sanborn
GEORGE RIPLEY	By O. B. Frothingham
J. FENIMORE COOPER	By Prof. T. B. Lounsbury
MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI	By Thos. Wentworth Higginson
RALPH WALDO EMERSON	By Oliver Wendell Holmes
EDGAR ALLAN POE	By Prof. G. E. Woodberry
NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS	By Prof. H. A. Beers
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN	By John B. McMaster
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT	By John Bigelow
WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS	By Prof. William P. Trent
GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS	By Edward Cary

Each volume, with Portrait, 16mo, gilt top, $1.25.

"These volumes are very readable and full of interest. They undoubtedly will do much to encourage an interest in American literature, and to stimulate a desire to know about it and its authors."—GEORGE WILLIS COOKE.

Sold by all Booksellers. Sent, postpaid, by

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON.

Drafting Instruments

OF ALL KINDS . . . . and MANUFACTURERS.

Artists' Materials, Picture Framing, and Supplies for Students.

Frost & Adams, IMPORTERS.

37 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

The Third National Bank

Of Boston.

STATE STREET, CORNER OF KILBY.

Capital, - - - - - $2,000,000.

DIRECTORS:

Royal E. Robbins.	William L. Chase.
Benjamin F. Brown.	Edward Atkinson.
Moses Williams.	George E. Keith.
Otis E. Weld.	Charles E. Sampson.
Francis B. Sears.	Joseph B. Russell.
Charles A. Welch.	William Minot.
Henry B. Endicott.	Edward Sherwin.
Jerome Jones.	Edwin Hale Abbot.

OFFICERS:

Moses Williams, *President.* Harry L. Burrage, *Cashier.*
Francis B. Sears, *Vice-President.* Albert H. Wiggin, *Assistant Cashier.*
Andrew Robeson, *Manager Safe Deposit Vaults.*

. . . . Safes to rent in . . . .

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS

Investment bonds for sale. Interest allowed on trust and corporation accounts subject to check.

WRIGHT & DITSON,

Headquarters for all kinds of Athletic Goods.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO ALL

"BROOKLINE HIGH" STUDENTS.

WRIGHT & DISTON, 344 Washington St., Boston.

TAKE YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS

—TO—

BUTLER'S PHARMACY,

HARVARD SQUARE,

BROOKLINE.

ENGLISH

COVERT-CLOTH

: : TOP-COATS

$15.00

The latest style for young men. Cut short-form, fitting-strap seams, tailor-made with custom trimmings.

Standard Clothing Co.,

395 WASHINGTON STREET, - - BOSTON.

IF YOU ARE IN DOUBT ABOUT A BICYCLE

—— GO TO ——

WILLARD E. WARD & CO.,

5 Harvard Street,

They will advise you RIGHTLY. and sell for cash or on installments.

THEY LEAD ON REPAIR WORK.

Sporting Goods, Athletic Goods, Sundries, etc. They can save you Money.

THE RIVERDALE PRESS: C. A. W. SPENCER, BROOKLINE

VOLUME I NUMBER 6

JUNE

THE SAGAMORE

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

CONTENTS

Intellectual Butterflies—The Lincoln Prize Essay of 1894 . . . *Nathan R. Wood* 171
In the Desert 179
News Notes 180
The Debating Club 183
Editorial Department 184
Athletics 186
Historical Department
Notes on the History of the High School—VI . . . . . *J. Emory Hoar* 187
An Old Diary . . . . . *Edited by Miss Ellen Chase* 191
Humor 195
Announcements 196

BROOKLINE MASSACHUSETTS
PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT THE HIGH SCHOOL
M DCCC XCV

A. T. WHITE & CO.,

Successors to

VILLA GROCERY CO.

Sugar at Refiners' Prices.

Flour at Wholesale Prices.

Try our Teas and Coffees.

Partridge

PHOTOGRAPHER Brookline.

An "All-the-Year-Round" Special Rate for Brookline High School.

Brookline High School Waltzes

COMPOSED BY WILSON S. BELCHES, AND DEDICATED TO

THE CLASS OF '95.

PRICE 50 CENTS.

Copies may be obtained of the Composer at 42 Harris Street, Brookline.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY.

A. J. HAYMAN, Ph. G.,

DEALER IN

Pure Drugs and Medicines Only.

TELEPHONE 153.

1363 Beacon Street, Coolidge Corner.

THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 1 JUNE, 1895 NUMBER 6

INTELLECTUAL BUTTERFLIES

THIS appears to be a joyous and pleasant subject for contemplation. Yet, upon consideration, it will be seen that it is, naturally, somewhat elusive. It is also difficult to describe the character of that which is especially noticeable as being lacking in that particular. As the appreciative critic delights to say of certain sublime and newly-published platitudes —presumably issued by his own publishers — "this is a subject which cannot be too hopefully considered." But further examination of the title reveals a thought hidden within it. Entomology is science; and science kindly offers, in these advanced days, to solve all problems for us. It is indeed so capable that its own magnitude is frequently estimated by the size of the problem with which it attempts to deal,— even though it be unsuccessful; as the giant Antæus, who fought with invincible Hercules, was endowed with fresh strength from his very fall to earth after each defeat. —The issue of that mythical combat might, however, stand as a warning to Science, the child of Earth, to remain where it is placed by nature, and not to essay to cope with what is divine.— But there is no divinity in the subject of this inquiry, and science may give effectual aid.

Viewed in this light, the theme presents a vast field for investigation, to the startled explorer, who experiences emotions like those of Balboa's men, as they

> "Stared at each other with a wild surmise,
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

In respect to the silence, however, the comparison will not hold good.

The only hope in such a case is to sketch in rough outlines a few more important features, leaving to other explorers the careful and systematic classification.

An intellectual butterfly may be defined as a being, light and wavering, but capable of enjoying warmth and sweetness and beauty. The intel-

Copyright, 1895, by Brookline High School Editorial Board

lectual part of the subject, being less important, may fairly be reserved for later consideration.

In spite of the fact that the importance of many intellectual butterflies rests on their pedigree, the genealogy of the entire family has never been satisfactorily traced. The theory of evolution offers no aid beyond the suggestion that the intellectual butterfly is descended from some species of worm. The supposition that it was a bookworm is one of extreme improbability. The caterpillar hypothesis is fraught with danger, for the habits of caterpillars are well known, and there would immediately follow the disastrous conclusion that the intellectual butterflies came from caterpillars, and the caterpillars came from cabbage-heads.

It is a relief to turn from this region of doubt and vague conjecture, to the consideration of observable characteristics. And yet it is no easy matter to formulate general rules for recognizing these intellectual insects, for their character, in reality essentially the same everywhere, manifests itself in widely-varying phenomena. Intellectual butterflies would naturally include all who are butterflies in intellect, but the special subject of this inquiry is that class which is interested chiefly in intellectual matters.

There is one large and constantly increasing class which is so rapidly diverging from the main body of its tribe, that it would be well to consider it, lest, later, it should have entirely diverged from the province of this discussion. This division of the race is interested in movement for its own sake. The members of this class are not satisfied with the amount of movement natural to their kind. They take little pleasure in the beauty of their surroundings, but may be observed amid the loveliest scenes in nature, intent only upon their own movement. They have reduced flitting to a science. Although the pleasure which they derive from their pursuits is somewhat incomprehensible, it must exist to some extent; and they certainly display great speed, strength and agility.

There is another order which is also diverging from the main body. The specimens of this division are intensely interested only in lack of enthusiasms — to use a bovine expression. Some members of the last-mentioned class are included in this also; but the most highly developed specimens in this order cannot, in the nature of things, belong to the former.

And now the more regular and important pursuits of the intellectual butterfly may be discussed. And first, Religion. Religion is too deserving and interesting an object for him to fail to extend to it his patronage. It

is true that he is capable of reaching only the lower, or earthly, end of it. Nor is Christianity his only interest. Class feeling often leads him to enlist his sympathies in aid of an invention of a member of his own race; and as such a philosophy is likely to be adapted to the peculiar formation of his mind, he is generally more enthusiastic in its support.

But it is not necessary for the mental welfare of the intellectual butterfly that he should believe in anything but himself, nor entirely in that. The most beautiful of Grecian myths was the legend of Psyche, or the butterfly, embodying the belief in an immortality of the soul and its new and more glorious state after death. But evidently Psyche was not an intellectual butterfly, or else the conception has greatly degenerated. Indeed, many of these insects are convinced that they possess no souls; and perhaps they are right. It is told of the famous Dr. Wayland, of Providence, that an argumentative young man once met him on the street and said: "Doctor, do you know, I believe that I have n't any soul?" "Very likely, very likely," said the Doctor, "I have." And the intellectual butterflies certainly ought to know their own nature.

Others are aware that they possess a soul, but fearful, perhaps, lest at some time it should soar too high for them, and so escape, manufacture isms and osophies with which to weight it down, so that it is doubtful if the soul, thus covered and burdened with theories, will ever be able to rise according to its nature.

Others, a little higher in the scale of rational humanity, languidly believe in the immortality of the soul, without being much interested, consider religion a good thing, and emphasize their belief in its value to the extent of patronizing entertaining preachers and superior choirs. Feeling, like the class before them, that they do not desire that their souls should rise away from them, and being fairly well satisfied with their present situation, many of them have vaguely planned to have the Kingdom of Heaven a state of general goodness, an adaptation of conditions already in existence.

There are still others,—though not very high, immeasurably above these,—who are butterflies in all things but religion; in that particular their own nature seems overcome by something higher and stronger.

This is but one of the objects of the attention of the intellectual butterflies. They are pleasantly interested in various forms of science, in politics, and, in fact, in "things in general."

But it is in the domain of Literature and Art that the object of our inquiry flourishes; possibly because Literature and Art are not attached, like Religion, to something super-mundane, and do not rest, like Science, upon immovable laws, but are dependent upon the genius of mankind. And the intellectual butterfly feels that the human race is connected with himself. In this realm of Art and Letters he is King, to whom his ministers, the Poet, the Artist, and their associates, are graciously allowed to give advice, and under whom his parliament, the critics, both his supporters, and the followers of the often opposing cabinet, are permitted to discuss the affairs of his dominions. It is true that his territories contain many rebellious and turbulent subjects; but the business of the historian is with the royal house, and with the great men of the kingdom when they come into contact with Majesty.

The intellectual butterfly has reasoned to himself, more or less consciously, that he saves his energy and puts himself on a higher plane, by allowing the bees — writers, artists and musicians — to gather his honey for him. And in this, undoubtedly, there is a greater wisdom than was intended. For, besides the economy of labor in this plan, more abundant and better fare is thus provided. Unfortunately, this principle cannot be followed out to its extreme. He himself must make some selection; for the greater number of the bees show traces of the butterfly's nature and his inaptitude for gathering honey, and those who are entirely without these traces display a heartless indifference as to whether he has or has not any nourishment provided.

But no one of the favorites, writer or artist, need be ashamed of his popularity with the butterflies, if he has not catered to their taste, or feel that his work is shown, by their preference, to be superficial or ephemeral. He may be consoled with the thought that the next season they will transfer their admiration and patronage to some other object. For, contradictory as it sounds, an unchanging characteristic of these beings is their tendency toward wavering and changeableness. They are continually on the watch for new geniuses. Those critics who are their representatives, spend much of their time, and allotted space in the papers, wondering in print who the next discovery will be. Rider Haggard was discovered, and has gone through the ordeal and turned out to be a sensible writer; Kipling was discovered, and has done likewise; William Watson was discovered, but immediately broke away from his admirers; Francis Thomp-

son has been discovered; "The Heavenly Twins" are causing as rapturous excitement as ever their Siamese cousins did among the lower classes; Beatrice Harraden has been enthused over in Britain, and now the "Ships that Pass in the Night" have crossed the Atlantic and discharged their cargo of pessimism in this country, free of duty, although pessimism is a native product here. In fact, England generally kindly lets her enthusiasms overflow in this direction, instead of upon the continent, where they have more than enough of their own.

But the intellectual butterflies require more than novelty. They cannot approve even of newness, except within certain limits. But productions will not always descend to conform to these standards. There are works which, trees by nature, cannot grow into flowers for the butterflies' delectation, but springing from roots far below the surface in which the insects delight, rise into the air, far above the highest butterflights, blown upon by winds which do not touch the plain, and offering vantage-points whence the vision may penetrate distances of which the flower-haunters never catch the faintest glimpse.

Yet perhaps it is well that they cannot reach these heights; for the wind has a habit of carrying butterflies against their will; and intellectual butterflies, although they may be swept in a right direction by a current of enthusiasm over some admiration-compelling work, are always in such cases conscious, if only dimly conscious, that they are moving in a way contrary to their nature.

As for distance, *that* the butterflies are unanimous in eschewing. Let books have a "local flavor" and an "exquisite delineation of local character." Let there be paintings of dells beside brooks, of corners of fields, of cows by a fence; but let there be no distances. They are not art; for do not the French painters thus? And the feeblest and most worthless of French art theories, like the froth of English enthusiasms, are allowed to slop over into this country; even as Mahomet's followers cherished the water in which the prophet had bathed his sacred person.

And this slopping over upon American soil must inevitably produce a large quantity of mud. Which mud, however, soon dries and becomes a part of our country, so that what is really European, is finally regarded as distinctively American.

But some of the mud remains mud, true to its nature. This conduct is considered an "absence of hypocrisy," a "showing of nature — its own

nature?—as it really is." —And when the sewer-delineators are thus "true to nature," is it not really to their own nature?— But who has not seen, when driving over a country road in summertime, scores of butterflies settled upon a puddle in the road, while the air is filled with the scent of flowers which stand all around, deserted? So the intellectual butterflies love to gather around a mud-hole, for impurity has so delightfully piquant a flavor.

But Zola, the great French mud-puddle, from which all the little mud-puddles receive the drippings, the opposite of Nature's system, in which all little puddles flow into the big one, misjudges his own character when he attempts to become one of the Forty Immortals; for immortality is impossible for a mud-puddle. The sun's light and heat must inevitably destroy the pool, and the face of the sun is not always hidden.

America, in spite of the agitation for good roads, is not unfurnished in this respect. She can point with pride to the Good Grey Poet's particular puddle—an alliteration which would have offended his more finely-sensitive poetical ear. It is true that the puddle is partially filled with "Leaves of Grass," but they are so inextricably mingled with the mire as not to change the pool's general appearance of artistic unity. Our English friends have decided for us that this is the greatest poetical affair which has been gotten up in this country. They probably arrived at this decision by a curious principle of selection, as one may go with closed eyes over any highway of literature and entirely fail to see the beauties along the road, but be certain of falling in with whatever puddles there are.

But the intellectual butterfly's main attention is still given to flowers. It is said that there is a large class which shows a decided fondness for "Garlands of Poesy," "Flowers of Rhetoric" and "Bouquets of Poetry." There are large numbers who are filled with a rapturous intensity over "sweetness and light."

A favorite habitat of the literary and artistic butterfly, and a region where he is fairly confident of obtaining these things, which are necessary for his well being, is Bohemia. This is no more the fault of that state than it was the fault of certain writers that they found favor in the sight of the butterflies. Nevertheless, a large part of that realm is composed of the subjects of this inquiry. While most of the important points concerning their section of the population have been discussed, there is one noticeable fact to which attention should be given.

There are certain individuals who consider facts their especial province. Their glory lies in correctness. Many a commentator has felt an intellectual companionship with Shakspere, and almost a temporary superiority, while correcting the poet's Bohemian geography. Yet Shakspere may have been prophetic in giving to that country a sea-coast. Prophetic, because he did not know our Bohemia by that name. But then, he himself said, "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

Certain it is that Shakspere showed his usual wisdom in this geographical statement. For Bohemia has one fixed boundary. Nations may extend their rule in every direction, excepting over the ocean; there their power ceases. It is vain to attempt to govern the sea, though King Canute of Britain once tried it. It is true that, since that time, Brittania has "ruled the wave" at innumerable mass-meetings and civic banquets; but she simply meant, if she had spoken more prosaically, that she allowed no one else to be supported by it.

And as it is with other nations, so it is with the people of Bohemia. No matter how much surface their empire may overspread, it has reached its limit when it touches some great and independent, ocean-like work. Thus the lighter race of Bohemians can have no understanding of the master minds, and decides not to recognize them.

It is true that the ocean is a valuable institution beside which to build summer hotels; and so also the intellectual butterfly is willing to read magazine and newspaper reviews of great works. He will even skim a little over the surface of the sea, but is always aware that he is not upon his own element. For the ocean will not be made to conform with anything, not even with Bohemian unconventionality. It has a regular movement, a rhythm of its own, and its tides move in an uncontrolable and inevitable order.

But it is time to cease slandering the real flowers by comparing with them the imperfect and artificial works of man, and the real butterflies, the type of brightness and harmless innocence, among all creatures of the earth, by likening to them faulty human butterflies. For there is no harmlessness or innocence in intellectual butterflies.

It is difficult to tell how much harm has been done by the world of dilettantism to the higher minds, which, dwelling among men, are isolated by their own nature, and yet, unfortunately, are dependent upon that world for support. It would seem as if those creations of man's intellect, which

are lofty and enduring, never receive due appreciation in their own time. Not that later generations will be any more intelligent, but they, while probably engaged in depreciating their own great men, will finally be brought, by the natural fluctuating movement, to honor what their predecessors disregarded; and great works, with very few exceptions, having once obtained recognition, never lose it again. Some men, though not of the highest, have waited long for this recognition,—Franz Hals, for two hundred years; George Withers, for more than a century. It has come to be considered as the natural order of things, but is it not pitiful? that the greatest minds must look to posterity for that which is their due. Illustrations of this are so familiar to us all, that we at length regard them uninterestedly. Homer, poor and unfriended; Shakspere, looked down upon as a player; Tasso, harassed and tormented by the petty duke of a principality; Michelangelo, set by Lorenzo de' Medici—the type of noble art, as Maecenas of noble literary, patrons—to spend his genius in moulding a statue of snow; Milton, hidden in an obscure London lodging, writing "Paradise Lost." These, and many other illustrations, are so familiar that we give them but little thought.

One great man after another has caused a revolution in literature or art, and for that reason is called great; but the fact that, by going in a right direction, he brought about a revolution, proved that the world of dilettanti and critics had been going the other way.

This is a partial record of the work of two famous critical magazines: Wordsworth rudely assailed, until at last the critics were carried helplessly along on a wave of popular enthusiasm; Byron savagely attacked at the beginning of his career; Turner, the painter, misunderstood and wilfully misinterpreted, until his powerful defender arose; Constable, the painter, derided and ill-naturedly criticized nearly all his working life; Keats bidden to go "back to his gallipots," to which he responded by going to his grave; Tennyson ridiculed and cried down, until he rose above the power of his opponents; the Pre-Raphaelites systematically misrepresented until they, also, stood too high for such attacks. This is what a few critics accomplished.

But it must not be supposed that these patrons of literature and art are inconsistent, or judge according to personal caprice. They have their standards and definitions, to which they impartially refer all that comes within their observation, although their definitions are not usually thus expressed: Idealism is the selection and setting forth of whatever is high,

ennobling or inspiring—their own pursuits and customs; that which concerns them, and which they like; for what could be higher? Realism is the portrayal of that with which they are acquainted and which interests them. Height and depth are those regions to which they can rise or penetrate; all above or below is vagueness. Truth is that which they understand. And by these rules the products of noble minds are judged.

And yet there is a compensation. As the Almighty has not left himself without a witness among heathen nations, so what is high and inspiring in thought is not unwitnessed to in the midst of all this misjudgment and wilfulness. And there are more of these witnesses than we are aware of; for they do not push themselves forward into public view, as do their lighter associates. It is in their fellowship with one another that these minds find compensation.

But this is above the region of the intellectual butterflies. What they can do, and where their pleasures are, has been shown. They are not so joyous and pleasant a subject as they at first appeared. Intellectual entomology is not, after all, an inspiring and encouraging theme. To repeat what was said before, with different meaning, and still not that of the critic: "This is a subject which requires hopeful consideration." As what that is earthly does not?

NATHAN R. WOOD.

IN THE DESERT

UNKNOWN

"OH Allah, the ever endless desert is more terrible than the most entangled forest. Away on every side of me stretch the hungry sands yearning to taste my flesh. Above is their ally, the sun, who laughs at my misfortunes and turns not his face away. Yonder where I stopped for morning prayers is a sandspout. It has scented my presence; but it has arrived too late to devour me, and has obtained for its prey, instead, the body of my poor camel, which I was obliged to sacrifice for water.* Oh, Allah, il Allah, guide me out of my troubles! Oh, Mahomet, intercede with the Great One for me,"—and the Arab rose to his feet and stood motionless, as if waiting for a guide.

* The camel carries water in its gullet for long distances; and often travelers are obliged to kill their beasts to keep from famishing.

It was a strange and sad scene ; the sands like so many flames surrounded the solitary figure, as if waiting to consume him when he should be overcome by the sun.

KNOWN

A caravan passing over the desert some time after saw in the distance a dark spot on the sands. Out of curiosity they turned a little out of their course ; and when at last they reached the spot, they found the body of an Arab. Allah had guided him out of his troubles, into a land of everlasting happiness and joy. Allah il Allah. H. W. B., '98.

NEWS NOTES

The elocutionary contest for the J. Murray Kay prizes took place in the upper Town Hall on the evening of Thursday, May 9th. The audience was a large one. Of those who had been selected to speak, all were not able to be present ; so the contestants were the following : Miss Linda G. Coolidge, Miss Ella A. Candage, Miss Olive M. Belches, Mr. Marshall Stearns, Mr. Walter Boyce, Mr. Gardner H. Carpenter, Mr. R. Chuncey Seaver and Mr. George W. Walter. The prizes were awarded to Miss Belches and Mr. Stearns. Miss Belches' selection was rendered with force and with naturalness ; it gave her an opportunity to show her power, where a portrayal of strong emotions was required. Although she was perhaps surpassed by Miss Coolidge in some of the qualities of a reader, in the opinion of the judges she was as effective. Mr. Stearns was admirable ; had he done only one-half as well, he could easily have excelled all the others, unless one excepts Mr. Walter. Artistically, both as an imitation and as total loss of self-consciousness, Mr. Stearns' rendering of *The Flight of Little Em'ly* crowned the whole program ; it provided a whole evening's entertainment in itself.

The subjects for the *William H. Lincoln Prizes* for excellence in the art of English composition were given out during the middle of last month. They were as follows : *How Brookline looks to a Tourist, Suggestions for the Improvement of the Brookline High School, Shall we Read the Books of the Year? Military Drill in the Brookline High School, The Value of Fads, The Art of Loafing*, or an original story. All members of the two upper classes who had attained good standing in the English of the year were allowed to write for the medal ; in addition, an examination testing the students' general knowledge had to be passed.

The Class of '95 will give a reception and dance in the Brookline Town Hall on the evening of Tuesday, June 11th. The matrons will be Mrs. William Stearns, Mrs. Henry S. Macomber and Mrs. Leslie C. Wead.

The graduation exercises of the School will be held on the evening of Thursday, June 20.

At a meeting of the Senior and Junior Interscholastic Football Leagues, held the first Saturday in April, it was voted that the two organizations be consolidated into what is now to be called the Interscholastic Football Association. There will still remain the division between senior and junior teams, however, as there will be a senior and a junior "series." The school that wins the championship of the junior "series" may be admitted to the senior one by defeating the team of lowest standing in this series. In accordance with this new regulation, Brookline will play Newton on the last Friday in next September. Mr. Barnett, of the Cambridge Manual Training School, is President of the Association; Mr. Cook, of Brookline, is Vice-President.

Mr. Wilson S. Belches has just had published by Miles and Thompson a composition entitled *The Brookline High School Waltzes*, dedicated to the Class of '95. The melodies are original and catchy; and doubtless many of the composer's classmates will feel interested in them. As the waltzes will be played at the reception to be held June 11, a good opportunity will be afforded to hear them. Copies may be obtained of Mr. Belches, at 42 Harris street.

The High School took a considerable part in the Memorial exercises of May 30th. In the morning a meeting, under the auspices of the public schools, was held in the Town Hall. Music was furnished by the orchestra of the High School and by pupils from the upper classes of the Grammar schools and from the High School.. Appropriate declamations were given by Miss Helen M. Parker, Mr. George W. Walter and Mr. R. Chauncey Seaver. In the afternoon the School Battalion accompanied the Grand Army Post to the cemeteries.

On the morning of Wednesday, May 29, Miss Fenno, of the High School, gave some selections on the cornet, at the Memorial exercises of the Pierce Primary School. Her playing is well spoken of.

This year the prize drill of the Battalion was not the important event that it has been in previous years. The inconveniencies of the old building have been felt in drill as in other matters; and a combination of circumstances made it advisable to hold the competition in the Drill Shed. The contest took place on Friday and Wednesday mornings, May 24 and 29. Prizes were awarded as follows: For the best man in the Battalion, a gold medal, to Corporal E. L. Parker; for the best man in Company A, a silver medal, to Corporal J. Gilbert Pierce; for the best man in Company B, a silver medal, to Sergeant Frank H. Proctor; for the best of the "Juniors," a bronze medal, to Corporal E. L. Parker.

The boys of the Class of '94 held a business meeting, reunion and dinner at the Thorndike, on Monday, June 3. A very enjoyable evening is spoken of. The members of the Class made short speeches, telling of their experiences since graduating from the High School.

Those members of the School who are studying the history of art are camping,—metaphorically speaking,—on the Acropolis, under the shadow of the classic Parthenon. Note-books are being filled with sketches of the frieze and the pediment groups. The Fourth Class in Drawing are reveling in out-door sketching. They are getting a start that will help them to find a good deal of pleasure during the summer. Some of the students are reviewing the story of the Holy Grail, and are learning something about Mr. Abbey's decorations in the new Public Library.

One of our girl students brings back pleasant impressions from a recent visit to the Art Students' League of New York. The school is self-governing, and numbers over a thousand students. She says of it: "The regular course of study consists of charcoal work; but outside classes in sketching from nature and in pen and ink drawing are formed by the students themselves. Instruction is given by thirteen well-known artists. On entering one is set to work in the preparatory class, where he draws from blocks. From the 'prep' he is promoted to 'heads'; then, when he is prepared to advance, into the antique class, where he waits his chance to enter the 'concours,' where only twelve students are allowed at a time. Every fourth week comes 'concours Saturday'; then all the instructors judge which is the best drawing in the 'concours,' and the successful candidate is admitted with cheers to the life class. After studying here for three months and proving his worth, he can be voted a member of the league."

Ten New England Blossoms and their Insect Visitors is the title of a book that Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company have just published; and it cannot fail to interest all who care anything for botany and zoölogy. The author, Prof. Clarence M. Weed, of the New Hampshire College, writes in a popular style on the relations of flowers and certain insects, treating the following ten blossoms: the Glaucous Willow, the Mayflower, the Spring Beauty, the Purple Trillium, the Jack-in-the-Pulpit, the Showy Orchis, the Pink Lady's Slipper, the Fringed Polygala, the Canada Lily and the Common Thistle. The curious devices that aid flowers to attract insects, and the ways in which insects are fitted to convey the pollen, are described at some length and illustrated with many drawings and reproductions from photographs. The book is a fascinating one for the summer months. We heartily recommend it to all nature-lovers.*

The first publication of the Brookline Historical Publication Society will be a letter from Rebecca Boylston to Edward Boylston, dated March 5, 1810; and it will be of peculiar interest to many of the older Brookline families. The membership fee, payable on joining the Society, is one dollar; and the frequency of the publications will be dependent upon the number of members. Publications will be sent free to all members of the Society. Mr. Charles Knowles Bolton, of the Brookline Public Library, is the treasurer, and to him all subscriptions should be addressed.

* 1 volume, square 12mo, price $1.25.

It seems desirable that more attention should be paid, by the average student, to astronomy; for, in the present course, the temptation is strong to neglect all of the sciences except physics. In the new building perhaps there will be better facilities for teaching the subject. Suggestions for the equipments of the School next year are beginning to pour in; and among them is that of having an orrery in the new tower, for the scholars would be greatly aided in the study of astronomy by having at hand a miniature representation of the heavens. In Windsor Castle the royal children amuse themselves with a toy that shows all the planets turning on themselves and revolving about a stationary sun. It gives a perfect idea of the relative sizes and positions of the bodies; and is accurately run by clockwork. Of course the High School would not need any thing so elaborate and expensive as the apparatus in Windsor Castle; but it would undoubtedly find something simpler, designed to illustrate the same truths, of great use.

A note book in Second Physics was taken from Mr. F. L. Clark's desk sometime last January. The owner wishes to secure it at once.

The High School has received from Mrs. J. Elliot Cabot, of Brookline, a valuable addition to its art department, consisting of a large collection of photographs and a portfolio.

THE DEBATING CLUB

THE third annual joint-debate between the Brookline and Newton High School Debating Clubs was held on Saturday evening, May 11th, 1895, in the lower Town Hall of Brookline. The subject for debate was, *Resolved that the United States is pursuing the right policy in the enlargement of its navy.* Aaron H. Latham, Esq., of Brookline presided. After he had been introduced by Mr. D. W. Hirshberg, the first speaker on the affirmative side of the question, Mr. Edwin O. Childs, Jr., was presented to the audience. He said, in brief, that on account of the existence of our navy the safety of every citizen of the United States was guaranteed in every part of the world. Mr. Stephen C. Wolcott asserted that "the only need of a large navy is when a country is surrounded by hostile nations or has colonies to protect." Mr. Burgess hoped that we should have no more wars; yet he thought it well always to be prepared. Mr. Chas. W. Kellogg won so many mathematical victories over his opponents that they quite lost heart; he claimed that a large navy was of no especial use to the United States. Mr. Barnard was rather ironical in his presentation of some excellent arguments. Mr. Marshall Stearns closed the argument, saying that it was the duty of the United States to pursue its old policy, which was, "not to increase its navy, but to depend on its land forces."

The M. I. T. Orchestra furnished music at intervals, under the leadership of Mr. John Taylor, B. H. S., '93. DWIGHT FARNUM, Secretary.

THE SAGAMORE

Published monthly throughout the school year, at the High School Building, Brookline, Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

BOARD OF EDITORS

ARTHUR W. SPENCER, '95, Editor-in-Chief
MISS EDITH R. MAY, '95 MISS HELEN L. PARKER, '96
WILLIAM P. WINCH, '95

CLASS EDITORS

H. PERCY MACOMBER, '95 GARDNER H. CARPENTER, '97
H. SPAULDING COFFIN, '96 ALBERT C. MORSE, '98

FREDERICK B. TAYLOR, '95, Business Manager
SAMUEL W. LEWIS, '96, Assistant Business Manager

COMMUNICATIONS may be left in the hands of the editors at school, or mailed to Arthur W. Spencer, 75 Prospect Street, Brookline. Contributors will please write legibly on one side of the paper only and sign their names, which need not appear in print. All MSS. must be received by the 20th of the month; rejected MSS. will be remailed to the owners if accompanied with the necessary postage.

SUBSCRIPTION — By mail, 1 dollar a year, payable in advance. SINGLE COPIES — 10 cents. On sale at the Brookline News Depot, at the Coolidge Corner News Depot, and in the Boston and Albany Railroad Station, Boston. SUBSCRIPTIONS are to be sent to the Business Manager.

ADVERTISING RATES may be obtained by addressing Frederick B. Taylor, 294 Walnut Street, Brookline.

Entered at the Boston Post-Office as Second Class Mail Matter.

WHAT is pedantry? One is almost inclined to think that there is no such thing nowadays. It is easy for us to see it in the past, for in the very nature of things all customs were old-fashioned then; but when we come to the present, it is hard to conceive a paradox like pedantry "up to date." It would be still more surprising, however, to find that this sin of the too-wise had perished without a struggle, and disappeared for all time.

Pedantry is the insufficiency of knowledge. It consists not only in knowing too little, but also in merely knowing. It is caused more by bad taste than by ignorance. It is, in fact, a compound of three cardinal sins,—vulgarity, stupidity, and strained pride; and the first of these is the most prominent.

Intelligence and refinement go naturally hand-in-hand. Without the latter, "culture" would be even more didactic than it so often is now;

without the former, no pure and great art could exist. The men we most admire are those who unite the qualities of the head with those of the heart, and preserve the ideal relation between grace and insight — what Mr. Le Gallienne names the "delicate instinct for proportion, which is one of the most precious attributes of what we call a gentleman."

There are many people possessing a fair amount of education, whose knowledge appears to go no farther than the facts they have learned, and those traditional ways of interpreting things that they seem to have absorbed. They feel very secure in their own wisdom; and if you ever have the misfortune to ask them for an opinion, they speak very positively, but not always to the point; and the truth of their words is not always to be relied on. Even if they are well-informed, they are unable to make nice discriminations; and their judgment is invariably poor. It matters not whether they are teachers or college professors, or even "grinding" students; and it makes no difference whether their "culture" is summed up in metaphysics, rules of rhetoric, or the art of not allowing slang to "cut any ice" with them. Slang is a trenchant weapon sometimes, though; and it does them good to have it whacked over their heads, even if that is not "reputable use," so far as they and rhetoric are concerned.

These people substitute the artificial truths of the intellect for the natural truths of the heart. Facts are everything with them; little is left to common sense. They are the real pedants of today, whether they usually go by that name or not; and the world could do very well without them.

NORMAL SCHOOL, HAMPTON, VA., May 28, 1895.

Students of the Brookline High School:

DEAR FRIENDS,— You have no idea how much pleasure it gives me to write you again, after being at Hampton a term. For me to say I will ever be grateful for your great gift will not begin to express my appreciation of your kindness.

When I wrote you before I told you where I worked and how I liked the place. Today I have been quite busy.

You may know something about the military part of the school. I will tell you about the uniform. In the "Industrial Room," where I work, the uniform is made. It is blue, with a light blue stripe on the outside seam of the pants.

I am usually kept quite busy pressing the uniforms..... having learned the tailor's trade before I came here. I expect to go to day-school next term. Respectfully yours, JOSEPH WALKER.

ATHLETICS

BASE-BALL

Following are the scores of five games recently played: May 5, at Milton,—Brookline 16, Milton Academy 1; May 17, at Brookline,—Malden High School 11, Brookline 10; May 20, at Quincy,—Brookline 7, Adams Academy 4; May 24, at Newton,—Newton High School 6, Brookline 4; May 28, at Brookline,—Newton High School 13; Brookline 10.

OUR NINTH ANNUAL SPRING MEETING

The Brookline High School Athletic Association held its ninth annual meeting on the Playgrounds, Saturday afternoon, June 1. The occasion was a successful one; probably a better outdoor meeting has never been held by the School. Four new school records were made. W. B. Boyce, '97, lowered the time of the 220-yards dash from 25 2-5 seconds to 25 seconds; he also raised J. F. Driscoll's record in the high jump, made June 3, 1893, from 5 feet 2 inches to 5 feet 4 1-2 inches. In the hurdles Seaver lowered his time made last year from 29 2-5 seconds to 28 1-5 seconds. The record in the pole vault was raised from 8 feet 7 inches to 8 feet 11 inches. So close was the contest between Frank H. Proctor and Albert C. Morse; that the matter was decided by the toss.

Below are the class points:

'96....45. '97....32. '98....17. '95....14.

The following is a summary:

100-Yards Dash.—Winner, W. B. Boyce, '97, 11 seconds; second, D. W. Hirshberg, '95; third, M W. Quinlan, Jr., '96.

220-Yards Hurdle Race.—Winner, R. C. Seaver, '96, 28 1-5 seconds; second, W. B. Boyce, '97; third, F. H. Cook, '96.

100-Yards Dash for Fourth Class.—Winner, E. M. Brush, 11 2-5 seconds—the old record; second, C. H. Smoot; third, A. C. Morse.

440-Yards Run.—Winner, D. W. Hirshberg, '95, 59 4-5 seconds; second, G. H. Carpenter, '97; third, W. B. Boyce, '97.

220-Yards Dash.—Winner, W. B. Boyce, '97, 25 seconds; second, D. W. Hirshberg, '95; third, G. H. Carpenter, '97.

880-Yards Run.—Winner, R. C. Seaver, '96, 2.26 2-5 seconds; second, H. S. Hirshberg, '97; third, C. H. Smoot, '98.

Running High Jump.—Winner, W. B. Boyce, '97, 5 feet 4 1-2 inches; second, R. C. Seaver, '96; third, P. R. Dunbar, '96.

Running Broad Jump.—Winner, J. M. Driscoll, '96, 19 feet 1 inch; second, R. C. Seaver, '96; third, M. W. Quinlan, Jr., '96.

Pole Vault.—Winner, F. H. Proctor, '96, 8 feet 11 inches; tied, A. C. Morse, '98; third, C. H. Kellogg, '97.

Throwing 12-Pound Hammer.—Winner, W. B. Boyce, '97, 102 feet 2 inches; second, J. M. Driscoll, '96; third, F. B. Talbot, '96.

Running Hop, Step and Jump.—Winner, J. M. Driscoll, '96, 40 feet 1 inch; second, G. Woods, '98; third, R. C. Seaver, '96.

Class Team Race.—Won by '96; second, '95; third, '98.

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF THE HIGH SCHOOL

VI

George Theodore Stearns, son of George W. Stearns, lived in a house on Boylston street belonging to Benjamin Goddard, once occupied by Samuel Parkman and Hon. Jonathan Mason. He was an excellent scholar and was well prepared to enter Harvard College. In the words of a tender tribute by one who knew him well, he "went at his country's summons to defend the imperiled government in the late Rebellion. Opposed in taste and principles to war and fighting, he did not volunteer, but when drafted, no persuasion could induce him to send a substitute, 'because,' he said, 'he would peril no other man's life to save his own, if his country needed his services.' He went like a hero, and like a hero fell, in the blood and fire of the Wilderness. He was carried from the scene of carnage to a Washington hospital, where he lingered a little while and then passed to his reward, as truly a martyr for conscience sake, as a Reformer burned at the stake." He died July 6th, 1864.

Frederick O. Wellman, son of William A. Wellman, Linden place, married Sally C. Pomeroy, of Pomeroy, Ohio. He was for a time engaged in business abroad, in Japan, but now lives at Rugby, Tennessee.

Willard Lee Wellman, a brother of Frederick, was graduated as Bachelor of Science at the Lawrence Scientific School, Cambridge, in 1859; he joined the army in the summer of 1862, and was in the 45th Mass. Regiment, Boston Cadets. He married Mrs. Fanny Ischam, and now lives in Providence, Rhode Island.

Burt Green Wilder, son of David Wilder, Harvard street, was in every respect a model pupil and student. He also enjoyed and excelled in field sports and games. The hot conflict of a foot-ball struggle he could enter and lead without being brutal. In the cheerfulness of bright companionship, and in feats of bodily skill, agility and physical endurance he was a leader. To the present time he has not lost his interest in physical training; though long ago he was pronounced in his opposition to intercollegiate foot-ball games; and in the recent discussion of that subject he took a prominent and telling part. He is a man of convictions, and will never hide them. After leaving the High School his career may be briefly outlined by the following extract from the "Cornellian," 1888: B. S.

(summa cum laude), Lawrence (Harvard) Scientific School, 1862; M. D., Harvard Medical School, 1866; Medical Cadet, U. S. A., 1862–3; Licentiate, of Mass. Medical Society, 1863; Assistant Surgeon and Surgeon, 55th Mass. Vols., 1863–65; Assistant in Comparative Anatomy, Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, 1866–68; Curator of Herpetology, Boston Society of Natural History, 1867–68; elected Professor at Cornell, Sept. 26, 1867; in the meantime, also Professor of Physiology, Medical School of Maine, 1874–84; Lecturer at University of Michigan, 1876–77, at Harvard, 1868, before Lowell Institute (Boston), 1866, 1870, before American Institute, 1870, 1873, at Anderson Summer School of Natural History, 1873, 1874, at Summer Schools at Peoria and Normal, Ill., 1875; lecturer on Cartwright Foundation, before the Alumni Association of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, 1884; President of American Neurological Association and of Biological Section American Association of Advanced Science, 1885. He is now at Cornell University, Professor of Physiology, Comparative Anatomy and Zoölogy.

William Griggs Wilson, son of Edward C. Wilson, Harvard street, entered Harvard College and was graduated in the Class of 1862. He is now a lawyer practising in the City of New York.

Of the thirteen girls two are still living in Brookline, two in Boston, one in Worcester, and one in Portland, Maine. Three of them became teachers in Brookline; two, Miss Bartlett and Miss Deane, taught in the High School. The former for several years was a beloved, respected, and successful teacher. Her advice and suggestions were always well-timed, judicious, and appreciated. She married Mr. Arthur Mason Knapp, who was sub-master in the school, and then lived till her death in Boston. There is no descendent or relative of the family now living in Brookline. The place occupied and owned by her father was on Washington street, and is now owned by Mr. Eben D. Jordan.

Abby Weston Deane was a brilliant pupil, excelling in language and in science. French, Botany, and Astronomy she enjoyed as recreation. She thought in French as readily as in her vernacular. About five years after finishing her course in the High School she was invited to the position of assistant teacher; that position she held with great credit for twenty-five years, till her health failed. She then gave up teaching and struggled heroically against disease. But only partial relief was possible, and even

this was found remote from friends among the elevations of Switzerland. She died at Davos, Switzerland, 1888, and was there buried.

In recognition of what she had been and what she had done in Brookline, on the occasion of her death a public memorial service was held at the First Parish Church. The large attendance and the spirit of the occasion attested the tender and appreciative regard in which her memory was cherished in the town.

We will quote a paragraph or two from a tribute to Miss Deane prepared by the principal of the High School at that time for presentation to a teachers' meeting: —

"As a teacher she not only brought to her work a thorough understanding of her subjects, derived from her own careful thinking supplemented by wide reading, but she also gave a freshness and an attraction of her own to the subject, which accounted for the cheerfulness that lighted up the faces of the classes when sent to her room for recitation. She could not tolerate any more routine than was absolutely necessary. Believing there was a best way of presenting a subject, she determined to find it; and then she always clothed it with new light, fresh coloring, and intensified it by happy and varied illustration. At times she would become so kindled in her subject, so animated, so rapt, so radiant, that she almost seemed aglow with light. At such times, under favoring circumstances, she was all sweetness, life and light.

"To give instruction, to awaken the desire for more, to excite intelligence, to lead, strengthen and develop the intellect, whose daily growth she could consciously see, were her great delight and reward. Before a class of bright and appreciative pupils she was sometimes even brilliant; and her room would glow with an intellectual activity both admirable and inspiring. When thus engrossed and possessed of her subject, and intent on her object, roguish, indifferent boys sometimes could take advantage of her; for she was not qualified in stature nor by inclination to do police duty. Strange to say, however, those same boys after leaving school had a fond and affectionate regard for Miss Deane; they would frequently call on her at her house in the evening, drawn to her as they were, because she was so bright, so cheery and so intelligent. Indeed, at her rooms at home, in the afternoon and evening, she was continually receiving calls from her pupils past and present, who were attracted and charmed by her kind and sprightly ways. She always had something fresh and entertaining to tell

them. She felt an interest, and expressed it, in what they were doing and in their plans.

* * * * * * * *

"She was the embodiment of activity, and the amount of work she accomplished was almost incredible. The time spent in the school-room measured but a small part of her work. The subjects she taught she resolved thoroughly to master; the literature relating to those subjects, old and new, in books or in magazines, she searched carefully; she availed herself of any accessible lectures on the subjects she taught, and sought instruction and assistance from professors and private teachers. Twice, to improve her knowledge of French, she went to Paris. And in addition to all this, while engaged in the full performance of all her other duties, she was taking a course of study in the Harvard Annex for Women, at Cambridge. So much, and more, she was doing to perfect herself as a teacher. Was she successful? Let her uninterrupted public service in the same community for a quarter of a century testify for her. When health failed her, and she needed sympathetic and material aid, let the spontaneous generosity and loving and tender action proffered by all who had the opportunity, testify to her previous success and to the hold she had taken on her former pupils. Let the recent public memorial service and the affectionate mention and sweet memory of her in every family where she was known,— let this testify to the success of her life."

She was the last of her family. While a teacher in the High School she was called to mourn the death of her father, her mother, and her three brothers, Roscoe, Samuel and Henry. The family lived in the house at the corner of Walnut street and Walnut path. J. Emory Hoar.

AN OLD DIARY*

EDITED BY MISS ELLEN CHASE

1784

Tuesday, [August 17] Mr. Isaac Child here..... Wednesday Polly Goddard of Richmond here a few minutes..... Fryday my Aunt Heath, Betsey & I spent the afternoon at Mr. Jacksons, Col'n & Gen'l Jackson† there.....

Tuesday, [August 24] went to pay the Wedding‡ Visit, 27 ladies there to drink tea, 7 ladies from the Plain [Jamaica Plain]. Green Tea, Loaf Suger, Plumb & Plain Cake. A number of Gentlemen there in the Ev'ning, had Cake & Cheese, Punch Beveradge, Wine, & wine & water. Two Fidlers. Sally Jackson & Miss Hannah Goddard‖ rode home in our Chaise first, we got home a quarter after two..... Thursday, my Aunt Heath & Betsey went to Boston, bought Lutestring gown for Betsey, Callico gown for Betsey & me. I went up to my Aunt Jerusha's to stay till Saturday night, nobody here whilst I was gone but Mrs. Dunn.....

Monday..... Mrs. Peleg Heath & Miss Catharin Drown spent the afternoon here..... Wednesday Mrs. Brewer ..... Mrs. Coburn ..... & Jack ..... here..... Fryday, Ebby, Betsey & I with Miss Sally Jackson & her Cousin Sally from Boston to eat Watermellons.....

Tuesday, [September] Ebby, Betsey & I went with Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Abbot & the two Sally Jacksons over to Cambridge to Joseph Jackson's Chamber. Had tea biscuits & butter, & Cake. Jack Fleet [H. U., 1785] & Elisha Gardner drank tea there. Got home about dark..... Thursday, the two Sally Jacksons spent the afternoon here. Fryday, Betsey & I went over to Mr. Samuel Heath's of Roxbury, they were gone out upon the water. Went down to my grandfather's & spent the Day.....

---

* Begun in the January number.

† "The Sun Tavern, Dock Square, Boston — supposed to date from 1690 — was conveyed in 1741 to Joseph Jackson for £2,475. At his death in 1794 the estate was sold at auction by his executors, Rev. Joseph Jackson, of Brookline, and Major-General Henry Jackson, of Boston." The adjoining house still standing (Nos. 26–28 Dock Square) "laid in the English bond, with a moulded belt" was formerly the residence of Colonel Jackson. — *Rambles in Old Boston* [*1886.*]

REV. EDW. G. PORTER.

‡ Whose wedding this might be does not appear either on the Town Book or Copy of the First Church Records. Possibly it took place in Roxbury.

‖ Mr. A. Warren Goddard has a Sampler worked by Hannah Goddard, measuring about 2 ft. each way. Its colors are still fresh. The background is a square brick red house — with windows of isinglass, on the left as you face it lolls a Shepherdess in a very pointed, stiff-laced bodice; she is in pink, and the Shepherd opposite has a queer little dog.

Wednesday, September 15, my mama came back from Portsmouth. Mrs. Goddard & Jack Heath* came up for a Visit. Got here about Seven O'clock. Doctor Goddard came up as far as Newbury with them, Ebby went as far as Newbury to meet them, my Aunt Heath & Aunt Craft went as far as Danvers to meet them.....

Tuesday, [September 21] my Aunt Heath & Mrs. Goddard went to Boston in the afternoon. Miss Betsey Shed, Hannah Ackers, Sally Ackers, Nancy Ackers, Enoch Corey, Sally Jewett, & Benjn. Gardner, Spent the Ev'ning here.... . Wednesday ..... Polly Aspinwall, Lucy Aspinwall & Nabby Gardner ..... here..... Saturday ..... Miss Lucy Aspinwall & Julia here a little while in the morning.....

Wednesday, [September 29] my Aunt Heath, Mrs. Goddard, Betsey & I spent the Day at my Grandfather's. My uncle Heath, & my Mama went to Boston, got back there to Dinner. My uncle Craft come up in the Chaise in the morning for Betsey & I..... Thursday, my Aunt Heath, my mamma, Mrs. Goddard & Jack, Betsey & I spent the Day at Mrs. Jackson's. Mrs. Davis spent the Day there. Mr. Williams, schoolmaster din'd there..... Fryday, my Aunt Heath, my ma-ma, Mrs. Goddard & Betsey spent the Afternoon at Mrs. Ackers. I staid at home with Jack ..... it twas Saturday they went to Mrs. Ackers.....

Monday, Betsey Atkins & Sally Dean here..... Wednesday, Betsey & I carry'd Jack down to Mr. Ackers ..... in the forenoon ..... spent the afternoon at Mr. Samuel Goddards. Polly Aspinwall at work† there. Lucy Aspinwall & Cata there. Miss Hannah Goddard rode home on a single horse, Ebby come down there in the Ev'ning..... Thursday ..... Hannah Healy, Maria & Isaac White come down here.....

Monday, [October 11] Mr. & Mrs. Jackson spent the Afternoon here, after they were gone we all went up on the hill..... Thursday, Mrs. Goddard & Ebby, Betsey & I went to take a ride as far Dorchester round one of the Squares & Drink Tea at Mrs. Warners..... Fryday, went to Lecture. Doctr. Aspinwall & Wife Drink'd Tea & spent the Ev'ning here..... (Saturday) Mrs. Goddard & Betsey went down to see Polly Downer a little while, come round by Mrs. Dana's shop.‡.....

---

* "Jack" Heath Goddard born March, 1784, married 1812, Almira, daughter of Dr. Aaron Porter, of Saco, Maine.— *Crafts Family.*

† Miss Woods in her "*Sketches*" tells us that very often a small spinning wheel was brought for use during a long afternoon visit.

‡ The Public Library stands on what used to be the Dana Place. The old house is described by Miss Woods as having a frontage of three rooms and two doors, one leading into the shop, and a kitchen between. The fireplace could hold wood of a cord length. Nathaniel Shepard lived there in 1740. Mr. Jackson, the next owner, was a Tory and made haste to sell when continental troops were quartered on him during the Siege. Daniel Dana, the purchaser, came from Brighton where he had been engaged in supplying the British Army with meat. He had but one hand, and on coming to Brookline opened a little shop on the Corner of School St., keeping buttons and buckles, shoes & bonnets, slate pencils and such like. Mr. Dana's second wife was a sister of the Rev. Cotton Brown, the second minister of Brookline. He had a son captured by the British who escaped to France, and was lost at sea returning. An only daughter, Anna, survived in 1803; she died in 1847, aged 92. She had seen the Battle of Bunker Hill from a Boston roof in her girlhood. Miss Woods History has much to say of Miss Anna's peculiarities, and tells of the china bowl inscribed,

Sunday, October 17 ..... Polly Aspinwall din'd here..... Monday, Mrs. Goddard & I went to Mrs. Chany's..... Wednesday, Doctr. Goddard & Lady & Jack set out for Portsmouth. Betsey went with them to stay all winter. My mama & I went 25 miles with them. Ebby met us at Cambridge..... Thursday, Mrs. Griggs & Betsey Richards spent the Day here..... Saturday I went up to Mr. Ben Whites to see how Nabby did, she hurt her Legs very bad the Day before.....

Wednesday, [October 27]..... spent the Day at my uncle Crafts..... took a ride on a Horse a little after dinner, rode about four miles. Thursday ..... spent the Afternoon at Mrs. Clarks,..... went to pick some nuts.....

Wednesday, [November 3] my Aunt Heath, & my mama went to Boston bought me a Lutestring Gown &c.....

Monday, [November 8]..... Mr. Coburn spent the Ev'ning & Lodgded here..... Thursday my ma-ma went up to my Aunt Jerusha's to stay. Fryday, met my mama in the orchard to read some Letters.....

Tuesday morning fetch'd Polly Aspinwall up here, made a mistake about some cloth down at Mrs. Dana's. Rode down again on a single horse. Polly & I went to singing meeting* in the Ev'ning..... Saturday, Polly & I went out upon the Hill, rode from a little below the Gate in Ebby's Cart, Ebby carried Polly Aspinwall home.

Sunday very Stormy, did not go to meeting in the morning..... Monday, Mrs. Moses White, my Aunt Heath, my mama & I went to pay the Wedding Visit to Mrs. Williams, she was not at home..... Wednesday, prepare for thanks giving.....

Monday, [November 29] ..... went down to Mrs. Davenports ..... went over to see Polly Downer a few minutes. Mr. Williams spent the Ev'ning here..... Saturday, Mrs. Willard come here to oil the clock,† & din'd here.....

Tuesday, Mrs. Mayo & Cap'n Heath din'd here..... Thursday, a few flakes of snow..... Saturday. Snow'd.....

Monday, [December 13]..... went ..... to my uncle Crafts to spend

"Success to the British Arms," which was kept from sight during the war years, of her sanded floor, and two chairs covered by tapesty work once belonging to Gov. Hutchinson, which stood by the hearth. The elm tree, by the west gate of the Library grounds came up in the east corner of her yard and was protected from the scythe its first summer by a tub Miss Dana placed over it. Writing in 1871-2, Miss Woods refers to the elm tree as then about sixty years old.—*Sketches of Brookline.*

The Chapter on Brookline in "Norfolk County History" gives Daniel Dana, Jr., as one of the three Corporals in the Town's Militia, Apr. 19, 1775.

* At the Town Library any one interested can see an old-time pipe for pitching tunes, once used at the First Church, presented by Benjamin B. Davis. The Trustees voted on Feb. 24, 1894, to establish a room for historical relics, etc. For the moment an alcove has been set apart, and pictures, papers, autographs, and pamphlets form a creditable nucleus. Additions will always be welcome.

† Very likely the same tall clock Miss Woods's History tells of. During a false alarm that the Redcoats were at "Church Green" occasioned by a party of British Regulars riding out into Roxbury,—the Heaths like their neighbors took shelter in the woods. It was found afterward, in their flurry a *bag of salt*, alone, had been caught up for preservation. Cuff's wife, old Kate, was too infirm for flight and squeezed in behind the clock, remaining there until the Heaths' return. The Clock is now owned by Miss Julia Goddard of Warren street, a grand-daughter of "Sukey" Heath and Dr. John Goddard.

the week..... Thursday Mrs. Deacon Weld, Mrs. Dudley, Sally Weld & Betsey spent the afternoon there..... Ebby & Mr. Williams ..... the Ev'ning. ..... I come home..... Last Wednesday ..... Mrs. Clark,* Hannah & Joshua Spent the Afternoon here.....

---

* Hannah born 1778. Joshua born 1780.

James Clark and his wife Elinor were the first of the name in town; an old will of his proved 1674 bears the signatures of Gov. Leverett, Simon Bradstreet, Wm. Stoughton, Major Thomas Clark and John Sharp. He had a son Samuel born 1654, who became a wheelwright and died 1727, aged seventy-three. He went on the Canada Campaign in 1690.

Samuel, 2d — probably son of first Samuel, was a carpenter and built the first meeting house. His bans were the first published in the new church. He became deacon and died in 1766, aged eighty-one. The old homestead on Walnut St. at the corner of Chestnut, was built by him. Directly behind this stood formerly a garrison-house. Samuel, 3d, died six years before his father at the early age of thirty-nine. His son, also Samuel, 4th, was a private at Lexington Fight, [Norfolk Co. History] he married Mary Sharp, and died in 1814, aged sixty-one, leaving the homestead to his son Caleb, born 1789. Another son, Samuel, 5th, was born in 1782, graduated at Harvard 1805, resigned the ministry thro' ill health, and died in 1827. Deacon Joshua C. Clark who died in 1861, aged eighty, was still another brother.

Mr. Samuel Clark Cutler, B. H. S. '95, grandson of Samuel Clark, 6th, through Caleb, son of Wm. and Helen (Clark) Cutler, is the sixth generation of one family born at the old home.—Woods' *Sketches*.

The Misses Clark have a letter written by the widow of Samuel, 3d, after her second marriage. It is directed "To Mr. Samuel Clark att Brookline, With Care — Ward, Nov. 17 [L. S.] S.

"Loving Child, these Lines come from your affectionate Mother, almost overwhelmed In trouble, by a sore and awful yet Just Dispensation of Providence. It has Pleased God in Whoess hands our Life & breath is to take from ous our Sun Joshua by a suden & Suprizen Death on the 13th of this Instent as he was a riden in the Cart suposed to faul out and the Wheal Run over him. And within about half an ouer Expired & has Left ous to mourn the absence of his Delitesum Coumpeny but believing that god who orders all things knows what is best would therefore Desire to acquies in his Will . . . I would therefore as a Mother in Duty to a Child . . . remind you the Sartenty of Death, & the unsertenty of the time When, & that now in time we may be prepared for Death & that we may have an Intrest in him that has tuck away the Sting of Death which is Sin.

"So I Remain your Dutifull Parent till Death. DEBORAH NICKELS."

An Indenture dated 6 Jan. 1768, preserved by the Misses Clark "Witnesseth Samuel Clark, [4th,] minor, Son of Samuel, [3d,] yoman Deceased — doth voluntarily & with Consent of his Guardian Stephen Brewer or Roxbury bind himself apprentice to Ebenezer Weld of Roxbury, to learn his Art, Trade of Mystery, & with him the sd. Ebenezer Weld after the Manner of an Apprentice to serve from the Date hereof for & during the Term of 6 years next ensuing, & to be compleat & ended: During all which Term the sd. apprentice his sd. master faithfully shall serve, & secrets keep, all lawful Commands gladly everywhere obey; he shall do no Damage to his Master nor see it to be done of others, without letting or giving notice thereof to his sd. Master, he shall not waste the sd. Goods, nor lend them unlawfully to any; he shall not commit Fornication, nor contract matrimony within the sd. Term; at Cards, Dice or any other Unlawful Game, he shall not play whereby the sd. Master shall or may have Damage, with our own Goods, nor the Goods of others: he shall not absent himself by Day or by night from his sd. Masters Service without their Leave: nor haunt alehouses, Taverns, or play houses, but in all things behave himself as a faithful Apprentice ought to do towards his sd. Master & also during the sd. Term.

And the sd. Ebenezer Weld for himself & his heirs doth hereby convenant & promise to teach & instruct, or cause to be taught & instructed in the Art, Trade or calling of Husbanman by the best Ways or means he may or can be taught (if the sd. Apprentice is capable to learn) Finding unto the sd. Apprentice good & sufficient meet, Drink, washing & loging. Appairel in sickness & in health for & during the sd. Term: & at the Expiration thereof to give unto the sd. apprentice 2 good Suts of Appairel, one for the Lords day & one for every days Servis & the sd. Ebenezer Weld is to give unto Samuel Clarke £13.6.8 lawful money at the end of sd. Teairm of time.

Witnesses, Signed, EBENEZER WELD.

JOSEPH BREWER.
DANIEL SEAVER.

A few items of the Will drawn up by this same Samuel, 4th, are of interest. "—— 9th March 1814 I give to my beloved wife Mary all my household goods, one half of my farm & out-buildings with the room in the west end of my house & chamber over it & the bedroom at the head of my front stairs during her life with the priviledge of going out & in by the way of my front door & front stairs, also a priviledge in the cellar & of washing & bathing in my kitchen. To my son Joshua Child Clark all that he has already received of me, now charged against him $1200. To my son Samuel Clark, 5th, all that I have done for him & all the expense of his education now charged against him $510.60. To my daughter Hannah Jones all that I paid for her household furniture at the time of her marriage now charged against her, $505. To Caleb Clark all my live stock & farming utensils, one half my farm & all my dwelling house except as reserved above." Three daughters, Mary, Sarah & Eunice "so long as either shall remain Single" were to enjoy "the improvement of the Chamber in the east end" of the house.

HUMOR

As I was cleaning up my room —
Within my hand an old straw broom —
I heard a sound of music faint,
Like that which poets love to paint.

And as it fell in accents clear
Upon my sweetly charmèd ear,
I started; 't was my cat, so gay,
Singing ta ra ra boom de ay.

R. E. D., '97.

A good question for the Debating Club: Where does the fire go when it goes out?

A certain member of Congress, whom propriety forbids our openly naming here, made a journey abroad in the summer of '89. He had just left France and was entering one of the larger cities of Germany. As he descended from the railway carriage he met an officious person in brass buttons, who seemed placed there expressly to direct him. The traveler's knowledge of German had grown rather rusty, and at this time the French was uppermost in his mind; but he thought he had better seize this opportunity to make a few inquiries. So he got himself together, and asked this question:

"Vo find' ich das B——— Haus?"

"Oh ja; wünschen Sie einen Wagen."

"This question confounded the Hon. M. C.: in an instant his whole vocabulary deserted him. Nevertheless, he impulsively stammered out:

"Ou—i—a. J—i—ich voudre so allen, mais, er—er—er 's ist donch trèhr diffischwierig de le sagen; gebez mir unen cabaret,—comprenden Sie?"

Little Nan went to visit a school; the children sang a hymn that contained the following line: —

"His full hand supplies their need."

After Nan had returned home, the family heard her sing the following version: —

"Hissful, handsome, nice and neat."

ANNOUNCEMENTS

After the publication of the July number of The Sagamore, which will complete the first volume, the Publishers will receive files in good condition in exchange for bound copies; the binding will be in stamped blue buckram — in the School color — and will cost 50 cents. Files may be left with Mr. Taylor before the close of school, or afterward mailed. The bound volume will then be sent direct to the purchaser's address, on the publication of the July issue.

On account of the lateness of the college admission examinations, and in order that the latest graduation news may be gathered, the next number of The Sagamore will not appear until after July 10. Subscribers should not fail to notify the Business Manager of a change of address.

Subscriptions to The Sagamore may begin with any number. Price, one year, by mail, $1.00, payable in advance to Mr. F. B. Taylor, 294 Walnut Street, Brookline. We regret to announce that numbers one and two are entirely out of print.

Although this monthly is protected by copyright, it consents to any article's being reproduced in part, if not more than 500 words are taken, and provided, of course, credit is given.

The next number of The Sagamore will contain an article by Mr. Benjamin Hurd, Jr., *entitled* High School Athletics. *There will also be an index, with the names of contributors.*

China, Glass and Lamps.

Jones, McDuffee & Stratton

Invite the attention of intending buyers, or those interested in seeing the best productions of the potter's and glass maker's art, to their exhibit of English, French, German, Austrian, Chinese, Japanese and American wares in this line, gleaned from original sources.

One price marked in plain figures. A child can buy as cheap as a man, and we are not undersold if we know it. Inspection invited.

Jones, McDuffee & Stratton,

Pottery, Glass and Lamps.

(Seven Floors.)

120 Franklin Street, - - - Boston.

Boston Young Men's Christian Union

48 Boylston St., near Tremont Street.

LECTURES.
EVENING CLASSES.
ENTERTAINMENTS.
PRACTICAL TALKS.
PUBLIC RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

LIBRARY,
13,000 VOLUMES.

MEMBERSHIP,
$1.00 PER YEAR.

EDUCATIONAL.
ETHICAL.
SOCIAL.
PHYSICAL.
RELIGIOUS.

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

GYMNASIUM,
$5 and $8 per Year,
According to hours of Exercise.

WM. H. BALDWIN, Pres't. GEORGE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

PRESCRIPTIONS
Carefully Compounded
DAY OR NIGHT,
—AT—
BAXTER'S PHARMACY.

Telephone 307-2.

This space has been taken by

WADSWORTH, HOWLAND & CO.,

Mathematical Instruments and Artists' Materials,

82 and 84 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

L. P. HOLLANDER & CO., YOUNG MEN'S . . . . OUTFITTERS.

. . FINE READY MADE CLOTHING . .

FURNISHING GOODS. - - HATS AND CAPS.

—— Spring Styles Now Ready for Inspection. ——

202 to 212 BOYLSTON STREET, . . and PARK SQUARE, . . BOSTON.

EDWARD T. C. EDDY,

Proprietor Currier's Pharmacy,

Harvard Square, Brookline.

TAYLOR'S HAT STORE.

Established 1870.

Honest Merchandise at Fair Prices.

Cor. Court and Hanover Sts., BOSTON.

THE HORACE PARTRIDGE CO.,

335 Washington Street, Boston.

HEADQUARTERS FOR BASE-BALL . . . SUPPLIES.

Special terms on Uniforms and Equipments for team orders.

ALSO, ALL ATHLETIC GOODS.

CALL AND SEE US.

Drafting Instruments

OF ALL KINDS . . . . and MANUFACTURERS.

Artists' Materials, Picture Framing, and Supplies for Students.

Frost & Adams, 37 CORNHILL,

IMPORTERS. BOSTON.

SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

The Third National Bank

Of Boston.

STATE STREET, CORNER OF KILBY.

Capital, - - - - - - $2,000,000.

DIRECTORS:

Royal E. Robbins.	William L. Chase.
Benjamin F. Brown.	Edward Atkinson.
Moses Williams.	George E. Keith.
Otis E. Weld.	Charles E. Sampson.
Francis B. Sears.	Joseph B. Russell.
Charles A. Welch.	William Minot.
Henry B. Endicott.	Edward Sherwin.
Jerome Jones.	Edwin Hale Abbot.

OFFICERS:

Moses Williams, *President.* Harry L. Burrage, *Cashier.*
Francis B. Sears, *Vice-President.* Albert H. Wiggin, *Assistant Cashier.*
Andrew Robeson, *Manager Safe Deposit Vaults.*

. . . . Safes to rent in . . . .

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS

Investment bonds for sale. Interest allowed on trust and corporation accounts subject to check.

WRIGHT & DITSON,

Headquarters for all kinds of Athletic Goods.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO ALL

"BROOKLINE HIGH" STUDENTS

WRIGHT & DISTON, 344 Washington St., Boston.

TAKE YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS

—TO—

BUTLER'S PHARMACY,

HARVARD SQUARE,

BROOKLINE.

ENGLISH

COVERT-CLOTH

: : TOP-COATS

$15.00

The latest style for young men. Cut short-form, fitting-strap seams, tailor-made with custom trimmings.

Standard Clothing Co.,

395 WASHINGTON STREET, - - BOSTON.

IF YOU ARE IN DOUBT ABOUT A BICYCLE

—— GO TO ——

WILLARD E. WARD & CO.,

5 Harvard Street,

They will advise you RIGHTLY, and sell for cash or on installments.

THEY LEAD ON REPAIR WORK.

Sporting Goods, Athletic Goods, Sundries, etc. They can save you Money.

THE RIVERDALE PRESS: C. A. W. SPENCER, BROOKLINE

VOLUME I NUMBER 7

JULY

THE SAGAMORE

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

CONTENTS

The Value of Fads—The Lincoln Prize Essay of 1895 . . *Henry Percy Macomber* 203
High School Athletics . . . . . *Benjamin Hurd, Jr.* 205
A Drawing 207
Gretchen and the Wicked Spirit—A Translation 208
The Graduating Exercises 210
News Notes 211
Editorial Department 214
Notes on the History of the High School—VII. . . . . *J. Emory Hoar* 216
Humor 218
Announcements 219

BROOKLINE MASSACHUSETTS
PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT THE HIGH SCHOOL
M DCCC XCV

A. T. WHITE & CO.,

Successors to

VILLA GROCERY CO.

Sugar at Refiners' Prices.

Flour at Wholesale Prices.

Try our Teas and Coffees.

Partridge

PHOTOGRAPHER Brookline.

An "All-the-Year-Round" Special Rate for Brookline High School.

Single copies of THE SAGAMORE are on sale at The Brookline News Depot, at the Coolidge Corner News Depot; and at the Boston & Albany Depot News Stand, Boston.

Subscriptions should be sent to Mr. F. B. Taylor, 294 Walnut St.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY.

A. J. HAYMAN, Ph. G.,

DEALER IN

Pure Drugs and Medicines Only.

TELEPHONE 153.

1363 Beacon Street, Coolidge Corner.

THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 1 JULY, 1895 NUMBER 7

THE VALUE OF FADS

IN the first place, I will tell you a secret. Dame Fashion has been obliged to have an assistant, owing to the fact that the number of her devotees is becoming larger and larger with advancing civilization. She will now devote herself entirely to what we wear, having placed her young daughter, Fad, over the department which regulates the proper thing to do. The business will still continue "on the same old lines," for the daughter has inherited all her mother's fickleness and caprice.

This much between ourselves, you can understand how it is that fad and fashion always go hand-in-hand. You must have noticed that they do. For instance, when a game, such as golf, is the fad, fashion is ready with a new costume, presumably appropriate; and now that women may ride bicycles, fashion willingly excuses them from wearing cumbersome skirts. Thus, it is true that fashion and fad, although they are separate, are never opposed to each other.

What is a fad? May I not call it a mental epidemic, which comes in waves, and turns society's head, now for this strange diversion, now for that? Society is a child, and each succeeding fad is her plaything; for, as she lives solely for pleasure, she is bored to death with life, and seeks every means of killing time. With a shout of joy, she eagerly snatches up each new doll and smothers it with kisses and caresses. Then, having worn it out, she throws it aside, and dances on to find another.

The lesser amusements, which afford ample recreation to workers, do not affect society's benumbed senses. Anything to divert her must be very highly seasoned. So fads owe their existence to their very novelty, singularity, or absurdity. But these are not lasting qualities. Fads must very soon cease to create astonishment; and then they either disappear or turn into staid customs.

Society's doll takes many forms. Yesterday it was old books and china, sixteenth-century furniture, coins, spoons, and stamps; today it is posters,

Copyright, 1895, by Brookline High School Editorial Board

woman's rights, a French actress, and bicycling; and tomorrow — who would dare say? One rich woman happens to be charitable. Lo! charity has a boom. Women of fashion are found pouring away money, visiting murderers in their cells, living in the slums of great cities, and converting Chinamen — that is, as long as the fad lasts.

With another spin, the wheel stops at higher education; and, much to our amazement, we find the "smart set" dutifully studying ethics, astrology, and phrenology. When there comes a popular conductor, society rushes to the symphony concerts, whether she is musical or not; or, in other moods, she forms literary clubs, and listens to Browning, Ibsen, or — Du Maurier. A popular preacher, although he upholds a fixed creed, is able to fill his church to overflowing; but within a year his audience may turn from him to Christian Science.

Have these fads no value? Surely, you must already have guessed that. If you ask a collector, he will tell you the kind of glue used on the back of your grandfather's postage stamps. Your grandfather never knew this. Then consider with what fine, broad shoulders — as well as large heads — our college athletes leave their universities to be — counting-house clerks! They have been well prepared for this by rigorous courses in rowing, foot-ball, botany, and fine art. Speaking of games, it must be very pleasant for Englishmen visiting this country to find themselves quite at home in the sports of the hour,— cricket and golf. Moreover, ardent Americans do not have to give up their national game when traveling in England.

Nowadays, when a man begins housekeeping, he lays aside all fear of dyspepsia; for his wife is well versed in hygienic cooking. She is also well supplied with spoons, and cups and saucers of remarkable variety; can play variations on the latest popular song; draw his picture à la Beardsley; and hypnotize the baby. That man and his wife can go out evenings to their respective clubs.

It is hard to understand how anyone can question the value of fads, if he will only consider the good effects they have. Everyone acknowledges the greatness of the German people; and we are becoming more German every moment that we are enjoying that delicious mixture of music, smoke and beer at our important promenade concerts. But I have already given enough instances of the good work fads do for us. On the other hand, who ever heard of a really injurious fad? I never did,— unless it is the new

way of shaking hands. I hear that the best medical authorities do not consider that this develops certain important muscles of the arm so well as the old method.

Now that I have so clearly shown you the great value of fads, you must not give away the secret to everyone you meet; for if you did, fads would become common and vulgar. Then they would lose their value.

HENRY PERCY MACOMBER.

HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETICS

DURING the last quarter of a century, athletics, as an outgrowth of student effort, command as much attention in preparatory schools as in colleges. They have been developed under many disadvantages, and encouraged until now they are beginning to receive universal attention from school authorities. The games popular in college are likewise the favorite pastimes in the high school. All have a competitive or scientific tendency, where the brain is a chief factor in performances of skill. They enlist and develop the few and neglect the many—which departure from the object of the sport is just where athletics of today fail.

In outlining a course to pursue essential for physical development, naturally, a competent instructor is of prime importance. He should have entire charge of a department of Physical Training. There are less than six schools in this country having such departments in which every student is physically examined twice a year. At these schools the eyes, heart, and lungs are tested, as well; and systematic individual work is prescribed. How seldom at preparatory schools is this kind of attention even attempted, and how important it is at this period of the student's development! Occasionally you hear of an athletic instructor, a trainer, or a gymnasium director in charge of athletics at a school; but as a rule he will attend to those few energetic ones and overlook the majority. More often, however, do schoolboy athletes train themselves, and follow cranky notions of training that they have picked up here and there. The high-school boy, in his ambition to do well for his school, and at the same time to make himself conspicuous by his cleverness, often overtires and overstrains himself. He doesn't know where to stop; so, for him, a physical director is necessary.

Without a trainer boys will be seen most of the afternoon in athletic clothes, trying, after they are tired out, to break their last jump record, or wondering why they can't run their last trial quarter in less time than their previous ones. You will see distance runners covering lap after lap, and looking anything but cheerful, yet believing that they are developing in strength, speed, and endurance.

One of the worst evils in athletics for schoolboys at the present time is distance running, when upon finishing a race they collapse from exhaustion. It can't be expected that fellows with partly developed muscles can stand the strain; and how often this is proved in mile or half-mile running—even in distance bicycle racing! Yet steps have never been taken to modify it.

Another very noticeable evil in schoolboy games is to see a very promising athlete competing in almost every event of the day. It is n't possible that he has profited by the strain, although he has won several second and third prizes—perhaps a first. How much better for him if he used his strength in but two or three events and won a first prize in each? These ill effects come from the scholar's inexperience and ambition, and the prevention of them from a physical director.

In concluding, an extract from an article on Physical Training, by Mr. J. S. White, well expresses the subject: "In a well-balanced system of education the aim should be to secure the development of the boy first in the point of morality; second, in his physical condition; and third, in his intellect. Without attention to the moral side, all other education is of course valueless. Without intelligent physical training you can not secure the maximum of intellectual development; yet, in our admirable system of public schools, in the private institutions, and in the colleges, the neglect of physical training for the non-athlete, the consumptive, and the anemic student is simply atrocious. It would be a saving of hundreds of lives annually to the land, to say nothing of the added stimulus to intellectual and scientific progress, if laws could be passed in all the states requiring the appointment of an expert medical examiner for every school, under whose guidance judicial physical training could be given, the greater part of which should require no apparatus, but only intelligent direction."

BENJAMIN HURD, JR.

A DRAWING BY FRANK L. CLARK

GRETCHEN AND THE WICKED SPIRIT

FROM GOETHE'S *Faust.*

SCENE.—*A cathedral: Gretchen in the midst of a large throng; the Wicked Spirit behind Gretchen.*

Wicked Spirit. How different was it, Gretchen,
When you in purity
Came to the altar here,
And lisped out of your well-worn book
Unmeaning prayers,
Half for a pastime,
Half religiously!
Gretchen!
Where are your thoughts?
What great wrong-doing
Is there in your heart?
Do you ask mercy for your mother's soul,
Who, all on your account, awoke from sleep to long, long pain?
Whose blood is that upon your threshold?—
And does not something stir
Beneath your heart already,
And plague you and itself,—
A presence that foreshadows ill?

Gretchen. Alas! Alas!
Take away these dreadful thoughts
That come upon me wheresoever I turn,
In spite of me!

Choir. *Dies Irae, Dies illa,*
Solvet saeclum in favilla.

Wicked Spirit. You are afraid!
The trumpet sounds!
The graves open!
And your heart,

Aroused again
From smouldering calmness
To mad-flaming anguish,
Starts up!

Gretchen. Would I were gone!
It seems as if the organ snatched
My breath away,
And the hymn dissolved
My utmost life.

Choir. *Iudex ergo cum sedebit*
Quicquid latet apparebit:
Nil inultum remanebit.

Gretchen. It is so close!
The pillared walls
Entangle me!
The vaulted roof
Stifles me — air!

Wicked Spirit. Conceal you! Sin and shame
Are not concealed.
Air, light?
Woe to you!

Choir. *Quid sum miser tunc dicturus;*
Quem patronum rogaturus?
Cum vix iustus sit securus.

Wicked Spirit. At sight of you
The blessed turn away;
The pure shudder to reach
Their hands to help you.
Woe!

Choir. *Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?*

Gretchen. Neighbor, quick, your flask!

[*She swoons.*

— *Translated by* A. W. S.

THE GRADUATING EXERCISES

THE graduating exercises of the Brookline High School were held in the Town Hall, Brookline, Thursday evening, June 20. The program was as follows:

"Coronation March" from *The Prophet*, ... *Meyerbeer*
"The Educational Outlook," . . . . . Rev. Reuen Thomas, D. D.
"The Gallant Troubadour," . . . . . *Watson*
Presentation of Diplomas, By the Chairman of the School Committee
Overture to *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, ... *Mozart*
Award of the J. Murray Kay Prizes, By Mr. Henry Goddard Pickering
"Loin du Bal," . . . . . *Gillett*
Award of the William H. Lincoln Medals, ... By the Donor
"Gloria" from the Twelfth Mass, ... *Mozart*

Rev. Howard N. Brown was prevented from speaking by sudden illness; and at the last moment Dr. Thomas was called upon to make the address. He spoke pleasantly concerning the "educational outlook" in Brookline, and at the close congratulated the scholars of the High School on the future that lay before the institution.

Mr. William H. Lincoln then presented the diplomas, adding a few words of greeting. The commissions of the officers of the Battalion were then given out to the following: Major, Marshall Stearns; First Lieutenant and Adjutant, Alexander Henderson; Captain, Dwight Farnum; Captain, Arthur Weightman Spencer; First Lieutenant, David Walter Hirshberg; First Lieutenant, Samuel Clark Cutler; Second Lieutenant, William Porter Winch; Second Lieutenant, Henry Percy Macomber.

The J. Murray Kay Prizes were then awarded as follows: For Declamations, Olive M. Belcher and Marshall Stearns; for Historical Essays, Margaret Elizabeth May and Emily Pauline Locke.

The award of the Lincoln Medals, which was perhaps the most eagerly anticipated event in the entire program, was then made as follows: For excellence in English, a gold medal to Henry Percy Macomber; for excellence in Greek, a silver medal to Mildred Rachel Boody; for excellence in German, a silver medal to Arthur Weightman Spencer; and silver medals to Frank L. Clark for excellence in Physics, and Philip R. Dunbar for excellence in Mathematics. After this award Mr. Lincoln seized the opportunity to make an appeal to the audience for works of art in the new building,—a plea that deserves to be met with a generous response.

The work done by the chorus and the orchestra on this occasion did credit to their leader, Mr. Samuel W. Cole, whose work should be mentioned in connection with the progress the School has made in music this year, in the face of great drawbacks.

Following are the names of the graduates:

COLLEGE PREPARATORY COURSE

SMITH
Hope Beatrice Hayes
Emily Pauline Locke
Margaret Elizabeth May
Elsie Russell Stearns
Mary Sheafer Whitcomb

TUFTS
Kate Elizabeth Cousens

WILLIAMS
Alexander Henderson

RADCLIFFE
Bertha May Boody
Mildred Rachel Boody

HARVARD
William Balch Coffin
Joseph Ambrose Hall
Henry Percy Macomber
Arthur Weightman Spencer
Marshall Stearns
Frederick Bourne Taylor
William Porter Winch

INSTITUTE PREPARATORY COURSE

Samuel Clark Cutler
Dwight Farnum

GENERAL COURSE

Alice Gertrude Batchelder
Ella Augusta Candage
Linda Griggs Coolidge
Lucy Amelia Dexter
Edith Rogers May
Mary Alice Mullowney
May Frances Rooney
Grace Witter Ward
Ira May Cushing
Joseph P. Devettere
David Walter Hirshberg
Robert Cunningham Morse
James Barton Niver, Jr.
Edwin Reed Smith

NEWS NOTES

PROSPECTS are that the new High School building will not be ready for occupancy by the second week in September. The contractors say that their work will be finished by September 1; but even after that there remains much to be done in the way of furnishings and decorations.

Mr. Alfred D. Chandler contributed to the Transcript of July 3 an article upon the old clock in the upper Town Hall, in which he tells the story of its origin and vicissitudes. The article is one of great historical interest.

The High School will reöpen on Monday, September 9, 1895.

Hitherto pupils entering Smith College had to pass examinations in modern languages at that institution; but this year, as a result of the excellent work done in this school, the privilege was accorded our graduates of entering upon the presentation of certificates. This was a flattering testimonial to the high standing of the School.

The subjects for the J. Murray Kay historical essays for next year have already been selected; they are *Brookline in the Civil War* and *Robert C. Winthrop*. Theses must be completed by Feb. 1, 1896.

On Friday, September 27, will be played the first football game of the season, between the Newton High School and the Brookline High School. The members of our team should be ready for practice early in September.

Professor Burt G. Wilder, of Cornell, addressed the School on Friday, June 7. He was greatly impressed on again seeing the interior of the building where he attended school in the "fifties." He brought with him the "decerebrized" frog that has attracted attention as a subject of his experiments during the past year; the frog was exhibited to the School, and its strange actions were explained in a manner to fascinate everyone.

Miss E. B. Tomlinson, who holds degrees from Wellesley and Yale, will teach English in the High School next year. Miss Margaret M. Everett will be the teacher in advanced Cookery.

Mr. S. T. Dutton and Mr. D. S. Sanford sailed from Boston on the 26th of June for vacations in England, France, and Germany. Mr. Sanford will spend several weeks at the University of Jena.

Miss Johnson is spending the summer at her home in Whitesboro, Oneida County, New York.

Mr. Packard is at Bournedale, Mass., for the summer.

Mr. Wilson is at Medfield, Mass., during the summer.

Miss Hartwell is passing part of her summer at North Berwick, Maine.

Miss Gerlach sailed for Europe on the 26th of last month, taking the steamer *Friesland* from New York. She will spend her vacation in Paris and in traveling.

Miss Goodwin set out from New York on the steamer *Friesland* June 26. She will spend her vacation in the Hartz Mountains, Germany.

The class of '95 held a reception and dance in the Town Hall on the evening of Tuesday, the 11th of June. More than three hundred invited guests were present. The ushers were Mr. Benjamin Hurd, '92, Mr. George W. Duncklee, '92, Mr. Clarence H. Hill, '89, Mr. Herbert I. Foster, '94, Mr. Lincoln Crocker, '93, Mr. William G. Nash, '92, and Mr. Edward V. Henderson, '94; and from the graduating class, Mr. Marshall Stearns, Mr. H. Percy Macomber, Mr. James B. Niver, Jr., Mr. Robert C. Morse, and Mr. Samuel C. Cutler. The stage was decorated with plants; and the matrons' corner was furnished with easy chairs, rugs, and a tall piano-lamp. There was dancing from nine till twelve, with an intermission for refreshments.

Miss Frye and Mrs. Lindsay left Boston June 22 on the *Scythia*, for a tour through England and on the Continent.

Miss May F. Rooney, who was forced to leave the High School last April by ill health, is passing the summer in New Hampshire.

The cover design for the bound volume of The Sagamore is the work of Mr. Edward E. Bugbee, '96.

Following are the subjects in which credit was received at Harvard by members of the Class of '95.

Elementary English: William B. Coffin.
Elementary Greek: Miss Bertha M. Boody, Arthur W. Spencer, Marshall Stearns, Frederick B. Taylor, William P. Winch.
Advanced Greek: H. Percy Macomber, Arthur W. Spencer, William P. Winch.
Latin Composition: William B. Coffin.
Elementary and *Advanced German:* Arthur W. Spencer.
Elementary French: William B. Coffin.
Elementary Algebra: William B. Coffin, Arthur W. Spencer.
Elementary Geometry: William B. Coffin.
Elementary Physics: Miss Bertha M. Boody, Frederick B. Taylor.

We believe that Mr. Winch received more than two credits; but we have not been able to determine what the others were.

ALUMNI NOTES

Mr. Langley B. Sears, '89, recently accepted a pastorate in Park Rapids, Minnesota.

Mr. C. Nelson Wrightington, '90, is a designer for the Ludlow Manufacturing Company.

Mr. Hiller C. Wellman, '90, is at present employed as assistant librarian in the Boston Athenæum.

Miss Mabel H. Cummings, '91, graduated from Smith last month. She will teach next year in Miss Cushman's school at Chestnut Hill.

Miss Mabel T. Wellman, '91, graduated from Wellesley in June. She will assist in the Brookline High School next year.

Miss Grace E. Dow, '91, graduated on the fifth of June from Boston University.

Mr. William G. Nash, '92, spoke at the recent meeting of the Lyceum League of America, taking for his subject "The Lyceum League and its Opportunities."

Mr. Edgar N. Wrightington, '93, who made such a fine record for himself as half-back on the Harvard Eleven, received further honors by being made one of the crew that rowed against Yale last month.

The Secretary of the Alumni Association is engaged in the compilation of a card catalogue, which will contain the names of all past members of the School.

THE SAGAMORE

Published monthly throughout the school year, at the High School Building, Brookline, Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

BOARD OF EDITORS

ARTHUR W. SPENCER, '95, Editor-in-Chief
MISS EDITH R. MAY, '95 MISS HELEN L. PARKER, '96
WILLIAM P. WINCH, '95

CLASS EDITORS

H. PERCY MACOMBER, '95 GARDNER H. CARPENTER, '97
H. SPAULDING COFFIN, '96 ALBERT C. MORSE, '98

FREDERICK B. TAYLOR, '95, Business Manager
SAMUEL W. LEWIS, '96, Assistant Business Manager

COMMUNICATIONS may be left in the hands of the editors at school, or mailed to Arthur W. Spencer, 75 Prospect Street, Brookline. Contributors will please write legibly on one side of the paper only and sign their names, which need not appear in print. All MSS. must be received by the 20th of the month; rejected MSS. will be remailed to the owners if accompanied with the necessary postage.

SUBSCRIPTION — By mail, 1 dollar a year, payable in advance. SINGLE COPIES — 10 cents. On sale at the Brookline News Depot, at the Coolidge Corner News Depot, and in the Boston and Albany Railroad Station, Boston. SUBSCRIPTIONS are to be sent to the Business Manager.

ADVERTISING RATES may be obtained by addressing Frederick B. Taylor, 294 Walnut Street, Brookline.

Entered at the Boston Post-Office as Second Class Mail Matter.

WITH the appearance of this number of The Sagamore, the present editorial board resigns its duties, leaving them to be taken up by others next term. The first year has naturally had some difficulties, for it is not an easy matter to establish a new school paper on a sure foundation; but one fact has been clearly demonstrated,— that there is room for and use for a periodical devoted to the welfare of the Brookline High School. It can not be doubted that there exists a great deal of literary talent in the School, particularly among some of the members of the lower classes, which will sometime in the future, if it has not already, bring forth fruit worthy of high praise. At all events the editors have everywhere met with a willingness to make contributions toward the literary success of the paper; and they frankly admit that a great deal of that which they have chosen not to publish, has possessed as great real worth as that

which has actually appeared in print,— only it has been less suitable in outward character. In the School, and outside of it likewise, it has been easy to obtain matter for publication, both of utility and of merit. It ought not to be difficult for the coming board to maintain a high standard next year, after they acquaint themselves with the resources within their reach and learn how to employ them — no slight task for "amateurs" in any class of work.

The new High School building is now rapidly approaching completion; and a visit there will not fail to impress the observer with the advantages that will next year be offered the student, in comparison with the limited privileges he has enjoyed hitherto. What with its finely lighted, well ventilated rooms, its laboratories, library, art room, editorial room, assembly hall, and gymnasium, the building next year will be second to none in equipment. Besides courses preparatory to colleges and technical schools, there will be liberal opportunities for elective study offered those who do not wish to go beyond an academical training. There will be two new elective courses,— Domestic Science for the girls, and Manual Training for the boys. Moreover, candidates for the Institute will get a year or more of shopwork, which will enable them to enter upon their later studies with a better basis of preparation.

We have seen a copy of Professor Burt G. Wilder's prospectus to the "High-School Scrap-Book," which was one of the first papers published in the School; and it impresses us as very interesting. It appears that there was a good deal of talent here in those early days, and that it was as impatient to exert itself among a few then as among the many in larger institutions. This prospectus would form such a good invocation for the aid of Muses—or rather of contributors,—that we should like to reproduce it here in full, as well for purposes of our own as to show the actual character of the paper of which it was a part. We can not do that; but it is really necessary to call the reader's attention to the "High-School Scrap-Book;" for, judging from the tone of its boyish, only half-serious introduction, it must have been quite a remarkable production.

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF THE HIGH SCHOOL

VII

BETWEEN the years 1854 and 1888 the following-named High School boys fitted for college :

Horace Bacon entered Harvard.
Edward W. Baker "
Amherst W. Beard "
Edward A. R. Benton entered Brown University, but finished his course at Harvard.
Charles Lee Bixby entered Harvard.
James Thompson Bixby "
Everett M. Bowker "
Charles Brooks Bradbury "
Henry Brett "
Frederick M. Briggs "
Edward Payson Briggs "
Franklin L. Bush "
Alfred D. Chandler "
Sumner C. Chandler "
Horace Dwight Chapin "
Heman L. Chase "
Henry E. Chase "
William Leverett Chase "
George Clinton Clarke "
Albert Wheelwright Cobb "
Joshua Crane, Jr. "
Frank Leonard Creasy "
Arthur Trufant Cutler "
Herbert Dunning Cutler "
Henry Ware Deane "
E. Scott Dow "
John H. W. Edgerley "
Clement Kelsey Fay "
Edward Mortimer Ferris "
James Geddes entered Harvard
Alfred Gooding "
Benjamin F. Goodnough "
Bertram C. Henry "
David Blakely Hoar "
Marland C. Hobbs "
William Bradford Homer entered Amherst.
Archibald Murray Howe entered Harvard.
Thomas A. L. Jones entered Redemptorist College, Md.
George Frederick Joyce entered Harvard.
Frederick W. Kirby entered Harvard.
Albert Lamb Lincoln "
James Otis Lincoln "
Roland Crocker Lincoln "
Joseph Mansfield Long "
Robert P. Loring entered Amherst.
James Francis Mahan entered Harvard.
Edward C. Marston entered Harvard.
Allan Gregory Mason "
John Whiting Mason "
James Herbert Mason "
Theophilus Parsons "
Allyne Chester Reed "
John Ritchie "
Arthur Robinson "
Benjamin D. Sabine "

Henry B. Scudder entered Harvard.
Marshall S. Scudder "
Carleton Atwood Shurtleff "
Walter Bugbee Smith "
Charles Carroll Soule "
Richard Hermann Soule "
George Theodore Stearns entered the Army.
John Joseph Stearns entered Boston University.
Edward L. Stoddard.
John Lewis Stoddard entered Williams.
William H. Taylor entered Yale.
Nathaniel Dana Turner entered Harvard.
Henry S. Van Slyck entered Harvard.
Clarence S. Waldo entered Brown University.
William Wallace entered Harvard.
Langdon Lauriston Ward entered Amherst.
Henry Cleveland Wellman entered Harvard.
Francis Lewis Wellman entered Harvard.
Benjamin Willis Wells entered Harvard.
Sidney Wetmore entered Harvard.
William Howard White "
Charles Amory Williams "
Edward Tufts Williams "
Harold Williams "
Moses Williams, Jr. "
Williams Griggs Wilson "
Charles Francis Withington entered Harvard.
Stuart Wrightington entered Harvard.

GIRLS

Kate E. Adams entered Smith.
Grace M. Brackett entered Wellesley.
Harriet F. Griggs entered Vassar.
Mary Mason entered Smith.

The following-named boys entered College in 1889:

Edward H. Carpenter entered Harvard.
George A. Page entered Harvard.
William C. Preé entered Williams.
Lepine Hall Rice entered Rochester.
Langley Barnas Sears entered Harvard.

The following-named boys fitted in part for college at the High School:

James Higginson Bowditch entered Harvard.
George A. Burdett entered Harvard.
Walter C. Cabot "
Walter Lander Crane "
Lynde Raymond Ferris "
Josiah F. Gooding "
Amory A. Lawrence "
Edward P. Noyes entered Yale.
Henry William Poor entered Harvard.
Edward L. Stone "
Milton J. Stone "
R. C. Sturgis "
William C. Sturgis "
Walter T. Winsor "

The High School boys who went into the Army were:

Charles Lee Bixby,
Col. William L. Candler,
Col. Charles L. Chandler,
George F. Dearborn,
Charles McIntosh,
William W. O'Connell,
Col. Albert A. Pope,
Lieut.-Col. George Pope,
James F. Robinson,
Henry B. Scudder,
Col. Mark Wentworth Sheafe,
Carleton Atwood Shurtleff,
Capt. Charles Carroll Soule,
George Theodore Stearns,
Lieut. Henry Van Dyke Stone,
Joseph Hillar Wellman,
Willard Lee Wellman,
Burt Green Wilder.

J. EMORY HOAR.

HUMOR

THE SONG OF THE GRIND

I am a grind,
And I toil night and day.
I know all the Greek aorists,
And can tell what the way is
Gerundives to find;
But I can't parse the difference between grass and hay.

I was born in South Boston—
Where smart minds originate,—
Read Plato at four,
And found Kant no bore;
But no heights were forced on
Me, nor any fountains where there was no bridge in at.

I go to school now,
And my lessons are crammed well.
Though to boast is a big sin,
I can say I read Ibsen;
I also like Brow-
Ning,—but po'try came natural to ME: don't I plan it well?

One of our exchanges has for a motto: "*Est frigida dies cum relicti sumus.*" We respectfully suggest that it would be improved by changing it to "*Glaciem non caedit cum relicti sumus.*"

He was able to pay.— An old farmer had come to New York, and had sold his produce. He felt very rich with his five hundred dollars; and as he had heard so much about Delmonico's, he decided to take dinner there. So he entered, and sat down to one of the tables. But the waiters thought that the farmer would merely order a cup of coffee, or something very cheap; and they neglected to wait upon him. At last, the old farmer, unable to control himself any longer, said to one of the waiters: "Look here, young feller, yer treatin' me as if I was a beggar. I want yer ter know I've gut money enough 't pay yer. Here" — he took out a roll of bills as thick as his arm — "bring me fifteen dollars' worth o' ham an' eggs."

An old countryman and his wife were looking at the paintings in a picture gallery. Coming to the picture of a beautiful young woman and being much struck by it, the countryman inquired of a man near by who the young woman was. The gentleman replied, "Nydia of Pompeii." Turning to his wife, the countryman exclaimed, "Why Mariar, the gentleman says it is an idiot from Bombay."

There is a rather stout man living in Brookline who is in the grocery business. The other day one of his friends asked him how much he weighed.

"I haven't tried the scales for a long while."

"Well, then, what did you weigh last?"

He thought a little before he spoke. Then he answered, "I think it was a pound of cheese."

G. A. VOSE.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Publishers of The Sagamore will now furnish a binding for files in good condition; the binding will be in stamped buckram — not exactly in the School color, as originally announced — and will cost 50 cents. Files may be left with Mr. Taylor, or at the office of the Riverdale Press, Harvard Square, any time before the opening of School. The bound volume will be promptly forwarded to the address given.

The new Board of Editors for The Sagamore will be chosen at the first of next term. The choice will be made on the basis of literary talent, as evinced either by work already done for The Sagamore, or by a composition to be handed in to the present board on or before the 12th of September. Anyone writing by the latter method will have the same chance in the competition as one who has furnished contributions in the past. Compositions need be in no prescribed form: they may be mailed to the Editor of The Sagamore, Brookline, Mass.

The pages regularly devoted to Miss Chase and Prof. Wilder have been omitted — though not permanently — in the present number, which is not designed to be as complete as those published during the school term. The Sagamore will not be issued in August and September.

Subscriptions to The Sagamore may begin with any number. Price, one year, by mail, $1.00, payable in advance to Mr. F. B. Taylor, 294 Walnut Street, Brookline. We regret to announce that numbers one and two are entirely out of print.

Although this monthly is protected by copyright, it consents to any article's being reproduced in part, if not more than 500 words are taken, and provided, of course, credit is given.

China, Glass and Lamps.

Jones, McDuffee & Stratton

Invite the attention of intending buyers, or those interested in seeing the best productions of the potter's and glass maker's art, to their exhibit of English, French, German, Austrian, Chinese, Japanese and American wares in this line, gleaned from original sources.

One price marked in plain figures. A child can buy as cheap as a man, and we are not undersold if we know it. Inspection invited.

Jones, McDuffee & Stratton,

Pottery, Glass and Lamps.

(Seven Floors.)

120 Franklin Street, - - - Boston.

Boston Young Men's Christian Union

48 Boylston St., near Tremont Street.

LECTURES.
EVENING CLASSES.
ENTERTAINMENTS.
PRACTICAL TALKS.
PUBLIC RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

LIBRARY,
13,000 VOLUMES.

EDUCATIONAL.
ETHICAL.
SOCIAL.
PHYSICAL.
RELIGIOUS.

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

MEMBERSHIP,
$1.00 PER YEAR.

GYMNASIUM,
$5 and $8 per Year,
According to hours of Exercise

WM. H. BALDWIN, Pres't. GEORGE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

PRESCRIPTIONS
Carefully Compounded
DAY OR NIGHT,
—AT—
BAXTER'S PHARMACY.

Telephone 307-2.

This space has been taken by

WADSWORTH, HOWLAND & CO.,

Mathematical Instruments and Artists' Materials,

82 and 84 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

L. P. HOLLANDER & CO., YOUNG MEN'S . . . . OUTFITTERS.

. . FINE READY MADE CLOTHING . .

FURNISHING GOODS. - - HATS AND CAPS.

—— Spring Styles Now Ready for Inspection. ——

202 to 212 BOYLSTON STREET, . . and PARK SQUARE, . . BOSTON.

EDWARD T. C. EDDY,

Proprietor Currier's Pharmacy,

Harvard Square, Brookline.

TAYLOR'S HAT STORE.

Established 1870.

Honest Merchandise at Fair Prices.

Cor. Court and Hanover Sts., BOSTON.

THE HORACE PARTRIDGE CO.,

335 Washington Street, Boston.

HEADQUARTERS FOR BASE-BALL . . . SUPPLIES.

Special terms on Uniforms and Equipments for team orders.

ALSO, ALL ATHLETIC GOODS.

CALL AND SEE US.

Drafting Instruments

OF ALL KINDS . . . and MANUFACTURERS.

Artists' Materials, Picture Framing, and Supplies for Students.

Frost & Adams, IMPORTERS.

37 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

The Third National Bank

Of Boston.

STATE STREET, CORNER OF KILBY.

Capital, - - - - - $2,000,000.

DIRECTORS:

Royal E. Robbins.	William L. Chase.
Benjamin F. Brown.	Edward Atkinson.
Moses Williams.	George E. Keith.
Otis E. Weld.	Charles E. Sampson.
Francis B. Sears.	Joseph B. Russell.
Charles A. Welch.	William Minot.
Henry B. Endicott.	Edward Sherwin.
Jerome Jones.	Edwin Hale Abbot.

OFFICERS:

Moses Williams, *President.* Harry L. Burrage, *Cashier.*
Francis B. Sears, *Vice-President.* Albert H. Wiggin, *Assistant Cashier.*
Andrew Robeson, *Manager Safe Deposit Vaults.*

. . . . Safes to rent in . . . .

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS

Investment bonds for sale. Interest allowed on trust and corporation accounts subject to check.

WRIGHT & DITSON,

Headquarters for all kinds of Athletic Goods.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO ALL

"BROOKLINE HIGH" STUDENTS

WRIGHT & DISTON, 344 Washington St., Boston.

TAKE YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS

—TO—

BUTLER'S PHARMACY,

HARVARD SQUARE,

BROOKLINE.

ENGLISH

COVERT-CLOTH

: : TOP-COATS

$15.00

The latest style for young men. Cut short-form, fitting-strap seams, tailor-made with custom trimmings.

Standard Clothing Co.,

395 WASHINGTON STREET, - - BOSTON.

IF YOU ARE IN DOUBT ABOUT A BICYCLE

—— GO TO ——

WILLARD E. WARD & CO.,

5 Harvard Street,

They will advise you RIGHTLY, and sell for cash or on installments.

THEY LEAD ON REPAIR WORK.

Sporting Goods, Athletic Goods, Sundries, etc. They can save you Money.

THE RIVERDALE PRESS: C. A. W. SPENCER, BROOKLINE

BHS Library

T 66893